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Palgrave's Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics

Book Second
(Seventeenth Century)

Edited with Notes

By
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EDITOR'S PREFACE

WHEN, some twenty years ago, I annotated the *Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics*, I omitted Book II. (the Seventeenth Century) because Mr. W. Bell's elaborate and scholarly edition already occupied the field. Mr. Bell's aims and methods were, however, so different from my own that I have asked the publishers to allow me to fill the gap in my work.

My chief purpose has been to give such notes as will help to a fuller appreciation of the poetry—not to make the poems a vehicle of linguistic teaching; though I have sometimes commented on the history of a word, when some knowledge of the kind served to illuminate or enrich the meaning in the particular context. For a poet's word not seldom owes its beauty and significance to the associations with which it is charged in his mind and his readers'; and it cannot be explained by a bare synonym.

This book includes, in the Milton poems, the loftiest lyrics in the whole *Golden Treasury*. Many commentators have helped, and some hindered, the elucidation of his meaning, and a twentieth-century editor can say little that has not been anticipated by one or other predecessor. Some of the lesser poets present problems

for which it is less easy to find assistance. A natural doubt is often removed by the discovery of a parallel in the poet himself or in a forerunner or contemporary : as, for example, with the meaning of " shoots " in Vaughan's *Retreat* (No. 14. 20). The appreciation of such proofs has a real educational value, and is far better than the mere acceptance of a meaning on an editor's authority.

J. H. FOWLER.

1st October, 1923.

MR. PALGRAVE'S
PREFACE TO THE GOLDEN TREASURY

THIS little Collection differs, it is believed, from others in the attempt made to include in it all the best original Lyrical pieces and Songs in our language (save a very few regretfully omitted on account of length), by writers not living,—and none beside the best. Many familiar verses will hence be met with ; many also which should be familiar :—the Editor will regard as his fittest readers those who love Poetry so well that he can offer them nothing not already known and valued.

The Editor is acquainted with no strict and exhaustive definition of Lyrical Poetry ; but he has found the task of practical decision increase in clearness and in facility as he advanced with the work, whilst keeping in view a few simple principles. Lyrical has been here held essentially to imply that each Poem shall turn on some single thought, feeling, or situation. In accordance with this, narrative, descriptive, and didactic poems,—unless accompanied with rapidity of movement, brevity, and the colouring of human passion,—have been excluded. Humorous poetry, except in the very unfrequent instances where a truly poetical tone pervades the whole, with what is strictly personal, occasional, and religious, has been considered foreign to the idea of the book. Blank verse and the ten-syllable couplet, with all pieces markedly

dramatic, have been rejected as alien from what is commonly understood by Song, and rarely conforming to Lyrical conditions in treatment. But it is not anticipated, nor is it possible, that all readers shall think the line accurately drawn. 'Some poems, as Gray's *Elegy*, the *Allegro* and *Penseroso*, Wordsworth's *Ruth*¹ or Campbell's *Lord Ullin*, might be claimed with perhaps equal justice for a narrative or descriptive selection: whilst with reference especially to *Ballads* and *Sonnets*, the Editor can only state that he has taken his utmost pains to decide without caprice or partiality.

This also is all he can plead in regard to a point even more liable to question;—what degree of merit should give rank among the Best. That a poem shall be worthy of the writer's genius,—that it shall reach a perfection commensurate with its aim,—that we should require finish in proportion to brevity,—that passion, colour, and originality cannot atone for serious imperfections in clearness, unity or truth,—that a few good lines do not make a good poem,—that popular estimate is serviceable as a guidepost more than as a compass,—above all, that excellence should be looked for rather in the whole than in parts,—such and other such canons have been always steadily regarded. He may however add that the pieces chosen, and a far larger number rejected, have been carefully and repeatedly considered; and that he has been aided throughout by two friends of independent and exercised judgment, besides the distinguished person¹ addressed in the Dedication. It is hoped that by this procedure the volume has been freed from that oneness which must beset individual decisions;—but for the final choice the Editor is alone responsible.

¹ Alfred•Tennyson, Poet Laureate.

Chalmers' vast collection, with the whole works of all accessible poets not contained in it, and the best Anthologies of different periods, have been twice systematically read through ; and it is hence improbable that any omissions which may be regretted are due to oversight. The poems are printed entire, except in a very few instances where a stanza or passage has been omitted. These omissions have been risked only when the piece could be thus brought to a closer lyrical unity ; and, as essentially opposed to this unity, extracts, obviously such, are excluded. In regard to the text, the purpose of the book has appeared to justify the choice of the most poetical version, wherever more than one exists ; and much labour has been given to present each poem, in disposition, spelling, and punctuation, to the greatest advantage.

In the arrangement, the most poetically-effective order has been attempted. The English mind has passed through phases of thought and cultivation so various and so opposed during these three centuries of Poetry, that a rapid passage between old and new, like rapid alteration of the eye's focus in looking at the landscape, will always be wearisome and hurtful to the sense of Beauty. The poems have been therefore distributed into Books corresponding, I. to the ninety years closing about 1616, II. thence to 1700, III. to 1800, IV. to the half century just ended. Or, looking at the Poets who more or less give each portion its distinctive character, they might be called the Books of Shakespeare, Milton, Gray, and Wordsworth. The volume, in this respect, so far as the limitations of its range allow, accurately reflects the natural growth and evolution of our Poetry. A rigidly

chronological sequence, however, rather fits a collection aiming at instruction than at pleasure, and the wisdom which comes through pleasure:—within each book the pieces have therefore been arranged in gradations of feeling or subject. And it is hoped that the contents of this Anthology will thus be found to present a certain unity as “episodes,” in the noble language of Shelley, “to that great Poem which all poets, like the co-operating thoughts of one great mind, have built up since the beginning of the world.”

As he closes his long survey, the Editor trusts he may add without egotism, that he has found the vague general verdict of popular Fame more just than those have thought, who, with too severe a criticism, would confine judgments on Poetry to “the selected few of many generations.” Not many appear to have gained reputation without some gift or performance that, in due degree, deserved it: and if no verses by certain writers who show less strength than sweetness, or more thought than mastery of expression, are printed in this volume, it should not be imagined that they have been excluded without much hesitation and regret,—far less that they have been slighted. Throughout this vast and pathetic array of Singers now silent, few have been honoured with the name Poet, and have not possessed a skill in words, a sympathy with beauty, a tenderness of feeling, or seriousness in reflection, which render their works, although never perhaps attaining that loftier and finer excellence here required,—better worth reading than much of what fills the scanty hours that most men spare for self-improvement, or for pleasure in any of its more elevated and permanent forms.—And if this be true of

even mediocre poetry, for how much more are we indebted to the best! Like the fabled fountain of the Azores, but with a more various power, the magic of this Art can confer on each period of life its appropriate blessing: on early years Experience, on maturity Calm, on age Youthfulness. Poetry gives treasures "more golden than gold," leading us in higher and healthier ways than those of the world, and interpreting to us the lessons of Nature. But she speaks best for herself. Her true accents, if the plan has been executed with success, may be heard throughout the following pages:—wherever the Poets of England are honoured, wherever the dominant language of the world is spoken, it is hoped that they will find fit audience.

1861.

CONTENTS

	TEXT PAGE	NOTES PAGE
EDITOR'S PREFACE,	v	
MR. PALGRAVE'S PREFACE TO THE GOLDEN TREASURY,	vii	
1. Ode on the morning of Christ's Nativity, <i>J. Milton,</i>	1	92
2. Song for Saint Cecilia's Day, <i>J. Dryden,</i>	9	106
3. On the late massacre in Piedmont, <i>J. Milton,</i>	11	110
4. Horatian ode upon Cromwell's return from Ireland, <i>A. Marvell,</i>	12	110
5. Lycidas, <i>J. Milton,</i>	16	115
6. On the tombs in Westminster Abbey, <i>F. Beaumont,</i>	22	128
7. The last conqueror, <i>J. Shirley,</i>	22	129
8. Death the leveller, <i>J. Shirley,</i>	23	129
9. When the assault was intended to the city, <i>J. Milton,</i>	24	130
10. On his blindness, <i>J. Milton,</i>	25	131
11. Character of a happy life, <i>Sir H. Wotton,</i>	25	132
12. The noble nature, <i>B. Jonson,</i>	26	133
13. The Gifts of God, <i>G. Herbert,</i>	27	133
14. The retreat, <i>H. Vaughan,</i>	27	134

	TEXT NOTES	
	PAGE	PAGE
15. To Mr. Lawrence, <i>J. Milton,</i>	29	135
16. To Cyriack Skinner. . . . <i>J. Milton,</i>	29	136
17. A hymn in praise of Neptune . <i>T. Campion,</i>	30	137
18. Hymn to Diana, <i>B. Jonson,</i>	31	138
19. Wishes for the supposed mistress, <i>R. Crashaw,</i>	31	138
20. The great adventurer, . . . <i>Anon.,</i>	34	141
21. The picture of little T. C. in a prospect of flowers, . . . <i>A. Marvell,</i>	35	141
22. Child and maiden; <i>Sir C. Sedley,</i>	36	142
23. Constancy, <i>J. Wilmot, Earl of Rochester,</i>	37	143
24. Counsel to girls, <i>R. Herrick,</i>	38	143
25. To Lucrecia, on going to the wars, <i>Colonel Lovelace,</i>	39	143
26. Elizabeth of Bohemia, . . . <i>Sir H. Wotton,</i>	39	144
27. To the Lady Margaret Ley, . <i>J. Milton,</i>	40	145
28. The true beauty, <i>T. Carew,</i>	41	146
29. To Dianeme, <i>R. Herrick,</i>	41	146
30. "Love in thy youth, fair Maid, be wise," <i>Anon.,</i>	42	147
31. To a rose, <i>E. Waller,</i>	42	147
32. To Celia, <i>B. Jonson,</i>	43	148
33. Cherry-ripe, <i>T. Campion,</i>	43	148
34. Corinna's Maying, <i>R. Herrick,</i>	44	149
35. The poetry of dress, <i>R. Herrick,</i>	46	151
36. "Whenas in silks my Julia goes," <i>R. Herrick,</i>	47	151
37. "My Love in her attire doth shew her wit," . . . <i>Anon.,</i>	47	152
38. On a girdle, <i>E. Waller,</i>	48	152
39. A Mystical Ecstasy, . . . <i>F. Quarles,</i>	48	152

CONTENTS

xv

	TEXT PAGE	NOTES PAGE
40. To Anthea who may command him any thing, <i>R. Herrick,</i>	49	153
41. "Love not me for comely grace," <i>Anon.,</i>	50	153
42. "Not, Celia, that I juster am," . <i>Sir C. Sedley,</i>	50	153
43. To Althea from prison, <i>Colonel Lovelace,</i>	51	153
44. To Lucasta, on going beyond the seas, <i>Colonel Lovelace,</i>	52	155
45. Encouragements to a lover, . . <i>Sir J. Suckling,</i>	53	155
46. A Supplication, <i>A Cowley,</i>	53	156
47. The manly heart, <i>G. Wither,</i>	54	156
48. Melancholy, <i>J. Fletcher,</i>	56	157
49. The forsaken bride, <i>Anon.,</i>	57	158
50. "Upon my lap my sovereign sits," <i>Anon.,</i>	58	159
51. Fair Helen, <i>Anon.,</i>	59	159
52. The twa corbies, <i>Anon.,</i>	60	160
53. On the death of Mr. William Hervey, <i>A. Cowley,</i>	61	160
54. Friends in Paradise, <i>H. Vaughan,</i>	63	161
55. To blossoms, <i>R. Herrick,</i>	64	162
56. To daffodils, <i>R. Herrick,</i>	65	—
57. The girl describes her fawn, . <i>A. Marvell,</i>	66	163
58. Thoughts in a garden, . . . <i>A. Marvell,</i>	67	163
59. Fortunati Nimium, <i>T. Campion,</i>	69	166
60. L'Allegro, <i>J. Milton,</i>	71	167
61. Il Penseroso, <i>J. Milton,</i>	75	177
62. Song of the emigrants in Bermuda, <i>A. Marvell,</i>	80	187
63. At a solemn music, <i>J. Milton,</i>	82	189
64. Nox Nocti Indicat Scientiam, . <i>W. Habington,</i>	83	191

	TEXT	NOTES
	PAGE	PAGE
65. Hymn to darkness, <i>J. Norris of Bemerton</i>	84	192
66. A vision, <i>H. Vaughan,</i>	85	193
67. Alexander's Feast, or, the power of music, <i>J. Dryden,</i>	86	194
APPENDIX A. THE MILTONIC SONNET,		198
APPENDIX B. MANUSCRIPT OF MILTON'S MINOR POEMS,		199
INDEX OF WRITERS, WITH DATES OF BIRTH AND DEATH,		200
INDEX OF FIRST LINES,		201
INDEX OF WORDS,		204

THE GOLDEN TREASURY

BOOK SECOND

1.

LXXXV.

ODE ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

THIS is the month, and this the happy morn
Wherein the Son of Heaven's Eternal King
Of wedded maid and virgin mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring;
For so the holy sages once did sing 5
That he our deadly forfeit should release,
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

That glorious Form, that light unsufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of Majesty
Wherewith he wont at Heaven's high council-table 10
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
He laid aside; and, here with us to be,
Forsook the courts of everlasting day,
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

Say, heavenly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein 15
Afford a present to the Infant-God?
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,
To welcome him to this his new abode,

Now while the heaven, by the sun's team untrod,
 Hath took no print of the approaching light, 20
 And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons bright ?

See how from far, upon the eastern road,
 The star-led wizards haste with odours sweet :
 O run, prevent them with thy humble ode
 And lay it lowly at his blessed feet ; 25
 Have thou the honour first thy Lord to greet,
 And join thy voice unto the angel quire,
 From out his secret altar touch'd with hallow'd fire.

THE HYMN.

It was the winter wild
 While the heaven-born Child 30
 All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies ;
 Nature in awe to him
 Had doff'd her gaudy trim,
 With her great Master so to sympathize :
 It was no season then for her 35
 To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.

Only with speeches fair
 She woos the gentle air
 To hide her guilty front with innocent snow ;
 And on her naked shame, 40
 Pollute with sinful blame,
 The saintly veil of maiden white to throw ;
 Confounded, that her Maker's eyes
 Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

But He, her fears to cease, 45
 Sent down the meek-eyed Peace ;

She, crown'd with olive green, came softly sliding
 Down through the turning sphere
 His ready harbinger,
 With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing ; 50
 And waving wide her myrtle wand,
 She strikes a universal peace through sea and land.

No war, or battle's sound
 Was heard the world around :
 The idle spear and shield were high uphung ; 55
 The hookéd chariot stood
 Unstain'd with hostile blood ;
 The trumpet spake not to the arméd throng ;
 And kings sat still with awful eye,
 As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by. 60

But peaceful was the night
 Wherein the Prince of Light
 His reign of peace upon the earth began :
 The winds, with wonder whist,
 Smoothly the waters kist 65
 Whispering new joys to the mild Océan—
 Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
 While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

The stars, with deep amaze,
 Stand fix'd in steadfast gaze, 70
 Bending one way their precious influence ;
 And will not take their flight,
 For all the morning light,
 Or Lucifer that often warn'd them thence ;
 But in their glimmering orbs did glow 75
 Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

And though the shady gloom
 Had given day her room,

The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame, 80
As his inferior flame
The new-enlighten'd world no more should need ;
He saw a greater Sun appear
Than his bright throne, or burning axletree could bear.

The shepherds on the lawn 85
Or ere the point of dawn
Sate simply chatting in a rustic row ;
Full little thought they than
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them below ; 90
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet
As never was by mortal finger strook— 95
Divinely-warbled voice
Answering the stringéd noise,
As all their souls in blissful rapture took :
The air, such pleasure loth to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close.

Nature that heard such sound 101
Beneath the hollow round
Of Cynthia's seat the aery region thrilling,
Now was almost won
To think her part was done, 105
And that her reign had here its last fulfilling ;
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all heaven and earth in happier union.

At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light 110

That with long beams the shamefaced night array'd;
 The helméd Cherubim
 And sworded Seraphim
 Are seen in glittering ranks with wings display'd,
 Harping in loud and solemn quire, 115
 With unexpressive notes, to Heaven's new-born Heir.

Such music (as 'tis said)
 Before was never made
 But when of old the Sons of Morning sung,
 While the Creator great 120
 His constellations set,
 And the well-balanced world on hinges hung;
 And cast the dark foundations deep,
 And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel keep.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres! 125
 Once bless our human ears,
 If ye have power to touch our senses so;
 And let your silver chime
 Move in melodious time;
 And let the bass of heaven's deep organ blow; 130
 And with your ninefold harmony
 Make up full consort to the angelic symphony.

For if such holy song
 Enwrap our fancy long,
 Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold; 135
 And speckled Vanity
 Will sicken soon and die,
 And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mould;
 And Hell itself will pass away,
 And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day. 140

Yea, Truth and Justice then
 Will down return to men,

Orb'd in a rainbow ; and, like glories wearing,
Mercy will sit between,
Throned in celestial sheen, 145
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering ;
And Heaven, as at some festival.
Will open wide the gates of her high palace-hall.

But wisest Fate says No ;
This must not yet be so ; 150
The Babe yet lies in smiling infancy
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss ;
So both Himself and us to glorify :
Yet first, to those ychain'd in sleep 155
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through the deep,

With such a horrid clang
As on Mount Sinai rang
While the red fire and smouldering clouds outbrake ;
The aged Earth aghast 160
With terrour of that blast
Shall from the surface to the centre shake,
When, at the world's last session,
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread His throne.

And then at last our bliss 165
Full and perfect is,
But now begins ; for from this happy day
The old Dragon under ground
In straiter limits bound,
Not half so far casts his usurp'd sway ; 170
And, wroth to see his kingdom fail,
Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

The oracles are dumb ;
No voice or hideous hum

Runs through the archéd roof in words deceiving : 175
 Apollo from his shrine
 Can no more divine,
 With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving :
 No nightly trance or breathéd spell
 Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell. 180

The lonely mountains o'er
 And the resounding shore
 A voice of weeping heard and loud lament ;
 From haunted spring and dale
 Edged with poplar pale 185
 The parting Genius is with sighing sent ;
 With flower-inwoven tresses torn
 The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

In consecrated earth
 And on the holy hearth 190
 The Lars and Lemurés moan with midnight plaint ;
 In urns, and altars round
 A drear and dying sound
 Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint ;
 And the chill marble seems to sweat, 195
 While each peculiar Power foregoes his wonted seat.

Peor and Baälim
 Forsake their temples dim,
 With that twice-batter'd god of Palestine ;
 And moonéd Ashtaroth 200
 Heaven's queen and mother both,
 Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine ;
 The Libyc Hammon shrinks his horn,
 In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz mourn.

And sullen Moloch, fled, 205
 Hath left in shadows dread

His burning idol all of blackest hue ;
 In vain with cymbals' ring
 They call the grisly king
 In dismal dance about the furnace blue ; 210
 The brutish gods of Nile as fast
 Isis, and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haste.

Nor is Osiris seen
 In Memphian grove, or green,
 Trampling the unshower'd grass with lowings loud : 215
 Nor can he be at rest
 Within his sacred chest ;
 Nought but profoundest Hell can be his shroud ;
 In vain with timbrell'd anthems dark
 The sable-stoléd sorcerers bear his worshipt ark. 220

He feels from Juda's land
 The dreaded Infant's hand ;
 The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn ;
 Nor all the gods beside
 Longer dare abide, 225
 Nor Typhon huge ending in snaky twine :
 Our Babe, to show his Godhead true,
 Can in his swaddling bands control the damnéd crew.

So, when the sun in bed
 Curtain'd with cloudy red 230
 Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
 The flocking shadows pale
 Troop to the infernal jail,
 Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several grave ;
 And the yellow-skirted fays 235
 Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-lovèd maze.

But see, the Virgin blest
 Hath laid her Babe to rest ;

Time is, our tedious song should here have ending :
 Heaven's youngest-teeméd star 240
 Hath fixed her polish'd car,
 Her sleeping Lord with hand-maid lamp attending :
 And all about the courtly stable
 Bright-harness'd angels sit in order serviceable.

J. Milton.

2.

LXXXVI.

SONG FOR SAINT CECILIA'S DAY, 1687.

From harmony, from heavenly harmony
 This universal frame began :
 When Nature underneath a heap
 Of jarring atoms lay
 And could not heave her head, 5
 The tuneful voice was heard from high
 Arise, ye more than dead !
 Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry
 In order to their stations leap,
 And Music's power obey. 10
 From harmony, from heavenly harmony
 This universal frame began :
 From harmony to harmony
 Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
 The diapason closing full in Man. 15

What passion cannot Music raise and quell ?
 When Jubal struck the chordéd shell
 His listening brethren stood around,
 And, wondering, on their faces fell
 To worship that celestial sound. 20

Less than a god they thought there could not dwell
Within the hollow of that shell
That spoke so sweetly and so well.
What passion cannot Music raise and quell ?

The trumpet's loud clangor 25
Excites us to arms,
With shrill notes of anger
And mortal alarms.
The double double double beat
Of the thundering drum 30
Cries ' Hark ! the foes come ;
Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat ! '

The soft complaining flute
In dying notes discovers
The woes of hopeless lovers, 35
Whose dirge is whisper'd by the warbling lute.

Sharp violins proclaim
Their jealous pangs and desperation,
Fury, frantic indignation,
Depth of pains, and height of passion 40
For the fair disdainful dame.

But oh ! what art can teach,
What human voice can reach
The sacred organ's praise ?
Notes inspiring holy love, 45
Notes that wing their heavenly ways
To mend the choirs above.

Orpheus could lead the savage race,
And trees unrooted left their place
 Sequacious of the lyre: 50
But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher:
When to her Organ vocal breath was given
An Angel heard, and straight appear'd—
 Mistaking Earth for Heaven!

Grand Chorus.

As from the power of sacred lays 55
The spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's praise
To all the blest above;
So when the last and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant shall devour, 60
The trumpet shall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And Music shall untune the sky.

J. Dryden.

3.

LXXXVII.

ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT.

AVENGE, O Lord ! Thy slaughter'd saints, whose bones
 Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold ;
 Even them who kept Thy truth so pure of old
 When all our fathers worship't stocks and stones
 Forget not : In Thy book record their groans 5
 Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
 Slain by the bloody Piemontese, that roll'd
 Mother with infant down the rocks. * Their moans

The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
 To Heaven. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow 10
 O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
 The triple Tyrant, that from these may grow
 A hundred-fold, who, having learnt Thy way,
 Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

J. Milton.

4.

LXXXVIII.

HORATIAN ODE UPON CROMWELL'S RETURN
 FROM IRELAND.

THE forward youth that would appear,
 Must now forsake his Muses dear,
 Nor in the shadows sing
 His numbers languishing.

'Tis time to leave the books in dust, 5
 And oil the unuséd armour's rust,
 Removing from the wall
 The corslet of the hall.

So restless Cromwell could not cease
 In the inglorious arts of peace, 10
 But through adventurous war
 Urgéd his active star :

And like the three-fork'd lightning, first
 Breaking the clouds where it was nurst,
 Did thorough his own side 15
 His fiery way divide :

For 'tis all one to courage high,
 The emulous, or enemy ;

CROMWELL'S RETURN FROM IRELAND. 13

And with such, to enclose
Is more than to oppose. 20

Then burning through the air he went
And palaces and temples rent ;
And Caesar's head at last
Did through his laurels blast.

'Tis madness to resist or blame 25
The face of angry heaven's flame ;
And if we would speak true,
Much to the Man is due

Who, from his private gardens, where
He lived reservéd and austere, 30
(As if his highest plot
To plant the bergamot)

Could by industrious valour climb
To ruin the great work of time,
And cast the Kingdoms old 35
Into another mould.

Though Justice against Fate complain,
And plead the ancient Rights in vain—
But those do hold or break
As men are strong or weak. 40

Nature, that hateth emptiness,
Allows of penetration less,
And therefore must make room
Where greater spirits come.

What field of all the civil war 45
Where his were not the deepest scar ?
And Hampton shows what part
He had of wiser art,

Where, twining subtle fears with hope,
He wove a net of such a scope 50
That Charles himself might chase
To Carisbrook's narrow case,

That thence the Royal actor borne
The tragic scaffold might adorn :
While round the armed bands 55
Did clap their bloody hands :

He nothing common did or mean
Upon that memorable scene,
But with his keener eye
The axe's edge did try ; 60

Nor call'd the Gods, with vulgar spite,
To vindicate his helpless right ;
But bow'd his comely head
Down, as upon a bed.

—This was that memorable hour 65
Which first assured the forc'd power :
So when they did design
The Capitol's first line,

A Bleeding Head, where they begun,
Did fright the architects to run ; 70
And yet in that the State
Foresaw its happy fate !

And now the Irish are ashamed
To see themselves in one year tamed :
So much one man can do 75
That does both act and know.

They can affirm his praises best,
And have, though overcome, confest

CROMWELL'S RETURN FROM IRELAND. 15

How good he is, how just
And fit for highest trust ; 80

Nor yet grown stiffer with command,
But still in the Republic's hand—
How fit he is to sway
That can so well obey !

He to the Commons' feet presents 85
A Kingdom for his first year's rents,
And (what he may) forbears
His fame, to make it theirs :

And has his sword and spoils ungirt
To lay them at the Public's skirt. 90
So when the falcon high
Falls heavy from the sky,

She, having kill'd, no more does search
But on the next green bough to perch,
Where, when he first does lure, 95
The falconer has her sure.

—What may not then our Isle presume
While victory his crest does plume ?
What may not others fear
If thus he crowns each year ? 100

As Caesar he, ere long, to Gaul,
To Italy an Hannibal,
And to all States not free
Shall climacteric be.

The Pict no shelter now shall find 105
Within his parti-colour'd mind,
But from this valour, sad
Shrink underneath the plaid—

Happy, if in the tufted brake
 The English hunter him mistake, 110
 Nor lay his hounds in near
 The Caledonian deer.

But Thou, tho' War's and Fortune's son,
 March indefatigably on;
 And for the last effect 115
 Still keep the sword erect:

Besides the force it has to fright
 The spirits of the shady night,
 The same arts that did gain
 A power, must it maintain. 120

A. Marvell.

5.

LXXXIX.

LYCIDAS.

In this Monody the Author bewails a learned Friend, unfortunately drowned in his passage from Chester on the Irish Seas, 1637; and, by occasion, foretells the ruin of our corrupted Clergy, then in their height.

YET once more, O ye laurels, and once more,
 Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
 I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
 And with forced fingers rude
 Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year. 5
 Bitter constraint and sad occasion dear
 Compels me to disturb your season due;
 For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
 Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.
 Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew 10
 Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.

He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Begin, then, Sisters of the sacred well 15
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring;
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
Hence with denial vain and coy excuse:

So may some gentle Muse
With lucky words favour my destined urn; 20
And as he passes, turn
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud!

For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill;
Together both, ere the high lawns appeared 25
Under the opening eyelids of the Morn,
We drove a-field, and both together heard
What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the star that rose at evening bright 30
Toward heaven's descent had sloped his westering wheel.
Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
Tempered to the oaten flute;
Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long; 35
And old Damoetas loved to hear our song.

But, oh! the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone and never must return!
Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods and desert caves,
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown, 40
And all their echoes, mourn.

The willows, and the hazel copses green,
Shall now no more be seen
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.—
As killing as the canker to the rose, 45
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,

When first the white-thorn blows ;

Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep 50
Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas ?

For neither were ye playing on the steep
Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,

Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,

Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream. 55

Ay me ! I fondly dream—

“ Had ye been there,” . . . for what could that have done ?

What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,

The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,

Whom universal nature did lament, 60

When, by the rout that made the hideous roar,

His gory visage down the stream was sent,

Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore ?

Alas ! what boots it with uncessant care

To tend the homely, slighted, shepherd's trade, 65

And strictly meditate the thankless Muse ?

Were it not better done, as others use,

To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,

Or with the tangles of Næra's hair ?

Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise 70

(That last infirmity of noble mind)

To scorn delights and live laborious days ;

But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,

And think to burst out into sudden blaze,

Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears, 75

And slits the thin-spun life. “ But not the praise,”

Phœbus replied, and touched my trembling ears :

“ Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,

Nor in the glistering foil

Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies ; 80

But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes

And perfect witness of all-judging Jove ;

As he pronounces lastly on each deed,

Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed."

O fountain Arethuse, and thou honoured flood, 85
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crowned with vocal reeds,
That strain I heard was of a higher mood.

But now my oar proceeds,
And listens to the herald of the sea,
That came in Neptune's plea. 90

He asked the waves, and asked the felon winds,
What hard mishap hath doomed this gentle swain?
And questioned every gust of rugged wings
That blows off from each beakèd promontory.
They knew not of his story; 95

And sage Hippotadès their answer brings,
That not a blast was from his dungeon strayed;
The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panopè with all her sisters played.
It was that fatal and perfidious bark, 100
Built in the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next, Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge 105
Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with woe.

"Ah! who hath reft," quoth he, "my dearest pledge?"

Last came, and last did go,
The Pilot of the Galilean Lake;
Two massy keys he bore of metals twain 110

(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain);

He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake:—

"How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,
Enow of such as, for their bellies' sake,
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold! 115

Of other care they little reckoning make

Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,

And shove away the worthy bidden guest:

Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold

A sheep-hook, or have learnt aught else the least 120
 That to the faithful herdman's art belongs !
 What reck's it them ? What need they ? They are
 sped ;
 And, when they list, their lean and flashy songs
 Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw ;
 The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed, 125
 But, swoln with wind and the rank mist they draw,
 Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread ;
 Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
 Daily devours apace, and nothing said :
 —But that two-handed engine at the door 130
 Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more."

Return, Alphéus ; the dread voice is past
 That shrunk thy streams ; return, Sicilian Muse,
 And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
 Their bells and flowerets of a thousand hues. 135
 Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
 Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
 On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks ;
 Throw hither all your quaint enamelled eyes,
 That on the green turf suck the honeyed showers, 140
 And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
 Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
 The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
 The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet,
 The glowing violet, 145
 The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
 With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
 And every flower that sad embroidery wears ;
 Bid amarantus all his beauty shed,
 And daffadillies fill their cups with tears, 150
 To strew the laureat hearse where Lycid lies.
 For so to interpose a little ease,
 Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise :—
 Ay me ! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas

Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurled ; 155
 Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
 Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
 Visitest the bottom of the monstrous world ;
 Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,
 Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old, 160
 Where the great Vision of the guarded mount
 Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold.
 —Look homeward, Angel, now, and melt with ruth :
 —And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth !
 Weep no more, woful shepherds, weep no more, 165
 For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
 Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor :
 So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
 And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
 And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore 170
 Flames in the forehead of the morning sky :
 So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
 Through the dear might of Him that walked the waves,
 Where, other groves and other streams along,
 With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves, 175
 And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
 In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
 There entertain him all the Saints above,
 In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
 That sing, and singing in their glory move, 180
 And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
 Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more ;
 Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore,
 In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
 To all that wander in that perilous flood. 185

Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills,
 While the still morn went out with sandals gray :
 He touched the tender stops of various quills,
 With eager thought warbling his Doric lay :

And now the sun had stretched out all the hills. 190
 And now was dropt into the western bay.
 At last he rose, and twitched his mantle blue :
 To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

J. Milton.

6.

XC.

ON THE TOMBS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

MORTALITY, behold and fear
 What a change of flesh is here !
 Think how many royal bones
 Sleep within these heaps of stones ;
 Here they lie, had realms and lands, 5
 Who now want strength to stir their hands.
 Where from their pulpits seal'd with dust
 They preach, ' In greatness is no trust.'
 Here's an acre sown indeed
 With the richest royallest seed 10
 That the earth did e'er suck in
 Since the first man died for sin.
 Here the bones of birth have cried
 ' Though gods they were, as men they died !'
 Here are sands, ignoble things, 15
 Dropt from the ruin'd sides of kings :
 Here's a world of pomp and state
 Buried in dust, once dead by fate.

F. Beaumont.

7.

XCL.

THE LAST CONQUEROR.

VICTORIOUS men of earth, no more
 Proclaim how wide your empires are ;

Though you bind-in every shore
 And your triumphs reach as far
 As night or day, 5
 Yet you, proud monarchs, must obey
 And mingle with forgotten ashes, when
 Death calls ye to the crowd of common men.

 Devouring Famine, Plague, and War,
 Each able to undo mankind, 10
 Death's servile emissaries are ;
 Nor to these alone confined,
 He hath at will
 More quaint and subtle ways to kill ;
 A smile or kiss, as he will use the art, 15
 Shall have the cunning skill to break a heart.
J. Shirley.

XCII.

DEATH THE LEVELLER.

THE glories of our blood and state
 Are shadows, not substantial things ;
 There is no armour against fate ;
 Death lays his icy hand on kings : 5
 Sceptre and Crown
 Must tumble down,
 And in the dust be equal made
 With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

 Some men with swords may reap the field,
 And plant fresh laurels where they kill : 10
 But their strong nerves at last must yield ;
 They tame but one another still :
 Early or late
 They stoop to fate,

And must give up their murmuring breath 15
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow ;
Then boast no more your mighty deeds ;
Upon Death's purple altar now
See where the victor-victim bleeds : 20
Your heads must come
To the cold tomb ;
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.

J. Shirley.

WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS INTENDED TO THE
CITY.

CAPTAIN, or Colonel, or Knight in arms,
Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,
If deed of honour did thee ever please,
Guard them, and him within protect from harms.

He can requite thee ; for he knows the charms 5
That call fame on such gentle acts as these,
And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,
Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.

Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bower :
The great Emathian conqueror bid spare 10
The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower

Went to the ground : and the repeated air
Of sad Electra's poet had the power
To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare.

J. Milton.

10.

XCV.

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent

To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He returning chide,—
Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?
I fondly ask:—But Patience, to prevent

That murmur, soon replies ; God doth not need
Either man's work, or his own gifts : who best 10
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best : his state

Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed
And post o'er land and ocean without rest:—
They also serve who only stand and wait.

J. Milton.

11.

ΣCV.

CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE.

How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will ;
Whose armour is his honest thought
And simple truth his utmost skill !

5

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the world by care
Of public fame, or private breath ;

Who envies none that chance doth raise
 Nor vice ; who never understood 10
 How deepest wounds are given by praise ;
 Nor rules of state, but rules of good :

Who hath his life from rumours freed,
 Whose conscience is his strong retreat ;
 Whose state can neither flatterers feed, 15
 Nor ruin make oppressors great ;

Who God doth late and early pray
 More of His grace than gifts to lend ;
 And entertains the harmless day
 With a religious book or friend ; 20

—This man is freed from servile bands
 Of hope to rise, or fear to fall ;
 Lord of himself, though not of lands ;
 And having nothing, yet hath all.

Sir H. Wotton.

12.

xcvi.

THE NOBLE NATURE.

It is not growing like a tree
 In bulk, doth make Man better be ;
 Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
 To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere :
 A lily of a day 5
 Is fairer far in May,
 Although it fall and die that night—
 It was the plant and flower of Light.
 In small proportions we just beauties see ;
 And in short measures life may perfect be. 10

B. Jonson.

13.

XCVII.

THE GIFTS OF GOD.

WHEN God at first made Man,
 Having a glass of blessings standing by :
 Let us (said He) pour on him all we can :
 Let the world's riches, which disperséd lie,
 Contract into a span. 5

So strength first made a way ;
 Then beauty flow'd, then wisdom, honour, pleasure :
 When almost all was out, God made a stay,
 Perceiving that alone, of all His treasure,
 Rest in the bottom lay. 10

For if I should (said He)
 Bestow this jewel also on My creature,
 He would adore My gifts instead of Me,
 And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature,
 So both should losers be. 15

Yet let him keep the rest,
 But keep them with repining restlessness :
 Let him be rich and weary, that at least,
 If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
 May toss him to My breast. 20

G. Herbert.

14.

XCVIII.

THE RETREAT.

HAPPY those early days, when I
 Shined in my Angel-infancy !•

15.

XCIX.

TO MR. LAWRENCE.

LAWRENCE, of virtuous father virtuous son,
 Now that the fields are dank and ways are mire,
 Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire
 Help waste a sullen day, what may be won

From the hard season gaining ? Time will run 5
 On smoother, till Favonius re-inspire
 The frozen earth, and clothe in fresh attire
 The lily and rose, that neither sow'd nor spun.

What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,
 Of Attic taste, with wine, whence we may rise 10
 To hear the lute well touch'd, or artful voice

Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air ?
 He who of those delights can judge, and spare
 To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

J. Milton.

C.

TO CYRIACK SKINNER.

CYRIACK, whose grandsire, on the royal bench
 Of British Themis, with no mean applause
 Pronounced, and in his volumes taught, our laws,
 Which others at their bar so often wrench ;

To-day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench 5
 In mirth, that after no repenting draws ;
 Let Euclid rest, and Archimedes pause,
 And what the Swede intend, and what the French.

To measure life learn thou betimes, and know
 Toward solid good what leads the nearest way ; 10
 For other things mild Heaven a time ordains,

And disapproves that care, though wise in show,
 That with superfluous burden loads the day,
 And, when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains.

J. Milton.

17.

CI.

A HYMN IN PRAISE OF NEPTUNE.

OF Neptune's empire let us sing,
 At whose command the waves obey ;
 To whom the rivers tribute pay,
 Down the high mountains sliding ;
 To whom the scaly nation yields 5
 Homage for the crystal fields
 Wherein they dwell ;
 And every sea-god pays a gem
 Yearly out of his watery cell,
 To deck great Neptune's diadem. 10

The Tritons dancing in a ring,
 Before his palace gates do make
 The water with their echoes quake,
 Like the great thunder sounding :
 The sea-nymphs chaunt their accents shrill, 15
 And the Syrens taught to kill
 With their sweet voice,
 Make every echoing rock reply,
 Unto their gentle murmuring noise,
 The praise of Neptune's empery. 20

T. Campion.

18.

CII.

HYMN TO DIANA.

QUEEN and Huntress, chaste and fair,

Now the sun is laid to sleep.

Seated in thy silver chair

State in wonted manner keep ;

Hesperus entreats thy light,

5

Goddess excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade

Dare itself to interpose ;

Cynthia's shining orb was made

Heaven to clear when day did close :

10

Bless us then with wished sight,

Goddess excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart

And thy crystal-shining quiver ;

Give unto the flying hart

15

Space to breathe, how short soever :

Thou that mak'st a day of night,

Goddess excellently bright !

B. Jonson.

19.

CIII.

WISHES FOR THE SUPPOSED MISTRESS.

WHOE'ER she be,

That not impossible She

That shall command my heart and me ;

Where'er she lie,

Lock'd up from mortal eye

5

In shady leaves of destiny :

- Till that ripe birth
Of studied Fate stand forth,
And teach her fair steps tread our earth ;
- Till that divine
Idea take a shine
Of crystal flesh, through which to shine : 10
- Meet you her, my Wishes,
Bespeak her to my blisses,
And be ye call'd, my absent kisses. 15
- I wish her beauty
That owes not all its duty
To gaudy tire, or glist'ring shoe-tie :
- Something more than
Taffata or tissue can,
Or rampant feather, or rich fan. 20
- A face that's best
By its own beauty drest,
And can alone commend the rest :
- A face made up
Out of no other shop
Than what Nature's white hand sets ope. 25
- Sidneian showers
Of sweet discourse, whose powers
Can crown old Winter's head with flowers. 30
- Whate'er delight
Can make day's forehead bright
Or give down to the wings of night.
- Soft silken hours,
Open suns, shady bowers ;
'Bove all, nothing within that lowers. 35

Days, that need borrow
No part of their good morrow
From a fore-spent night of sorrow :

Days, that in spite 40
Of darkness, by the light,
Of a clear mind are day all night.

Life, that dares send
A challenge to his end,
And when it comes, say, 'Welcome, friend.' 45

I wish her store
Of worth may leave her poor
Of wishes ; and I wish——no more.

—Now, if Time knows
That Her, whose radiant brows 50
Weave them a garland of my vows ;

Her that dares be
What these lines wish to see :
I seek no further, it is She.

'Tis She, and here 55
Lo ! I unclothe and clear
My wishes' cloudy character.

Such worth as this is
Shall fix my flying wishes,
And determine them to kisses. 60

Let her full glory,
My fancies, fly before ye ;
Be ye my fictions :—but her story.

R. Crashaw.

20.

CIV.

THE GREAT ADVENTURER.

OVER the mountains
 And over the waves,
 Under the fountains
 And under the graves ;
 Under floods that are deepest, 5
 Which Neptune obey ;
 Over rocks that are steepest
 Love will find out the way.

Where there is no place
 For the glow-worm to lie ; 10
 Where there is no space
 For receipt of a fly ;
 Where the midge dares not venture
 Lest herself fast she lay ;
 If love come, he will enter 15
 And soon find out his way.

You may esteem him
 A child for his might ;
 Or you may deem him
 A coward from his flight ; 20
 But if she whom love doth honour
 Be conceal'd from the day,
 Set a thousand guards upon her,
 Love will find out the way.

Some think to lose him 25
 By having him confined ;
 And some do suppose him,
 Poor thing, to be blind ;

THE GREAT ADVENTURER. 35

But if ne'er so close ye wall him,
Do the best that you may, 30
Blind love, if so ye call him,
Will find out his way.

You may train the eagle
To stoop to your fist ;
Or you may inveigle 35
The phoenix of the east ;
The lioness, ye may move her
To give o'er her prey ;
But you'll ne'er stop a lover :
He will find out his way. 40

Anon.

21.

CV.

THE PICTURE OF LITTLE T.C. IN A
PROSPECT OF FLOWERS.

SEE with what simplicity
This nymph begins her golden days !
In the green grass she loves to lie,
And there with her fair aspect tames
The wilder flowers, and gives them names ; 5
But only with the roses plays,

And them does tell

What colours best become them, and what smell.

Who can foretell for what high cause
This darling of the Gods was born ? 10
Yet this is she whose chaster laws
The wanton Love shall one day fear,
And, under her command severe,
See his bow broke, and ensigns torn.

Happy who can 15

Appease this virtuous enemy of man !

O then let me in time compound
 And parley with those conquering eyes,
 Ere they have tried their force to wound ;
 Ere with their glancing wheels they drive 20
 In triumph over hearts that strive,
 And them that yield but more despise :
 Let me be laid,
 Where I may see the glories from some shade.

Meantime, whilst every verdant thing 25
 Itself does at thy beauty charm,
 Reform the errors of the Spring ;
 Make that the tulips may have share
 Of sweetness, seeing they are fair,
 And roses of their thorns disarm ; 30
 But most procure
 That violets may a longer age endure.

But O young beauty of the woods,
 Whom Nature courts with fruits and flowers,
 Gather the flowers, but spare the buds ; 35
 Lest FLORA, angry at thy crime
 To kill her infants in their prime,
 Should quickly make th' example yours ;
 And ere we see—
 Nip in the blossom—all our hopes and thee. 40

A. Marvell.

CHILD AND MAIDEN.

Alas, Chloris ! could I now but sit
 As unconcern'd as when
 Your infant beauty could beget
 No happiness or pain !

When I the dawn used to admire, 5
 And praised the coming day,
 I little thought the rising fire
 Would take my rest away.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay
 Like metals in a mine ; 10
 Age from no face takes more away
 Than youth conceal'd in thine.
 But as your charms insensibly
 To their perfection prest,
 So love as unperceived did fly, 15
 And center'd in my breast.

My passion with your beauty grew,
 While Cupid at my heart,
 Still as his mother favour'd you,
 Threw a new flaming dart : 20
 Each gloried in their wanton part ;
 To make a lover, he
 Employ'd the utmost of his art—
 To make a beauty, she.

Sir C. Sedley.

CONSTANCY.

I CANNOT change, as others do,
 Though you unjustly scorn,
 Since that poor swain that sighs for you,
 For you alone was born ;
 No, Phyllis, no, your heart to move 5
 A surer way I'll try,—
 And to revenge my slighted love,
 Will still love on, and die.

When, kill'd with grief, Amintas lies,
 And you to mind shall call 10
 The sighs that now unpitied rise,
 The tears that vainly fall,
 That welcome hour that ends his smart
 Will then begin your pain,
 For such a faithful tender heart 15
 Can never break in vain.

J. Wilmot, Earl of Rochester.

COUNSEL TO GIRLS.

GATHER ye rose-buds while ye may,
 Old Time is still a-flying :
 And this same flower that smiles to-day
 To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious Lamp of Heaven, the Sun, 5
 The higher he's a-getting
 The sooner will his race be run,
 And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,
 When youth and blood are warmer ; 10
 But being spent, the worse, and worst
 Times, still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time ;
 And while ye may, go marry :
 For having lost but once your prime, 15
 You may for ever tarry.

R. Herrick.

TO LUCASTA, ON GOING TO THE WARS. 39

25.

CIX.

TO LUCASTA, ON GOING TO THE WARS.

TELL me not, Sweet, I am unkind
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind,
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase, 5
The first foe in the field ;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you too shall adore ; 10
I could not love thee, Dear, so much,
Loved I not Honour more.

Colonel Lovelace.

26.

CX.

ELIZABETH OF BOHEMIA.

You meaner beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfy our eyes
More by your number than your light,
You common people of the skies,
What are you, when the Moon shall rise ? 5

You curious chanterers of the wood,
That warble forth dame Nature's lays,
Thinking your passions understood
By your weak accents ; what's your praise
When Philomel her voice doth raise ? 10

You violets that first appear,
 By your pure purple mantles known
 Like the proud virgins of the year,
 As if the spring were all your own,—
 What are you, when the Rose is blown? 15

So when my Mistress shall be seen
 In form and beauty of her mind,
 By virtue first, then choice, a Queen,
 Tell me, if she were not design'd
 Th' eclipse and glory of her kind? 20

Sir H. Wotton.

27.

CXI.

TO THE LADY MARGARET LEY.

DAUGHTER to that good Earl, once President
 Of England's Council and her Treasury,
 Who lived in both, unstain'd with gold or fee,
 And left them both, more in himself content,
 Till the sad breaking of that parliament 5
 Broke him, as that dishonest victory
 At Chaeroneia, fatal to liberty,
 Kill'd with report that old man eloquent;—
 Though later born than to have known the days
 Wherein your father flourish'd, yet by you, 10
 Madam, methinks I see him living yet;
 So well your words his noble virtues praise,
 That all both judge you to relate them true,
 And to possess them, honour'd Margaret.

J. Milton.

28.

CXII.

THE TRUE BEAUTY.

HE that loves a rosy cheek
 Or a coral lip admires,
 Or from star-like eyes doth seek
 Fuel to maintain his fires ;
 As old Time makes these decay, 5
 So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
 Gentle thoughts, and calm desires,
 Hearts with equal love combined,
 Kindle never-dying fires :— 10
 Where these are not, I despise
 Lovely cheeks or lips or eyes.

T. Carew.

29.

CXIII.

TO DIANEME.

SWEET, be not proud of those two eyes
 Which starlike sparkle in their skies ;
 Nor be you proud, that you can see
 All hearts your captives ; yours yet free :
 Be you not proud of that rich hair 5
 Which wantons with the lovesick air ;
 Whenas that ruby which you wear,
 Sunk from the tip of your soft ear,
 Will last to be a precious stone
 When all your world of beauty's gone. 10

R. Herrick.

30.

CXIV.

Love in thy youth, fair Maid, be wise :
Old Time will make thee colder,
And though each morning new arise
Yet we each day grow older.
Thou as Heaven art fair and young, 5
Thine eyes like twin stars shining ;
But ere another day be sprung
All these will be declining.
Then winter comes with all his fears,
And all thy sweets shall borrow ; 10
Too late then wilt thou shower thy tears,—
And I too late shall sorrow !

Anon.

31.

CXV.

TO A ROSE.

Go, lovely Rose !
Tell her, that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be. 5

Tell her that's young
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died. 10

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired :
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired. 15

Then die ! that she
 The common fate of all things rare
 May read in thee :
 How small a part of time they share
 That are so wondrous sweet and fair ! 20

E. Waller.

32.

CXVI.

TO CELIA.

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
 And I will pledge with mine ;
 Or leave a kiss but in the cup
 And I'll not look for wine.
 The thirst that from the soul doth rise 5
 Doth ask a drink divine :
 But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
 I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
 Not so much honouring thee 10
 As giving it a hope that there
 It could not wither'd be ;
 But thou thereon didst only breathe
 And sent'st it back to me ;
 Since when it grows, and smells, I swear, 15
 Not of itself but thee !

B. Jonson.

33.

CXVII.

CHERRY-RIPE.

THERE is a garden in her face
 Where roses and white lilies blow ;
 A heavenly paradise is that place,
 Wherein all pleasant fruits do grow ;

There cherries grow that none may buy, 5
Till Cherry-Ripe themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do enclose
Of orient pearl a double row,
Which when her lovely laughter shows,
They look like rose-buds fill'd with snow: 10
Yet them no peer nor prince may buy,
Till Cherry-Ripe themselves do cry.

Her eyes like angels watch them still;
Her brows like bended bows do stand,
Threat'ning with piercing frowns to kill 15
All that approach with eye or hand
These sacred cherries to come nigh,
—Till Cherry-Ripe themselves do cry!

T. Campion.

CORINNA'S MAYING

GET up, get up for shame! The blooming morn
Upon her wings presents the god unshorn.
See how Aurora throws her fair
Fresh-quilted colours through the air:
Get up, sweet Slug-a-bed, and see 5
The dew bespangling herb and tree.
Each flower has wept, and bow'd toward the east,
Above an hour since; yet you not drest,
Nay! not so much as out of bed?
When all the birds have matins said, 10
And sung their thankful hymns: 'tis sin,
Nay, profanation, to keep in,—
Whenas a thousand virgins on this day,
Spring, sooner than the lark, to fetch-in May.

Rise ; and put on your foliage, and be seen 15
To come forth, like the Spring-time, fresh and green,

And sweet as Flora. Take no care

For jewels for your gown, or hair :

Fear not ; the leaves will strew

Gems in abundance upon you : 20

Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,

Against you come, some orient pearls unwept :

Come, and receive them while the light

Hangs on the dew-locks of the night :

And Titan on the eastern hill 25

Retires himself, or else stands still

Till you come forth. Wash, dress, be brief in praying :

Few beads are best, when once we go a Maying.

Come, my Corinna, come ; and coming, mark

How each field turns a street ; each street a park 30

Made green, and trimm'd with trees : see how

Devotion gives each house a bough

Or branch : Each porch, each door, ere this,

An ark, a tabernacle is,

Made up of white-thorn neatly interwove ; 35

As if here were those cooler shades of love.

Can such delights be in the street,

And open fields, and we not see't ?

Come, we'll abroad : and let's obey

The proclamation made for May : 40

And sin no more, as we have done, by staying ;

But, my Corinna, come, let's go a Maying.

There's not a budding boy, or girl, this day,

But is got up, and gone to bring in May.

A deal of youth, ere this, is come 45

Back, and with white-thorn laden home.

Some have despatch'd their cakes and cream,

Before, that we have left to dream :

And some have wept, and woo'd, and plighted troth,
 And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth: 50
 Many a green-gown has been given;
 Many a kiss, both odd and even:
 Many a glance too has been sent
 From out the eye, Love's firmament:
 Many a jest told of the keys betraying 55
 This night, and locks pick'd:—Yet we're not a Maying.

—Come, let us go, while we are in our prime;
 And take the harmless folly of the time!
 We shall grow old apace, and die
 Before we know our liberty. 60
 Our life is short; and our days run
 As fast away as does the sun:—
 And as a vapour, or a drop of rain
 Once lost, can ne'er be found again:
 So when or you or I are made 65
 A fable, song, or fleeting shade;
 All love, all liking, all delight
 Lies drown'd with us in endless night.
 Then while time serves, and we are but decaying,
 Come, my Corinna! come, let's go a Maying. 70

R. Herrick.

THE POETRY OF DRESS.

1.

A SWEET disorder in the dress
 Kindles in clothes a wantonness:—
 A lawn about the shoulders thrown
 Into a fine distraction,—
 An erring lace, which here and there 5
 Enthral's the crimson stomacher,—

A cuff neglectful, and thereby
 Ribbands to flow confusedly,—
 A winning wave, deserving note,
 In the tempestuous petticoat,— 10
 A careless shoe-string, in whose tie
 I see a wild civility,—
 Do more bewitch me, than when art
 Is too precise in every part.

R. Herrick.

36.

CXX.

2.

WHENAS in silks my Julia goes
 Then, then (methinks) how sweetly flows
 That liquefaction of her clothes.

Next, when I cast mine eyes and see
 That brave vibration each way free; 5
 O how that glittering taketh me!

R. Herrick.

37.

CXXI.

3.

MY Love in her attire doth shew her wit,
 It doth so well become her :
 For every season she hath dressings fit,
 For Winter, Spring, and Summer.
 No beauty she doth miss 5
 When all her robes are on :
 But Beauty's self she is
 When all her robes are gone.

Anon.

38.

CXXII.

ON A GIRDLE.

THAT which her slender waist confined
 Shall now my joyful temples bind :
 No monarch but would give his crown
 His arms might do what this has done.

It was my Heaven's extremest sphere, 5
 The pale which held that lovely deer :
 My joy, my grief, my hope, my love
 Did all within this circle move.

A narrow compass ! and yet there
 Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair : 10
 Give me but what this ribband bound,
 Take all the rest the Sun goes round.

E. Waller.

39.

CXXIII.

A MYSTICAL ECSTASY.

E'EN like two little bank-dividing brooks,
 That wash the pebbles with their wanton streams.
 And having ranged and search'd a thousand nooks,
 Meet both at length in silver-breasted Thames,
 Where in a greater current they conjoin : 5
 So I my Best-Belovéd's am : so he is mine.

E'en so we met ; and after long pursuit,
 E'en so we join'd ; we both became entire ;
 No need for either to renew a suit,
 For I was flax and he was flames of fire : 10
 Our firm-united souls did more than twine ;
 So I my Best-Belovéd's am ; so he is mine.

If all those glittering Monarchs that command
 The servile quarters of this earthly ball,
 Should tender, in exchange, their shares of land, 15
 I would not change my fortunes for them all :
 Their wealth is but a counter to my coin :
 The world's but theirs ; but my Belovéd's mine.

F. Quarles.

40.

CXXIV.

TO ANTHEA WHO MAY COMMAND HIM
 ANY THING.

BID me to live, and I will live
 Thy Protestant to be :
 Or bid me love, and I will give
 A loving heart to thee.

A heart as soft, a heart as kind, 5
 A heart as sound and free
 As in the whole world thou canst find,
 That heart I'll give to thee.

Bid that heart stay, and it will stay,
 To honour thy decree : 10
 Or bid it languish quite away,
 And 't shall do so for thee.

Bid me to weep, and I will weep
 While I have eyes to see :
 And having none, yet I will keep 15
 A heart to weep for thee.

Bid me despair, and I'll despair,
 Under that cypress tree :
 Or bid me die, and I will dare
 E'en Death, to die for thee. 20

Thou art my life, my love, my heart,
 The very eyes of me,
 And hast command of every part,
 To live and die for thee.

R. Herrick.

41.

CXXV.

Love not me for comely grace,
 For my pleasing eye or face,
 Nor for any outward part,
 No, nor for my constant heart,—
 For those may fail, or turn to ill, 5
 So thou and I shall sever:
 Keep therefore a true woman's eye,
 And love me still, but know not why—
 So hast thou the same reason still
 To doat upon me ever!

Anon.

42.

CXXVI.

Not, Celia, that I juster am
 Or better than the rest;
 For I would change each hour, like them,
 Were not my heart at rest.

But I am tied to very thee 5
 By every thought I have;
 Thy face I only care to see,
 Thy heart I only crave.

All that in woman is adored
 In thy dear self I find— 10
 For the whole sex can but afford
 The handsome and the kind.

Why then should I seek further store,
 And still make love anew ?
 When change itself can give no more, 15
 'Tis easy to be true.

Sir C. Sedley.

TO ALTHEA FROM PRISON.

WHEN Love with unconfined wings
 Hovers within my gates,
 And my divine Althea brings
 To whisper at the grates ;
 When I lie tangled in her hair 5
 And fetter'd to her eye,
 The Gods that wanton in the air
 Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
 With no allaying Thames, 10
 Our careless heads with roses crown'd,
 Our hearts with loyal flames ;
 When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
 When healths and draughts go free—
 Fishes that tinkle in the deep 15
 Know no such liberty.

When like committed linnets, I
 With shriller throat shall sing
 The sweetness, mercy, majesty
 And glories of my King ; 20
 When I shall voice aloud how good
 He is, how great should be,
 Enlarg'd winds, that curl the flood,
 Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make, 25
 Nor iron bars a cage ;
 Minds innocent and quiet take
 That for an hermitage :
 If I have freedom in my love
 And in my soul am free, 30
 Angels alone, that soar above,
 Enjoy such liberty.

Colonel Lovelace.

44.

CXXVIII.

TO LUCASTA, ON GOING BEYOND THE SEAS.

If to be absent were to be
 Away from thee ;
 Or that when I am gone
 You or I were alone ;
 Then, my Lucasta, might I crave 5
 Pity from blustering wind, or swallowing wave.

But I'll not sigh one blast or gale
 To swell my sail,
 Or pay a tear to 'suage
 The foaming blue-god's rage ; 10
 For whether he will let me pass
 Or no, I'm still as happy as I was.

Though seas and land betwixt us both,
 Our faith and troth,
 Like separated souls, 15
 All time and space controls :
 Above the highest sphere we meet
 Unseen, unknown, and greet as Angels greet.

So then we do anticipate
 Our after-fate, 20
 And are alive i' the skies,
 If thus our lips and eyes
 Can speak like spirits unconfin'd
 In Heaven, their earthy bodies left behind.

Colonel Lovelace.

45.

CXXXIX.

ENCOURAGEMENTS TO A LOVER.

WHY so pale and wan, fond lover ?
 Prythee, why so pale ?
 Will, if looking well can't move her,
 Looking ill prevail ?
 Prythee, why so pale ? 5

Why so dull and mute, young sinner ?
 Prythee, why so mute ?
 Will, when speaking well can't win her,
 Saying nothing do't ?
 Prythee, why so mute ? 10

Quit, quit, for shame ! this will not move,
 This cannot take her ;
 If of herself she will not love,
 Nothing can make her :
 The D—l take her ! 15

Sir J. Suckling.

46.

CXXX.

A SUPPLICATION.

AWAKE, awake, my Lyre !
 And tell thy silent master's humble tale
 In sounds that may prevail ;
 Sounds that gentle thoughts inspire :

Though so exalted she 5
 And I so lowly be
 Tell her, such different notes make all thy harmony.

Hark ! how the strings awake :
 And, though the moving hand approach not near,
 Themselves with awful fear 10
 A kind of numerous trembling make.
 Now all thy forces try ;
 Now all thy charms apply ;
 Revenge upon her ear the conquests of her eye.

Weak Lyre ! thy virtue sure 15
 Is useless here, since thou art only found
 To cure, but not to wound,
 And she to wound, but not to cure.
 Too weak too wilt thou prove
 My passion to remove ; 20
 Physic to other ills, thou'rt nourishment to Love.

Sleep, sleep again, my Lyre !
 For thou canst never tell my humble tale
 In sounds that will prevail,
 Nor gentle thoughts in her inspire ; 25
 All thy vain mirth lay by,
 Bid thy strings silent lie,
 Sleep, sleep again, my Lyre, and let thy master die.

A. Cowley.

THE MANLY HEART.

SHALL I, wasting in despair,
 Die because a woman's fair ?
 Or make pale my cheeks with care
 'Cause another's rosy are ?

Be she fairer than the day 5
Or the flowery meads in May—
If she think not well of me
What care I how fair she be ?

Shall my silly heart be pined
'Cause I see a woman kind ; 10
Or a well disposéd nature
Joinéd with a lovely feature ?
Be she meeker, kinder, than
Turtle-dove or pelican,
If she be not so to me 15
What care I how kind she be ?

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love ?
Or her well-deservings known
Make me quite forget mine own ? 20
Be she with that goodness blest
Which may merit name of Best ;
If she seem not such to me,
What care I how good she be ?

'Cause her fortune seems too high, 25
Shall I play the fool and die ?
She that bears a noble mind
If not outward helps she find,
Thinks what with them he would do
Who without them dares her woo ; 30
And unless that mind I see,
What care I how great she be ?

Great or good, or kind or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair ;
If she love me, this believe, 35
I will die ere she shall grieve ;

If she slight me when I woo,
 I can scorn and let her go ;
 For if she be not for me,
 What care I for whom she be ? 40

G. Wither.

48.

CXXXII.

MELANCHOLY.

HENCE, all you vain delights,
 As short as are the nights
 Wherein you spend your folly :
 There's nought in this life sweet
 If man were wise to see't, 5
 But only melancholy,
 O sweetest Melancholy !
 Welcome, folded arms, and ~~fix~~éd eyes,
 A sigh that piercing mortifies,
 A look that's fasten'd to the ground, 10
 A tongue chain'd up without a sound !
 Fountain heads and pathless groves,
 Places which pale passion loves !
 Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
 Are warmly housed save bats and owls ! 15
 A midnight bell, a parting groan !
 These are the sounds we feed upon ;
 Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley ;
 Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy.

J. Fletcher.

49.

CXXVIII.

THE FORSAKEN BRIDE.

O WALY waly up the bank,
 And waly waly down the brae,
 And waly waly yon burn-side
 Where I and my Love went to gae!
 I leant my back unto an aik, 5
 I thought it was a trusty tree;
 But first it bow'd, and syne it brak,
 Sae my true Love did lichtly me.

O waly waly, but love be bonny
 A little time while it is new; 10
 But when 'tis auld, it waxeth cauld
 And fades awa' like morning dew.
 O wherefore should I busk my head?
 Or wherefore should I kame my hair?
 For my true Love has me forsook, 15
 And says he'll never loe me mair.

Now Arthur-seat sall be my bed;
 The sheets shall ne'er be prest by me:
 Saint Anton's well sall be my drink,
 Since my true Love has forsaken me. 20
 Marti'mas wind, when wilt thou blaw
 And shake the green leaves aff the tree?
 O gentle Death, when wilt thou come?
 For of my life I am wearie.

'Tis not the frost, that freezes fell, 25
 Nor blawing snaw's inclemencie;
 'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry,
 But my Love's heart grown cauld to me.
 When we came in by Glasgow town
 We were a comely sight to see; 30

My Love was clad in the black velvét,
And I mysell in cramasie.

But had I wist, before I kist,
That love had been sae ill to win ;
I had lockt my heart in a case of gowd 35
And pinn'd it with a siller pin.
And, O ! if my young babe were born,
And set upon the nurse's knee,
And I mysell were dead and gane,
And the green grass growing over me ! 40

Anon.

UPON my lap my sovereign sits
And sucks upon my breast ;
Meantime his love maintains my life
And gives my sense her rest.
Sing lullaby, my little boy, 5
Sing lullaby, mine only joy !

When thou hast taken thy repast,
Repose, my babe, on me ;
So may thy mother and thy nurse
Thy cradle also be. 10
Sing lullaby, my little boy,
Sing lullaby, mine only joy !

I grieve that duty doth not work
All that my wishing would,
Because I would not be to thee 15
But in the best I should.
Sing lullaby, my little boy,
Sing lullaby, mine only joy !

Yet as I am, and as I may,
 I must and will be thine, 20
 Though all too little for thy self
 Vouchsafing to be mine.
 Sing lullaby, my little boy,
 Sing lullaby, mine only joy!

Anon.

FAIR HELEN.

I wish I were where Helen lies ;
 Night and day on me she cries ;
 O that I were where Helen lies
 On fair Kirconnell lea !

 Curst be the heart that thought the thought, 5
 And curst the hand that fired the shot,
 When in my arms burd Helen dropt,
 And died to succour me !

 O think na but my heart was sair
 When my Love dropt down and spak nae mair ! 10
 I laid her down wi' meikle care
 On fair Kirconnell lea.

 As I went down the water side,
 None but my foe to be my guide,
 None but my foe to be my guide, 15
 On fair Kirconnell lea ;

 I lighted down my sword to draw,
 I hackéd him in pieces sma',
 I hackéd him in pieces sma',
 For her sake that died for me. 20

O Helen fair, beyond compare !
 I'll make a garland of thy hair
 Shall bind my heart for evermair
 Until the day I die.

O that I were where Helen lies ! 25
 Night and day on me she cries ;
 Out of my bed she bids me rise,
 Says, ' Haste and come to me ! '

O Helen fair ! O Helen chaste !
 If I were with thee, I were blest, 30
 Where thou lies low and takes thy rest
 On fair Kirconnell lea.

I wish my grave were growing green,
 A winding-sheet drawn ower my een,
 And I in Helen's arms lying, 35
 On fair Kirconnell lea.

I wish I were where Helen lies ;
 Night and day on me she cries ;
 And I am weary of the skies,
 Since my Love died for me. 40

Anon.

THE TWA CORBIES.

AS I was walking all alane
 I heard twa corbies making a mane ;
 The tane unto the t'other say,
 ' Where sall we gang and dine to-day ?

—In behint yon auld fail dyke,
I wot there lies a new-slain Knight;
And naeboddy kens that he lies there,
But his hawk, his hound, and lady fair.

His hound is to the hunting gane,
His hawk to fetch the wild-fowl hame, 10
His lady's ta'en another mate,
So we may mak our dinner sweet.

'Ye'll sit on his white hause-bane,
And I'll pick out his bonny blue een;
Wi' ae lock o' his gowden hair 15
We'll theek our nest when it grows bare.

Mony a one for him makes mane,
But nane sall ken where he is gane;
O'er his white banes, when they are bare,
The wind sall blaw for evermair.' 20

Anon.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. WILLIAM HERVEY.

It was a dismal and a fearful night,—
Scarce could the Morn drive on th' unwilling light,
When sleep, death's image, left my troubled breast,
By something liker death possess'd.
My eyes with tears did uncommanded flow, 5
And on my soul hung the dull weight
Of some intolerable fate.

What hell was that? Ah me! Too much I know!

My sweet companion, and my gentle peer,
 Why hast thou left me thus unkindly here, 10
 Thy end for ever, and my life, to moan ?
 O thou hast left me all alone !
 Thy soul and body when death's agony
 Besieged around thy noble heart,
 Did not with more reluctance part 15
 Than I, my dearest friend, do part from thee.

Ye fields of Cambridge, our dear Cambridge, say,
 Have ye not seen us walking every day ?
 Was there a tree about which did not know
 The love betwixt us two ? 20
 Henceforth, ye gentle trees, for ever fade,
 Or your sad branches thicker join,
 And into darksome shades combine,
 Dark as the grave wherein my friend is laid.

Large was his soul ; as large a soul as e'er 25
 Submitted to inform a body here ;
 High as the place 'twas shortly in Heaven to have,
 But low and humble as his grave ;
 So high that all the virtues there did come
 As to the chiefest seat 30
 Conspicuous, and great ;
 So low that for me too it made a room.

Knowledge he only sought, and so soon caught,
 As if for him knowledge had rather sought ;
 Nor did more learning ever crowded lie 35
 In such a short mortality.
 Whene'er the skilful youth discoursed or writ,
 Still did the notions throng
 About his eloquent tongue ;
 Nor could his ink flow faster than his wit. 40

His mirth was the pure spirits of various wit,
 Yet never did his God or friends forget,
 And when deep talk and wisdom came in view,
 Retired, and gave to them their due.
 For the rich help of books he always took, 45
 Though his own searching mind before
 Was so with notions written o'er,
 As if wise Nature had made that her book.

With as much zeal, devotion, piety,
 He always lived, as other saints do die. 50
 Still with his soul severe account he kept,
 Weeping all debts out ere he slept.
 Then down in peace and innocence he lay,
 Like the sun's laborious light,
 Which still in water sets at night, 55
 Unsullied with his journey of the day.

A. Cowley.

54.

CXXXVIII.

FRIENDS IN PARADISE.

THEY are all gone into the world of light !
 And I alone sit lingering here ;
 Their very memory is fair and bright,
 And my sad thoughts doth clear :—
 It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast, 5
 Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
 Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest,
 After the sun's remove.
 I see them walking in an air of glory,
 Whose light doth trample on my days : 10
 My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
 Mere glimmering and decays.

O holy Hope ! and high Humility,
 High as the heavens above !
 These are your walks, and you have shew'd them me,
 To kindle my cold love. 16

Dear, beauteous Death ! the jewel of the just,
 Shining no where, but in the dark ;
 What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
 Could man outlook that mark ! 20

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest, may know
 At first sight, if the bird be flown ;
 But what fair well or grove he sings in now,
 That is to him unknown.

And yet, as Angels in some brighter dreams 25
 Call to the soul, when man doth sleep ;
 So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
 And into glory peep.

H. Vaughan.

TO BLOSSOMS.

FAIR pledges of a fruitful tree,
 Why do ye fall so fast ?
 Your date is not so past,
 But you may stay yet here awhile
 To blush and gently smile, 5
 And go at last.

What, were ye born to be
 An hour or half's delight,
 And so to bid good-night ?
 'Twas pity Nature brought ye forth, 10

Merely to show your worth,
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave : 15
And after they have shown their pride
Like you, awhile, they glide
Into the grave.

R. Herrick.

TO DAFFODILS.

FAIR Daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon :
As yet the early-rising Sun
Has not attain'd his noon. 5
Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the even-song ;
And, having pray'd together, we
Will go with you along. 10

We have short time to stay, as you,
We have as short a Spring ;
As quick a growth to meet decay
As you, or anything. 15
We die,
As your hours do, and dry
Away
Like to the Summer's rain ;
Or as the pearls of morning's dew
Ne'er to be found again. 20

R. Herrick.

57.

CXLII.

THE GIRL DESCRIBES HER FAWN.

WITH sweetest milk and sugar first
 I it at my own fingers nursed ;
 And as it grew, so every day
 It wax'd more white and sweet than they—
 It had so sweet a breath ! and oft 5
 I blush'd to see its foot more soft
 And white,—shall I say,—than my hand ?
 Nay, any lady's of the land !

It is a wondrous thing how fleet
 'Twas on those little silver feet : 10
 With what a pretty skipping grace
 It oft would challenge me the race :—
 And when 't had left me far away
 'Twould stay, and run again, and stay :
 For it was nimbler much than hinds, 15
 And trod as if on the four winds.

I have a garden of my own,
 But so with roses overgrown
 And lilies, that you would it guess
 To be a little wilderness : 20
 And all the spring-time of the year
 It only lovéd to be there.
 Among the beds of lilies I
 Have sought it oft, where it should lie ;
 Yet could not, till itself would rise, 25
 Find it, although before mine eyes :—
 For in the flaxen lilies' shade
 It like a bank of lilies laid.

Upon the roses it would feed,
 Until its lips e'en seem'd to bleed : 30

And then to me 'twould boldly trip,
 And print those roses on my lip.
 But all its chief delight was still
 On roses thus itself to fill,
 And its pure virgin limbs, to fold 35
 In whitest sheets of lilies cold :—
 Had it lived long, it would have been
 Lilies without—roses within.

A. Marvell.

CXLII.

THOUGHTS IN A GARDEN.

How vainly men themselves amaze
 To win the palm, the oak, or bays,
 And their uncessant labour see
 Crown'd from some single herb or tree,
 Whose short and narrow-vergéd shade 5
 Does prudently their toils upbraid ;
 While all the flowers and trees do close
 To weave the garlands of Repose.

Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,
 And Innocence thy sister dear ? 10
 Mistaken long, I sought you then
 In busy companies of men :
 Your sacred plants, if here below,
 Only among the plants will grow :
 Society is all but rude 15
 To this delicious solitude.

No white nor red was ever seen
 So amorous as this lovely green.

Fond lovers, cruel as their flame,
Cut in these trees their mistress' name : 20
Little, alas, they know or heed
How far these beauties hers exceed !
Fair trees ! wheres'e'er your barks I wound,
No name shall but your own be found.

When we have run our passions' heat 25
Love hither makes his best retreat :
The gods, who mortal beauty chase,
Still in a tree did end their race ;
Apollo hunted Daphne so
Only that she might laurel grow ; 30
And Pan did after Syrinx speed
Not as a nymph, but for a reed.

What wondrous life is this I lead !
Ripe apples drop about my head ;
The luscious clusters of the vine 35
Upon my mouth do crush their wine ;
The nectarine and curious peach
Into my hands themselves do reach ;
Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
Ensnared with flowers, I fall on grass. 40

Meanwhile the mind from pleasure less
Withdraws into its happiness ;
The mind, that ocean where each kind
Does straight its own resemblance find ;
Yet it creates, transcending these, 45
Far other worlds, and other seas ;
Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot
Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root, 50

Casting the body's vest aside
 My soul into the boughs does glide ;
 There, like a bird, it sits and sings,
 Then whets and claps its silver wings,
 And, till prepared for longer flight. 55
 Waves in its plumes the various light.

Such was that happy Garden-state
 While man there walk'd without a mate :
 After a place so pure and sweet,
 What other help could yet be meet ! 60
 But 'twas beyond a mortal's share
 'To wander solitary there :
 Two paradises 'twere in one,
 To live in Paradise alone.

How well the skilful gardener drew 65
 Of flowers and herbs this dial new !
 Where, from above, the milder sun
 Does through a fragrant zodiac run :
 And, as it works, th' industrious bee
 Computes its time as well as we. 70
 How could such sweet and wholesome hours
 Be reckon'd, but with herbs and flowers !

A. Marvell.

FORTUNATI NIMIUM.

JACK and Joan, they think no ill,
 But loving live, and merry still ;
 Do their week-day's work, and pray
 Devoutly on the holy-day :

THE GOLDEN TREASURY.

Skip and trip it on the green, 5
And help to choose the Summer Queen ;
Lash out at a country feast
Their silver penny with the best.

Well can they judge of nappy ale,
And tell at large a winter tale ; 10
Climb up to the apple loft,
And turn the crabs till they be soft.
Tib is all the father's joy,
And little Tom the mother's boy :—
All their pleasure is, Content, 15
And care, to pay their yearly rent.

Joan can call by name her cows
And deck her windows with green boughs ;
She can wreaths and tutties make,
And trim with plums a bridal cake. 20
Jack knows what brings gain or loss,
And his long flail can stoutly toss :
Makes the hedge which others break,
And ever thinks what he doth speak.

—Now, you courtly dames and knights, 25
That study only strange delights,
Though you scorn the homespun gray,
And revel in your rich array ;
Though your tongues dissemble deep
And can your heads from danger keep ; 30
Yet, for all your pomp and train,
Securer lives the silly swain !

T. Champion.

60.

CXLIV.

L'ALLEGRO.

HENCE, loathèd Melancholy,
 Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born
 In Stygian cave forlorn
 'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights
 unholy !
 Find out some uncouth cell, 5
 Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous
 wings,
 And the night-raven sings ;
 There, under ebon shades, and low-browed rocks
 As ragged as thy locks,
 In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell. 10
 But come, thou Goddess fair and free,
 In heaven yclept Euphrosyne,
 And by men, heart-easing Mirth ;
 Whom lovely Venus, at a birth,
 With two sister Graces more, 15
 To ivy-crownèd Bacchus bore :
 Or whether (as some sager sing)
 The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
 Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
 As he met her once a-Maying, 20
 There, on beds of violets blue,
 And fresh-blown roses washed in dew,
 Filled her with thee, a daughter fair,
 So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
 Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee 25
 Jest, and youthful jollity,
 Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
 Nods and becks and wreathed smiles,
 Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
 And love to live in dimple sleek ; 30

Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides :—
Come, and trip it, as you go,
On the light fantastic toe ;
And in thy right hand lead with thee 35
The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty ;
And, if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unprovèd pleasures free ; 40
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And, singing, startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise ;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow, 45
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine ;
While the cock, with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkness thin ; 50
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before :
Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill, 55
Through the high wood echoing shrill ;
Sometime walking, not unseen,
By hedgerow elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate
Where the great Sun begins his state, 60
Robed in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight ;
While the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe, 65
And the mower whets his scythe,

And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
Whilst the landskip round it measures : 70

Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray ;
Mountains, on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest ;
Meadows trim, with daisies pied ; 75

Shallow brooks, and rivers wide ;
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosomed high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The cynosure of neighbouring eyes. 80

Hard by a cottage chimney smokes
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met
Are at their savoury dinner set
Of herbs and other country messes, 85

Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses ;
And then in haste her bower she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves ;
Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tanned haycock in the mead. 90

Sometimes, with secure delight,
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth and many a maid 95

Dancing in the chequered shade ;
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holyday,
Till the livelong daylight fail :
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale, 100

With stories told of many a feat,
How Faery Mab the junkets eat :—

And therefore to our weaker view	15
O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue ;	
Black, but such as in esteem	
Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,	
Or that starred Ethiop queen that strove	
To set her beauty's praise above	20
The Sea-Nymphs, and their powers offended.	
Yet thou art higher far descended :	
Thee bright-haired Vesta, long of yore,	
To solitary Saturn bore ;	
His daughter she : in Saturn's reign	25
Such mixture was not held a stain.	
Oft in glimmering bowers and glades	
He met her, and in secret shades	
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,	
Whilst yet there was no fear of Jove.	30
Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,	
Sober, steadfast, and demure,	
All in a robe of darkest grain,	
Flowing with majestic train,	
And sable stole of cypress lawn	35
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.	
Come ; but keep thy wonted state,	
With even step, and musing gait,	
And looks commercing with the skies,	
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes :	40
There, held in holy passion still,	
Forget thyself to marble, till	
With a sad leaden downward cast	
Thou fix them on the earth as fast.	
And join with thee calm Peace and Quiet,	45
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,	
And hears the Muses in a ring	
Aye round about Jove's altar sing ;	
And add to these retired Leisure,	
That in trim-gardens takes his pleasure ;—	50

But, first and chiefest, with thee bring
 Him that yon soars on golden wing,
 Guiding the fiery-wheelèd throne,
 The Cherub Contemplation ;
 And the mute Silence hist along, 55
 'Less Philomel will deign a song,
 'In her sweetest saddest plight,
 Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,
 While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke
 Gently o'er the accustomed oak. 60
 —Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
 Most musical, most melancholy !
 Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among
 I woo, to hear thy even-song ;
 And, missing thee, I walk unseen 65
 On the dry smooth-shaven green,
 To behold the wandering moon,
 Riding near her highest noon,
 Like one that had been led astray
 Through the heaven's wide pathless way, 70
 And oft, as if her head she bowed,
 Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
 Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
 I hear the far-off curfew sound,
 Over some wide-watered shore, 75
 Swinging slow with sullen roar ;
 Or, if the air will not permit,
 Some still removèd place will fit.
 Where glowing embers through the room
 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom ; 80
 Far from all resort of mirth,
 Save the cricket on the hearth,
 Or the bellman's drowsy charm
 To bless the doors from nightly harm.
 Or let my lamp, at midnight hour, 85
 Be seen in some high lonely tower,

Where I may oft outwatch the Bear,
 With thrice-great Hermes, or unsphere
 The spirit of Plato, to unfold
 What worlds or what vast regions hold 90
 The immortal mind, that hath forsook
 Her mansion in this fleshly nook ;
 And of those demons that are found
 In fire, air, flood, or underground,
 Whose power hath a true consent 95
 With planet or with element.
 Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
 In sceptred pall come sweeping by,
 Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
 Or the tale of Troy divine ; 100
 Or what (though rare) of later age
 Ennobled hath the buskined stage.
 But, O sad Virgin ! that thy power
 Might raise Musæus from his bower ;
 Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing 105
 Such notes as, warbled to the string,
 Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
 And made Hell grant what love did seek ;
 Or call up him that left half-told
 The story of Cambuscan bold, 110
 Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
 And who had Canacè to wife,
 That owned the virtuous ring and glass ;
 And of the wondrous horse of brass
 On which the Tartar king did ride ; 115
 And if aught else great bards beside
 In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
 Of turneys, and of trophies hung,
 Of forests, and enchantments drear,
 Where more is meant than meets the ear. 120
 Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
 Till civil-suited Morn appear,

Not tricked and frowned, as she was wont
 With the Attic boy to hunt,
 But kerchieft in a comely cloud, 125
 While rocking winds are piping loud,
 Or ushered with a shower still,
 When the gust hath blown his fill,
 Ending on the rustling leaves
 With minute drops from off the eaves. 130
 And when the sun begins to fling
 His flaring beams, me, Goddess, bring
 To archèd walks of twilight groves,
 And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,
 Of pine, or monumental oak, 135
 Where the rude axe with heavèd stroke
 Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
 Or fright them from their hallowed haunt.
 There, in close covert, by some brook,
 Where no profaner eye may look, 140
 Hide me from day's garish eye,
 While the bee with honeyed thigh,
 That at her flowery work doth sing,
 And the waters murmuring,
 With such consort as they keep, 145
 Entice the dewy-feathered Sleep.
 And let some strange mysterious dream
 Wave at his wings, in airy stream
 Of lively portraiture displayed,
 Softly on my eyelids laid ; 150
 And, as I wake, sweet music breathe
 Above, about, or underneath,
 Sent by some Spirit to mortals good,
 Or the unseen Genius of the wood.
 But let my due feet never fail 155
 To walk the studious cloister's pale,
 And love the high embowèd roof,
 With antique pillars massy proof,

And storied windows richly dight,
 Casting a dim religious light. 160
 There let the pealing organ blow,
 To the full-voiced quire below,
 In service high and anthems clear,
 As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
 Dissolve me into ecstasies. 165
 And bring all heaven before mine eyes.
 And may at last my weary age
 Find out the peaceful hermitage,
 The hairy gown and mossy cell,
 Where I may sit and rightly spell 170
 Of every star that heaven doth shew,
 And every herb that sips the dew;
 Till old experience do attain
 To something like prophetic strain.
 These pleasures, Melancholy, give, 175
 And I with thee will choose to live.

J. Milton.

SONG OF THE EMIGRANTS IN BERMUDA.

WHERE the remote Bermudas ride
 In the ocean's bosom unespied,
 From a small boat that row'd along
 The listening winds received this song.
 'What should we do but sing His praise
 That led us through the watery maze
 Where He the huge sea-monsters wracks,
 That lift the deep upon their backs,
 Unto an isle so long unknown,
 And yet far kinder than our own? 10

He lands us on a grassy stage,
 Safe from the storms, and prelate's rage :
 He gave us this eternal Spring
 Which here enamels everything,
 And sends the fowls to us in care 15
 On daily visits through the air.
 He hangs in shades the orange bright
 Like golden lamps in a green night,
 And does in the pomegranates close
 Jewels more rich than Ormus shows : 20
 He makes the figs our mouths to meet,
 And throws the melons at our feet ;
 But apples plants of such a price,
 No tree could ever bear them twice.
 With cedars chosen by His hand 25
 From Lebanon He stores the land ;
 And makes the hollow seas that roar
 Proclaim the ambergris on shore.
 He cast (of which we rather boast)
 The Gospel's pearl upon our coast ; 30
 And in these rocks for us did frame
 A temple where to sound His name.
 Oh ! let our voice His praise exalt
 Till it arrive at Heaven's vault,
 Which thence (perhaps) rebounding may 35
 Echo beyond the Mexique bay !'
 —Thus sung they in the English boat
 A holy and a cheerful note :
 And all the way, to guide their chime,
 With falling oars they kept the time. 40

A. Marvell.

AT A SOLEMN MUSIC.

BLEST pair of Sirens, pledges of Heaven's joy,
 Sphere-born harmonious Sisters, Voice and Verse !
 Wed your divine sounds, and mixt power employ,
 Dead things with inbreathed sense able to pierce ;
 And to our high-raised phantasy present 5
 That undisturbed Song of pure concent
 Aye sung before the sapphire-colour'd throne
 To Him that sits thereon,
 With saintly shout and solemn jubilee ;
 Where the bright Seraphim in burning row 10
 Their loud uplifted angel-trumpets blow ;
 And the Cherubic host in thousand quires
 Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
 With those just Spirits that wear victorious palms,
 Hymns devout and holy psalms 15
 Singing everlastingly :
 That we on Earth, with undiscording voice
 May rightly answer that melodious noise ;
 As once we did, till disproportion'd sin
 Jarr'd against nature's chime, and with harsh din 20
 Broke the fair music that all creatures made
 To their great Lord, whose love their motion sway'd
 In perfect diapason, whilst they stood
 In first obedience, and their state of good.
 O may we soon again renew that Song, 25
 And keep in tune with Heaven, till God ere long
 To His celestial consort us unite,
 To live with Him, and sing in endless morn of light !

J. Milton.

64.

CXLVIII.

NOX NOCTI INDICAT SCIENTIAM.

WHEN I survey the bright
 Celestial sphere :
 So rich with jewels hung, that night
 Doth like an Ethiop bride appear ;

My soul her wings doth spread, 5
 And heaven-ward flies,
 The Almighty's mysteries to read
 . In the large volumes of the skies.

For the bright firmament
 Shoots forth no flame 10
 So silent, but is eloquent
 In speaking the Creator's name.

No unregarded star
 Contracts its light
 Into so small a character, 15
 Removed far from our human sight,

But if we steadfast look,
 We shall discern
 In it as in some holy book,
 How man may heavenly knowledge learn. 20

It tells the Conqueror,
 That far-stretch'd power
 Which his proud dangers traffic for,
 Is but the triumph of an hour.

That from the farthest North 25
 Some nation may
 Yet undiscover'd issue forth,
 And o'er his new-got conquest sway.

Some nation yet shut in
 With hills of ice, 30
 May be let out to scourge his sin,
 Till they shall equal him in vice.

And then they likewise shall
 Their ruin have ;
 For as yourselves your Empires fall, 35
 And every Kingdom hath a grave.

Thus those celestial fires,
 Though seeming mute,
 The fallacy of our desires
 And all the pride of life, confute. 40

For they have watch'd since first
 The World had birth :
 And found sin in itself accursed,
 And nothing permanent on earth.

W. Habington.

HYMN TO DARKNESS.

HAIL thou most sacred venerable thing !
 What Muse is worthy thee to sing ?
 Thee, from whose pregnant universal womb
 All things, ev'n Light, thy rival, first did come.
 What dares he not attempt that sings of thee, 5
 Thou first and greatest mystery ?
 Who can the secrets of thy essence tell ?
 Thou, like the light of God, art inaccessible

Before great Love this monument did raise,
 This ample theatre of praise ; 10
 Before the folding circles of the sky
 Were tuned by Him, Who is all harmony ;
 Before the morning Stars their hymn began,
 Before the council held for man,
 Before the birth of either time or place, 15
 Thou reign'st unquestion'd monarch in the empty space.

Thy native lot thou didst to Light resign,
But still half of the globe is thine.
Here with a quiet, but yet awful hand,
Like the best emperors thou dost command. 20
To thee the stars above their brightness owe,
And mortals their repose below :
To thy protection fear and sorrow flee,
And those that weary are of light, find rest in thee.

J. Norris of Bemerton.

A VISION.

I saw Eternity the other night,
Like a great ring of pure and endless light,
All calm, as it was bright :—
And round beneath it, Time, in hours, days, years,
Driven by the spheres,
Like a vast shadow moved ; in which the World
And all her train were hurld.

H. Vaughan.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST, OR, THE POWER
OF MUSIC.

'Twas at the royal feast for Persia won
 By Philip's warlike son—
 Aloft in awful state
 The godlike hero sate
 On his imperial throne ; 5
 His valiant peers were placed around,
 Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound
 (So should desert in arms be crown'd) ;
 The lovely Thais by his side
 Sate like a blooming Eastern bride 10
 In flower of youth and beauty's pride :—
 Happy, happy, happy pair !
 None but the brave
 None but the brave
 None but the brave deserves the fair ! 15

Timotheus, placed on high
 Amid the tuneful quire,
 With flying fingers touch'd the lyre :
 The trembling notes ascend the sky
 And heavenly joys inspire. 20
 The song began from Jove
 Who left his blissful seats above—
 Such is the power of mighty love !
 A dragon's fiery form belied the god ;
 Sublime on radiant spires he rode 25
 When he to fair Olympia prest,
 And while he sought her snowy breast ;
 Then round her slender waist he curl'd,
 And stamp'd an image of himself, a sovereign, of the world.

—The listening crowd admire the lofty sound ! 30
A present deity ! they shout around :
A present deity ! the vaulted roofs rebound !
With ravish'd ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god, 35
Affects to nod
And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung,
Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young :
The jolly god in triumph comes ! 40
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums !
Flush'd with a purple grace
He shows his honest face :
Now give the hautboys breath ; he comes, he comes !
Bacchus, ever fair and young, 45
Drinking joys did first ordain ;
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure :
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure, 50
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Soothed with the sound, the king grew vain ;
Fought all his battles o'er again ;
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the
slain !
The master saw the madness rise, 55
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes ;
And while he Heaven and Earth defied
Changed his hand and check'd his pride.
He chose a mournful Muse
Soft pity to infuse : 60
He sung Darius great and good,

By too severe a fate
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
And weltering in his blood ; 65
Deserted, at his utmost need,
By those his former bounty fed ;
On the bare earth exposed he lies
With not a friend to close his eyes.
—With downcast looks the joyless victor sate, 70
Revolving in his alter'd soul
The various turns of Chance below ;
And now and then a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smiled to see 75
That love was in the next degree ;
'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet, in Lydian measures
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures. 80
War, he sung, is toil and trouble,
Honour but an empty bubble,
Never ending, still beginning ;
Fighting still, and still destroying ;
If the world be worth thy winning, 85
Think, O think, it worth enjoying :
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee !
—The many rend the skies with loud applause ;
So Love was crown'd, but Music won the cause. 90
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care,
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again : 95
At length with love and wine at once oppress
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again :
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain !
Break his bands of sleep asunder 100
And rouse him like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark ! the horrid sound
Has raised up his head :
As awaked from the dead
And amazed he stares around. 105
Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
See the Furies arise !
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes ! 110
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand !
Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain
And unburied remain
Inglorious on the plain : 115
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew !
Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes
And glittering temples of their hostile gods. 120
—The princes applaud with a furious joy ;
And the King seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy ;
Thais led the way
To light him to his prey,
And like another Helen, fired another Troy ! 125

—Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute,
Timotheus, to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre 130
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.

At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame ;
The sweet enthusiast from her sacred store
Enlarged the former narrow bounds, 135
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before,
—Let old Timotheus yield the prize
Or both divide the crown ;
He raised a mortal to the skies ; 140
She drew an angel down !

J. Dryden.

NOTES

SUMMARY OF BOOK SECOND

THIS division, embracing the latter eighty years of the Seventeenth century, contains the close of our Early poetical style and the commencement of the Modern. In Dryden we see the first master of the new: in Milton, whose genius dominates here as Shakespeare's in the former book,—the crown and consummation of the early period. Their splendid Odes are far in advance of any prior attempts. Spenser's excepted: they exhibit that wider and grander range which years and experience and the struggles of the time conferred on Poetry. Our Muses now give expression to political feeling, to religious thought, to a high philosophic statesmanship in writers such as Marvell, Herbert, and Wotton: whilst in Marvell and Milton, again, we find noble attempts, hitherto rare in our literature, at pure description of nature, destined in our own age to be continued and equalled. Meanwhile the poetry of simple passion, although before 1660 often deformed by verbal fancies and conceits of thought, and afterwards by levity and an artificial tone,—produced in Herrick and Waller some charming pieces of more finished art than the Elizabethan: until in the courtly compliments of Sedley it seems to exhaust itself, and lie almost dormant for the hundred years between the days of Wither and Suckling and the days of Burns and Cowper.—That the change from our early style to the modern brought with it at first a loss of nature and simplicity is undeniable: yet the far bolder and wider scope which Poetry took between 1620 and 1700, and the successful efforts then made to gain greater clearness in expression, in their results have been no slight compensation. (F.T.P.)

ABBREVIATIONS

A.V. = Authorised Version of Bible (1611), adj. = adjective, cp. = compare, *C.O.D.* = *Concise Oxford Dictionary*, Fr. = French, Ger. = German, Lat. = Latin, l. = line, *N.E.D.* = *New English Dictionary* (Oxford), *O.E.V.* = *Oxford Book of Verse*, O.E. = Old English, O.F. = Old French, P.B. = Prayer Book Version, *P.L.* = *Paradise Lost*, *S.C.V.* = *Seventeenth Century Verse* (Golden Treasury Series), *S.G.* = Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar*. Notes borrowed from F. T. Palgrave are followed by his initials (F.T.P.). Poems in Book II. are referred to by their number in this volume, thus—No. 26; poems in other Books of the *Golden Treasury* are referred to by their number in the complete edition of 1891 and subsequent reprints, preceded by the letters *G.T.*

1. *This is the month, and this the happy morn*

The first poem on any considerable scale that Milton attempted, written in his twenty-first year. It is difficult at the first reading; but those who have read it oftenest, love it best. It should be read *aloud*, for a large part of its charm lies in its wonderful music: the "silver chime" of the verses that describe the music of the spheres, the soft murmur of "the winds with wonder whist," the clang of "the wakeful trump of doom," the deliberate harshness of "Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail," the haunting melody of ancient names like "Peor and Baalim," "moonéd Ashtaroth," "Libyc Hammon," are a few of the metrical effects.

Another part of the charm is in the vivid beauty of the pictures: the starlit heavens on a still night, the snow-covered earth, the shepherds "chatting in a rustic row," the angelic choir, the heathen gods fleeing from their temples, the final scene of the infant Saviour asleep in the stable which is also a royal court, waited upon by "bright-harnessed angels."

As we re-read it, the orderly construction of the poem grows clear. The Prologue sets the theme: God veiling his glory and choosing "with us a darksome house of mortal clay": the Wise Men of the East are on their way with gifts—shall not the poet hasten with the humble gift of his Ode? The Hymn itself opens with a characteristic seventeenth-century conceit: Nature, the sinful Earth, veils her shame with "innocent snow" at her Lord's coming; Peace is sent down from Heaven to re-assure her. In the peaceful night the stars are shining; the shepherds sit "simply chatting" when a music like the music of the spheres fills the air, and they see above them the choir of cherubim and seraphim. If the music should continue, it would surely bring back the Golden Age. This is not yet to be: Christ must suffer for our sin, and come a second time to earth. But already the

old Pagan gods are overthrown; the true Hercules is strangling the snakes of evil. It is like the dawn of day, when the terrors of night vanish before the sun. And then the poet ends as he began—with the vision of the Infant Christ at rest in the stable.

The notes point out many ideas to which Milton returned in later years—especially the catalogue of heathen deities repeated and amplified in *Paradise Lost*, and the Pythagorean notion of the music of the spheres.

METRE.—The metre of the introductory stanzas of 7 lines had been used by Chaucer in some of the *Canterbury Tales* and by Spenser in his *Four Hymns*. It is a modification of an Italian eight-lined stanza, known as Rhyme Royal.

The metre of the Hymn is probably Milton's own invention. The delight it gives the ear comes from the subtle, interwoven variations of length—a stanza of 8 iambic lines, of 3, 3, 5, 3, 3, 5, 4, 6 accents. Another variation is the substitution of a trochee ('Nature,' 'Peor') or of a single long syllable (Now | was a| most won) for an iambus in the first foot.

4. **redemption**, lit. 'buying back.' 'Ransom' is another form of the same word, which has come through the French, whilst 'redemption' was taken straight from the Latin. The meaning here is explained by l. 6.

5. **holy sages**, the Old Testament prophets.

6. **our deadly forfeit should release**, should remit our death-penalty, the penalty of death which mankind had incurred through sin. So in A.V. of *Esther* ii. 18, "He made a *release* to the provinces," 'a release' means 'a remission of his claim.'

8. **unsufferable**. In this word, as in some others, the Latin prefix *in-* has prevailed over the English prefix *un-* which was used in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Similarly Milton used 'unceasing' and Shakespeare 'unhospitable.'

10. **wont**, was accustomed. 'Wont' is properly the past tense of an old verb 'won' (Ger. *wohnen*), 'to dwell.' Shakespeare, like Milton, uses it in this way: "Talbot is taken whom we *wont* to fear" (1 *Henry VI.* i. ii. 14): but far more often he uses it, as we do still, as a participle—*e.g.* "where you and I Upon faint primrose beds *were wont* to lie."

11. **the midst** is probably adverbial, 'in the midst.' But it is possible to take it as an adjective, 'the midmost,' as in *P.L.* v. 165, "Him first, him last, him *midst* and without end."

Trinal Unity, One God in Three Persons.

14. **house**, the human body.

15. **vein**, mood, disposition. Cp. Bacon, *Essays*, "He that hath a satirical *vein*, as he maketh others afraid of his wit, so he had need to be afraid of others."

16. **Afford**, offer.

19. **while**, during the time that. Modern speech uses 'when'—less accurately.

20. **took**, the past tense used for the participle, as also in Shakespeare (Abbott, *S.G.* § 343).

22-25. Quoting these four lines in his essay on Milton, Sir W. Raleigh notes the "deliberateness and gentle pause of words, one after another rounding and falling like clear drops."

23. **star-led wizards**, *S. Matt.* ii. 1-2. 'Wizards' here may simply have its original meaning of 'wise men,' or it may already bear its modern meaning of 'magicians,' as it does in Milton's *Comus*, lines 571 and 872. The 'wise men of the East' were regarded as magicians in the Middle Ages.

24. **prevent**, go before, anticipate; as in the P.B. Collect, "Prevent us, O Lord, in all our doings."

27. **the angel quire**, *S. Luke* ii. 13, and lines 85-132 of this Ode.

28. Milton was thinking of *Isaiah* vi. 1-7, a passage that greatly impressed him. He refers to it again in his pamphlet on *The Reason of Church Government*, when he speaks of the great poem he had so long meditated as "a work not to be raised from the heat of youth or the vapours of wine,—nor to be obtained by the invocation of dame Memory and her siren daughters, but by devout prayer to that eternal Spirit, who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his seraphim, with the hallowed fire of his altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases."

secret has here its original meaning (Lat. *secretus*) separated, remote from the common view, as in *P.L.* i. 6, "on the secret top Of Oreb or of Sinai."

31. **All**, adverbial, altogether. Cp. No. 61, l. 33, "All in a robe of darkest grain."

33. **doff**, do off, put off, as 'don' = 'do on.'

trim, dress, but with a suggestion of neatness and spruceness, as we speak of a vessel being 'in perfect trim' when it is in good order for sailing.

36. **paramour**, a lover or wooer, as often in Spenser.

41. **Pollute**, directly formed from the Lat. participle *pollutus*. **blame** here used for the sin which deserves blame.

43. **Confounded**, filled with confusion.

45. **cease**, transitive, 'make to cease.'

47. **olive**, a symbol of Peace, from ancient Greek times. The wealth of Athens largely came from the cultivation of the olive, and the first act of an invading enemy would be to destroy the

olive-trees of Attica; so that it was natural to connect the olive with the thought of Peace.

47. **sliding**. A commonplace word, which has been dignified, as an American commentator, Prof. M. W. Sampson, points out, by poetic use. He quotes Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*, "She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven That *slid* into my soul," and Tennyson's *Sir Galahad*, "As down dark tides the glory slides And star-like mingles with the stars."

48. **the turning sphere**, the mighty framework in which, according to the Ptolemaic system of astronomy, the sun and the planets and the stars revolved round the earth as a centre.

49. **harbinger**, forerunner.

50. **turtle wing**, the wing of the dove, another symbol of Peace.

amorous, clinging about her in loving welcome as she approaches the earth.

51. **Myrtle wreaths** were worn at Greek banquets (cp. No. 67. 7), so the myrtle is another symbol of peace and festivity.

52. **strikes**, produces with a stroke, *i.e.* instantaneously (Hales). Cp. Shakespeare 1 *Henry VI.* ii. iii, "Should strike such terror." But Milton may have had in his mind also the Latin idiom, *foedus ferire*, 'to make (lit. strike) a treaty.' "About the time of the birth of Christ the Temple of Janus was shut. *i.e.* there was peace in the Roman Empire." (Hales.)

56. **hookéd**. Ancient war-chariots were armed with scythes or hooks.

59. **awful**, full of awe.

60. **sovrán**, the olden spelling, revived by Tennyson. "An unoriginal *g* occurs in many English words derived from French, *e.g.* *foreign*, *sovereign*, *sprightly* for *spritlely*, *i.e.* sprite-like, *delight* from Fr. *délit*" (Weekley, *Romance of Words*).

64. **whist**, hushed, participle for 'whisted' from the verb 'to whist' = 'to command silence' (Abbott, *S.G.*, § 342). Milton probably had in his mind the song in the *Tempest* (*G.T.* 3), "Courtsied when you have, and *kiss'd* The wild waves *whist*."

66. **Océán**, three syllables.

68. **birds of calm**, halcyons. There was an ancient belief, often mentioned in the Greek and Latin poets, that during fourteen days of mid-winter, whilst the halcyon (kingfisher) was breeding, there was a great calm at sea. Hence the term, "halcyon days," used by the Greeks and by Shakespeare, for days of tranquil prosperity.

69. **amazé**, subst., amazement. The meaning in Shakespeare and Milton was rather stronger than the modern use. Cp. *Hamlet* iii. iv. 112, "But look! amazement on thy mother sits."

71. **influence** is here used in its original astrological sense, "the flowing from the stars of ethereal fluid affecting the character and destiny of man" (*C.O.D.*). Cp. *Job* xxxviii. 31, "Canst thou bind the sweet influences of the Pleiades?" The astrological theory had its origin in the common belief that dew came from the stars: cp. *G.T.* 245, "At the mid hour of night, when stars are weeping."

73. **For all**, in spite of all the morning light could do.

74. **Lucifer**, Lat., 'light-bringer'—in Greek, phosphorus. The planet Venus is called Lucifer when it appears in the morning before the sun, Hesperus when it shines in the evening.

76. **bespake**, spake, as in No. 5, l. 112, "He shook his mitred locks and stern bespake." In these two places the prefix *be-* seems redundant, though it sometimes gives a transitive force to the verb, as in *Hamlet* ii. ii. 140, "And my young mistress thus I did bespeak." See Abbott, *S.G.* § 438.

78. Had given *her* (gloom's) place to day: or, possibly, had given to day the place that properly belonged to *her* (day).

81. **As**, as if. "In older English, when the force of the subjunctive was livelier, the *if* was not needed" (Hales).

84. **axletree**. Tree in O.E. = wood: cp. roof-tree.

85. **lawn**, pasture.

86. **Or ere**. *Or* in O.E. = before. There are two explanations of *ere* in the phrase *or ere*: (1) That *or* and *ere* both mean 'before' and that the expression is simply a duplication, like "an if"; (2) that *ere* = ever, and *or ere* = before at any time: cp. *Daniel* vi. 24, "*or ever* they came at the bottom of the den."

point of dawn: French, *point du jour*.

88. **than**. "Obviously a deviation from the usual spelling and pronunciation, for the sake of the rhyme with *Pan*. But it was only a revival of an old spelling and pronunciation, perhaps not quite obsolete" (Masson).

89. **the mighty Pan**. Milton is not here identifying Christ with a Pagan divinity. As we shall see (lines 173 *et. seq.*), he rather identifies the Pagan gods with evil spirits. What he means is: "The true God of shepherds—He whom the shepherds sought to worship when they ignorantly worshipped a god of Nature whom they called Pan—He who called Himself the Good Shepherd—had really come to dwell amongst men." In thinking of Christ as the true Pan, Milton was following Spenser, *Shepheards Calender*, Ecl. vii. 49, "And would not the great God Pan Upon Mount Olivet?"

kindly in Milton's day was hardly so commonplace a word as it is now: he means 'with a feeling of kinship to man.' See

G.T. 323. 54, "Housed in a dream at distance from the Kind,"
i.e. the human family.

92. **silly**, simple, innocent (both of which words have sometimes suffered a similar degradation of meaning, though we can still use them in a good sense). Older spellings were *sely* (Chaucer) and *seely* (Spenser): cp. Ger. *selig*.

95. **strook**, struck out. Another Elizabethan form of the participle is *strucken*.

96. **warbled**, trilled. Cp. Milton, *Arcades*, l. 87, "And touch the warbled string."

97. **noise**, music, as in No. 63. 18, "that melodious *noise*." It is so used sometimes by Shakespeare (e.g. *Antony and Cleopatra*, iv. iii. 12) and by Spenser (*Faerie Queene* i. xii. 39, "During the which there was an heavenly *noise* Heard sownd through all the Pallace pleasantly").

98. **as'.. took**, such as to take. *took*, Lat. *capit*, captivated, charmed.

100. **close**, especially used of the harmonious chords which habitually end a piece of music. Cp. No. 2. 15, "The diapason closing full in Man," and Shakespeare, *Richard II.* ii. i. 12,—

The setting sun, and music at the close,
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last.

101. **Nature**. In l. 32 the earth was meant. Here the meaning may be wider—the material universe. See Note on No. 2. 3. The order of words in 101-3 is rather difficult: in prose it would be, "Nature, that heard such sound thrilling the aery region beneath the hollow round of Cynthia's seat . . ." We may paraphrase: "Nature, on hearing such a sound thrilling through the earth's atmosphere under the sphere in which the moon was fixed . . ."

106. **its**. The neuter possessive was only coming into use in the seventeenth century, and is found only three times in all Milton's poetry. It is not used in the Bible of 1611, nor in any of Shakespeare's plays printed in his lifetime.

107. **alone**, by itself, without help from her.

111. **shamefaced**. The modern spelling is due to a mistaken derivation. The word has no connection with 'face': it is really 'shamefast': compare 'stedfast.'

112. **Cherubim, Seraphim**. The termination *-im* represents the Hebrew plural, though Shakespeare had used *cherubim* for the singular (*Othello*, iv. ii. 63) and the A.V. of 1611 uses *cherubims* for the plural. For the Cherubim see *Ezekiel* i. and for the Seraphim *Isaiah* vi. 2. By giving the first the epithet 'helméd' and the second the epithet 'sworded' Milton may mean to repre-

sent the Cherubim as armed specially for defence, the Seraphim for offence: but it is doubtful whether he means more than "Cherubim and Seraphim in full armour."

114. **glittering**. Here as in *Paradise Lost* Milton emphasises the brightness of the Cherubim and Seraphim.

116. **unexpressive**, inexpressible. Cp. No. 5. 176, "the *unexpressive* nuptial song," and Shakespeare, *As You Like it*, III. ii. 28, "The fair, the chaste and *unexpressive* She."

117-24. See *Job* xxxviii. 4-11, especially v. 7, "When the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy."

123. **cast**: Lat. *iacere fundamenta*.

124. **weltering**, rolling about: 'wallow' is a cognate word. Used again by Milton in *P.L.* I. 78, "weltering by his side," and in *Lycidas*, No. 5. 13, "welter to the parching wind."

oozy, slimy: 'ooze' is the wet mud of a river-bed or the bottom of the sea. Cp. *Lycidas* again, No. 5. 175, "his oozy locks he laves."

125-32. The *locus classicus* in English poetry for the "music of the spheres," an ancient fancy which has always attracted the poets. Plato's account of it in the Myth of Er, *Republic*, Bk. x. 617, is based on the teaching of Pythagoras. The heavenly bodies are represented as turning in eight concentric whorls fitted into each other so as to form the single whorl of the distaff of Necessity. The eight whorls or spheres are the orbits of the fixed stars, the sun, the moon, and the five planets known to the ancients. On each whorl stands a siren, who travels round with it, uttering one note in one tone; and from all the eight notes there results a single harmony. The music is inaudible because it is continuous. Milton's account differs from Plato's by (1) adding a ninth sphere—the outermost or *primum mobile*; (2) giving a moral explanation of our human inability to hear the music, viz. that sin has deadened our ears. Milton refers to the music again in *Arcades*, l. 61-73, where the Genius of the Wood says:

But else, in deep of night, when drowsiness
Hath locked up mortal sense, then listen I
To the celestial Sirens' harmony,
That sit upon the nine infolded spheres,
And sing to those that hold the vital shears,
And turn the adamantine spindle round
On which the fate of gods and men is wound.
Such sweet compulsion doth in Music lie,
To lull the daughters of Necessity,
And keep unsteady Nature to her law,
And the low world in measured motion draw
After the heavenly tune, which none can hear
Of human mould with gross unpurged ear.

See the beautiful lines in *Paradise Lost*, v. 620-27; and No. 63 in this book, *At a Solemn Music*; also Shakespeare, *Merchant of Venice* Act v. l. 60:

There's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubins.

126. **Once**, once for all.

130. **heaven's deep organ**. Cp. the first stanza of No. 2.

132. **consort** (from Lat. *consors*, partner) here used in the sense of *concert* (a word of different origin). In No. 63. 27, "To his celestial *consort* us unite," and No. 61. 145, "With such *consort* as they keep," either meaning, 'partnership' or 'musical harmony,' would be appropriate. In *Paradise Lost* (iv. 448, etc.) *consort* has its regular sense of 'partner.'

135, **the age of gold**, the age of pastoral simplicity and peaceful ease which ancient poets placed in the remote past under the reign of Saturn. Virgil's Fourth Eclogue contains a striking prophecy of the return of the Golden Age, with parallels to the Messianic prophecies of the Old Testament that have often been remarked upon.

136. **speckled**. Either (1) variegated, many-coloured: cp. Plato's disparaging use of *ποικίλος*, or (2) plague-spotted: cp. Horace's *maculosum nefas*.

138. **earthly mould**, the earth's soil. Cp. *Comus*, l. 17, "With the rank vapours of this sin-worn mould."

140. **her**, not *its*, in spite of *itself* in the previous line. See note on l. 106. The form *its* for the neuter possessive was only just making its way into the written language at this time. But why Milton uses the fem. form is not clear, unless it is because Hell was fem. in O.E.: the Latin Tartarus and the Greek Hades are both masculine.

With the picture in this line compare Virgil's comparison of the cave of Cacus thrown open by Hercules to a sudden revelation of the lower world (*Aeneid*, viii. 241-246).

141. **Justice**. Astraea, the goddess of Justice, was fabled to have left earth when the Iron Age succeeded the Golden; her return was to be a sign of the restoration of the Golden Age. Cp. Virgil, *Eclogue*. iv. *Iam redit et virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna*, "Once more the hallowed Maid appears, once more Kind Saturn reigns."

143. **Orb'd in a rainbow**. Cp. *Revelation* x. 1, "And I saw another mighty angel come down from heaven, clothed with a cloud: and a rainbow was upon his head."

The text gives the reading of the second edition (1673); the first edition (1645) has:

Th' enameld Arras of the Rainbow wearing,
And Mercy set between.

Prof. Masson says: "The change is evidently for the better, and proves that the Second Edition contains M.'s own corrections of the First. 'Arras' was cloth or tapestry made at Arras in France; and 'enamelled Arras' (*i.e.* tapestry coated or glazed with colours by a process of melting) is hardly conceivable."

146. *tissued* suggests the fine texture of the clouds, possibly also (if we compare "their glittering tissues," *P.L.* v. 592) bright colours.

steering, intrans. as in *Samson Agonistes*, III, "The tread of many feet *steering* this way."

146. *her*. Heaven in O.E. is fem.

152. *bitter cross*. Cp. Shakespeare 1 *Henry IV.* i. i. 27:

... those blessed feet

Which fourteen hundred years ago were nailed

For our advantage on the *bitter cross*.

155. *ychain'd*. The prefix *y-* (Ger. *ge-*) is often found with past participles in Chaucer and Spenser. In Elizabethan English it is already an archaism, and is seldom used by Shakespeare (Abbott, *S.G.* § 345). Milton uses *yclept* in *L'Allegro*, No. 60. 12.

156. *wakeful*, act., awaking.

trump of doom, 1 *Corinthians* xv. 52.

158. *Sinai*, *Exodus*, xix.

161. *terroure*. The spelling shows that the word, though originally Latin, came through French. Modern English has dropped the *u* though keeping it (inconsistently) in 'honour,' 'humour.'

162. *the centre*, of the earth. Cp. *Hamlet*, II. ii. 159, and *Comus*, 382, "He that has light within his own clear breast May sit i' the centre and enjoy bright day."

163. *sessión*, three syllables, assize.

164. *spread*. Hales compares *lectum sternere* and the expression 'to spread a table': "to deck the throne with fit coverings; hence, to prepare, to set his throne."

166. *is*. The present is used for the future, as sometimes in Latin, to express a confident prophecy.

168 *The old Dragon*, *Revelation* xii. 9, xx. 2.

172. *Swinges*, swings about, lashes. The form *swinge* still survives in northern dialects in the sense of 'beat.' *horroure*. The spelling seems due to false analogy, for 'horror' was derived

directly from Latin, not like 'honour' through the French. **folded**, made of folds, spiral.

173. **The oracles are dumb.** Milton adopts a common belief that the heathen oracles ceased from the birth of Christ. They did suffer a loss of credit, and in some places were discontinued in that century: Plutarch, who was a devout Pagan, discusses the cause of this: but many passages from Latin and Greek writers under the Empire could be quoted to show that oracles were still consulted. The reader who is interested in the subject may be referred to F. Myers' Essay on "Greek Oracles" in his *Essays Classical and Modern*, reprinted from E. Abbott's *Hellenica*.

174. **hideous hum.** Cp. Virgil's description of Aeneas' visit to the cave of the Cumæan Sibyl (*Æn.* vi. 42-101), especially the line *Horrendas canit ambages antroque remugit*, "Chants her dread riddling answers and makes them echo through the cave."

175. **deceiving** by their ambiguity, as when Croesus had been told that if he crossed the Halys he would destroy a mighty empire. Here and in *Paradise Lost* Milton identifies the heathen gods with evil spirits.

178. **hollow**, unreal, ghost-like. Hales compares from Shakespeare "hollow fiend" (*Twelfth Night*, iii. iv. 101) and "hollow as a ghost" (*King John*, iii. iv. 84).

Delphos, the mediæval form, adopted by Shakespeare (*Winter's Tale*) and Milton. Gray (*G.T.* 177. 66), in recalling this passage, uses the more correct form, 'Delphi.'

179. **nightly**, nocturnal. as in *Il Penseroso* (No. 61. 84) "To bless the doors from *nightly* harm." The epithet recalls a favourite type of ancient oracle, the dream-oracle: the worshipper slept all night in a temple, especially a temple of Asclepius, and the god sent him a dream which the priest interpreted in the morning. **trance** and **breathed spell** recall another type: at Delphi the priestess delivered her oracles in a 'trance' induced by the 'breath' of the mephitic vapours that rose from a hole in the earth.

180. **pale-eyed.** Cp. "And kings sat still with awful eye," l. 59 above.

181-8. Milton had in his mind the story told by Plutarch in the treatise on oracles already mentioned. It is given as follows by Spenser's friend "E. K." (Edward Kirke) in the notes which he appended to Spenser's *Shepheards Calender* (Ecl. v. 54):—

"Great Pan is Christ, the very god of all shepherds, which calleth himself the great and good shepherd. The name is most rightly (methinks) applied to him; for Pan signifieth all, or omnipotent; which is only the Lord Jesus. And by that name (as I remember) he is called of Eusebius, in his fifth book *De Preparat. Evang.* who thereof telleth a proper story to that

purpose. Which story is first recorded of Plutarch, in his book of the ceasing of Oracles; and of Lavater translated in his book *Of Walking Sprites* (De Lemuribus); who saith that, about, the time that our Lord suffered his most bitter passion for the redemption of man, certain passengers sailing from Italy to Cyprus and passing by certain isles called Paxae, heard a voice calling aloud *Thamus, Thamus!* Now *Thamus* was the name of an Egyptian which was pilot of the ship: who, giving ear to the cry, was bidden, when he came to Palodes, to tell that the great Pan was dead: which he doubting to do, yet, for that, when he came to Palodes, there suddenly was such a calm of wind that the ship stood still in the sea unmoved, he was forced to cry aloud that Pan was dead; wherewithal there was heard such piteous outcries and dreadful shrieking as hath not been the like. By which Pan, though of some be understood the great Satan, whose kingdom at that time was by Christ conquered, the gates of Hell broken up, and Death by death delivered to eternal death (for at that time, as he saith, all Oracles surceased, and enchanted Spirits that were wont to delude the people thenceforth held their peace), and also at the demand of the Emperor Tiberius who that Pan should be answer was made him by the wisest and best learned that it was the son of Mercury and Penelope: yet I think it more properly meant of the death of Christ, the only and very Pan, then suffering for his flock."

Milton has already (l. 89) followed Spenser and "E. K." in calling Christ "the mighty Pan," but he departs from them in his application of Plutarch's story, not referring it to Christ's death at Jerusalem but to the discomfiture of the gods and oracles of Paganism by Christ's birth in Bethlehem.

181. *o'er*: adverb, throughout their extent.

183. An echo of *Matthew* ii. 18, "In Rama was there a voice heard, lamentation, and weeping, and great mourning."

184. *haunted spring and dale*. Greek mythology peopled the springs and rivers, the mountains, and the forests with guardian spirits or nymphs, called Naiads (water-nymphs), Oreads (hill-nymphs), Dryads (tree-nymphs).

186. *Genius*, protecting spirit. Cp. *Il Penseroso*, No. 61. 154, "the unseen *Genius* of the wood": *Lycidas*, No. 5. 183, "Henceforth thou art the *Genius* of the shore."

parting, departing: cp. '*parting day*' in the first line of Gray's *Elegy* (G.T. 187).

188. *twilight*. For the adjectival use cp. *Il Penseroso*, No. 61. 133, "*twilight groves*."

191. *Lars*, an Anglicized form of *Lares*, the good spirits of the departed, worshipped as household deities by the Romans. 'On the holy hearth,' therefore, refers to the *Lares*, and 'In con-

secreted earth' to the *Lemurés*, a name which Milton, following Ovid, uses for the spirits of the dead, Manes. More often it is used, like *Larvae*, for evil spirits and goblins only, especially spirits of the dead that can find no rest.

192. **round**, preposition.

194. **Flamens**, Lat. *flamines*, priests attached to special deities among the Romans.

quaint combines the notions of 'curious' and 'pretty.' Cp. *Lycidas*. No. 5. 139, "Throw hither all your *quaint* enamelled eyes," and Shakespeare, *Taming of the Shrew*. iv. iii. 102, "I never saw a better fashioned gown, more quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable."

195. The sweating of statues in the temples is often mentioned by Roman authors as an evil omen, as by Virgil (*Georgic*, i. 480) in his account of the portents at the time of Caesar's death.

196. **peculiar**, special. **Power**, deity, Lat. *numen*. **foregoes**, forsakes.

197. With the next three stanzas the catalogue of Fallen Angels in *Paradise Lost*, i. 376-521, should be compared. **Peor**, one of the titles of Baal, "the supreme male divinity of the Phœnician and Canaanitish nations, as Ashtoreth was their supreme female divinity." See *Numbers* xxv. 18. xxxi. 16; *Joshua* xxii. 17. In *P.L.* i. 412 Milton identifies Peor with "Chemos, the obscene dread of Moab's sons." **Baälím**, plural—Baal in his various manifestations.

198. **dim**, suggesting here not merely "a dim religious light" (*Il Penseroso*, No. 61. 160) but the "dark idolatries" of *Paradise Lost*, i. 456.

199. **god of Palestine**. Dagon, the national god of the Philistines. **twice-battered**: in 1 *Samuel* v. 3-4 we read how "Dagon was fallen upon his face to the earth before the ark of the Lord," and how, when he was set up again, the same thing was found to have happened by the next morning.

200. **moonéd Ashtaroth**. Ashtaroth is properly, like Baälím, a plural—the various manifestations of Ashtoreth. Milton makes Ashtoreth the moon-goddess in *P.L.* i. 438—

... Astoreth, whom the Phœnicians called
Astarte, Queen of Heaven, with crescent horns.

More commonly Ashtoreth (in Greek and Latin Astarte) is identified with the planet Venus.

201. She was called *regina coeli* and *mater deum* (Selden, *De Diis Syris*).

202. **shine**, used as a subst. by Spenser, Shakespeare and other poets.

203. **Libyc Hammon**, otherwise *Ammon* : Egyptian *Amua*, the hidden or veiled one. "A god native to Libya and Upper Egypt. He was represented sometimes in the shape of a ram with enormous curving horns, sometimes in that of a ram-headed man, sometimes as a perfect man standing up or sitting on a throne. . . . His chief temple with a far-famed oracle, stood in an oasis of the Libyan desert, twelve days' journey from Memphis. Between this oracle and that of Zeus at Dodona a connexion is said to have existed from very ancient times, so that the Greeks early identified the Egyptian god with their own Zeus, as the Romans did afterwards with their Jupiter" (Seyffert, *Dict. of Classical Antiquities*). shrinks, active, 'causes to shrink,' as in *Lycidas*, No. 5. 133.

204. **Thammuz**, a Syrian god of nature, identified with the Greek Adonis, a type of the dying down of vegetation in the autumn and its resurrection in the spring. In the legend Adonis was a youth beloved of Aphrodite and wounded to death by a wild boar whilst hunting. "When the river Adonis by Byblos (in Syria) ran red with the soil washed down from Lebanon by the autumn rain, they said Adonis was slain by the boar in the mountains, and the water was dyed with his blood" (Seyffert). His death was celebrated with great lamentations, his resurrection with wild rejoicings, by the Syrian women. Cp. *Paradise Lost*, l. 446-52.

205. **Moloch** or Molech, god of the Sun regarded as a destroying power. Here and in *P.L.* i. 392-6, Milton probably followed, as Warton pointed out, the account of Molech given in Sandys' *Relation* of his travels in Palestine, a popular book of the time, published in 1615: the idol "of brass, having the head of a calf, the rest of a kingly figure, with arms extended to receive the miserable sacrifice, seared to death with his burning embraces. For the idol was hollow within, filled with fire. And lest their lamentable shrieks should sad the hearts of their parents, the priests of Molech did deaf their ears with the continual clang of trumpets and timbrels."

207. **all**, adv., altogether. Cp. *Il Penseroso*, No. 61. 33, "all in a robe of darkest grain."

209. **grisly**, "causing horror, terror or superstitious dread" (*C.O.D.*). An old English word used by Chaucer and Spenser.

211. **brutish**, both literally and figuratively.

212. **Isis** and her husband *Osiris* were the two chief deities of the Egyptians. "In the course of the fusion of religions which took place under the Ptolemies, Isis and Osiris were confounded with all manner of Asiatic and Greek gods" (Seyffert). Her symbol was the cow: on monuments she is often represented with cow's horns on her head.

Orus (or *Horus*), son of Osiris and Isis. *Anubis*, called by Virgil (*Aeneid*, VIII. 698) "the barker" (*latrator*) and mentioned

by him among "the hideous shapes of all outlandish gods" that took part with Cleopatra in the battle of Actium against Augustus and the deities of Rome.

213. **Osiris**, here identified, as in Juvenal viii. 29, with Apis, the Egyptian bull-god. "Apis was represented by a bull, which was kept with the utmost care at Memphis. When one bull died, or having been worshipped for a certain period was put to death, another was searched for which should fulfil the necessary conditions of colour and marks. When he was found, there was great joy" (Hales).

215. **unshower'd**, because in Egypt.

217. **sacred chest**. In the Egyptian legend Osiris' wicked brother Typhon shut him up in a chest and killed him by pouring in molten lead: then he threw the chest into the Nile, which carried it into the sea, and after long search Isis found it on the coast. The story would no doubt be dramatically represented at festivals of the gods. **worshipt ark** (l. 220) is the same thing as *sacred chest*.

218. **shroud**, covering, shelter.

219. **dark**, 'mysterious,' with a further suggestion of 'evil.'

220. **sable-stoléd**, Greek *κυανόστολος*, dark-robed.

223. **eyn**, eyes. The *n* is an old plural inflexion—in Chaucer *eyen* and *eyghen*. Cp. *shoon*, oxen, swine.

224. **all the gods beside**, all the other gods.

226. **Typhon**, a huge giant in Greek mythology, identified with the Egyptian Set, the brother of Osiris (see note on l. 217). **twine**, twinings, folds.

227. The image of 'snaky twine' recalls to Milton's mind the story of the infant Hercules strangling serpents in his cradle. So he says in effect: "The story of the baby Hercules is only a fable: the real babe who had strength to overcome the powers of evil was Jesus Christ."

229. **So**, thus—introducing a comparison.

231. **orient**, eastern: Lat. *oriens*, properly 'the rising sun,' so 'the east.' It may also have here the derived notion of 'bright' which it often has in seventeenth-century verse: cp. No. 33. 8.

232. **shadows**, ghosts. Milton may well have been thinking of *Midsummer Night's Dream* (iii. ii.), a play which we know that he loved (see *L'Allegro*, No. 60. 130 and 134):

And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger;
At whose approach ghosts wandering here and there
Troop home to churchyards: damned spirits all,
That in cross-ways and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds are gone.

Cp. also *Hamlet*, i. i. 147-164, with its special reference to Christmas morn in connection with the same belief.

234. **several**, separate, distinct. So in Shakespeare, *Much Ado*, v. iii. 29, 'each his *several* way.'

235. **fays**, Fr. *fées*, fairies.

236. **night-steeds**. Either^a (1) steeds of Night, as in *Comus*. 553, "the drowsy-flighted steeds that draw the litter of close-curtained sleep"; or (2) night-mares or night-hags, as in *Paradise Lost*, ii. 662, where the night-hag is imagined riding through the air,

Lured with the smell of infant blood, to dance
With Lapland witches.

moon-loved. Cp. *Paradise Lost*, i. 781-5,

or faery elves,
Whose midnight revels by a forest-side
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees, while overhead the moon
Sits arbitress (*i.e.* witness).

maze, intricate dance. Cp. *L'Allegro*, No. 60. 142, "The melting voice through *mazes* running."

240. **youngest-teeméd**, youngest-born. Cp. *Samson Agonistes*, 1703, "From out her ashy womb now *teemed*" (*i.e.* produced). The star that led the wise men of the East to Bethlehem (*Matt.* ii. 2) is meant: it has taken up its position (*fixed*) in token that the wise men have reached the King they have come to worship.

242. **hand-maid lamp**. Cp. the Parable of the Ten Virgins, *Matt.* xxv.

244. **harness'd**, armoured. Cp. 1 *Kings* xxii. 34 (A.V.), "A certain man drew a bow at a venture, and smote the King of Israel between the joints of the *harness*," and *Macbeth*, v. v. 52, "At least we'll die with *harness* on our back."

serviceable. With the thought cp. the last line of Milton's Sonnet on his Blindness (No. 10).

2. *From harmony, from heavenly harmony*

The first of two songs for St. Cecilia's Day given in this book of the *G.T.*; the second is Dryden's *Alexander's Feast* (No. 67). The holding of a musical festival on St. Cecilia's Day was either begun or revived in 1683, when Purcell set to music the song written for the occasion. This song of Dryden's was performed in 1687, *Alexander's Feast* in 1697.

St. Cecilia was the patron saint of music, and tradition credited her with the invention of the organ, the great instrument of church music. The story of her life and martyrdom is told in the Golden

Legend (thirteenth century) translated by Chaucer in the *Seconde Nonnes Tale*, where we read :

And whyl the organs maden melodye
To God alone in herte thus sang she ;
' O Lord, my soule and eek my body gye (= guide)
Unwemmed (= unspotted), lest that I confounded be ' ;

and, further, that an angel was given her to guard her chastity. Nothing is said either in Chaucer or in his Latin original of her having invented the organ or drawn an angel down from heaven by her music : so these two stories would appear to be later additions to her legend.

When the organ was first invented is not known. It was not common before the fourteenth century. The name is Greek (=instrument), and the first imperfect organs may have come into Western Europe from the Byzantine Empire.

METRE.—It is curious that this Ode (which, if Palgrave had followed chronological order, would have come much later in the Book and after all Milton's lyrics and sonnets), written to celebrate the power of music, meant to be set to music, and full of musical enthusiasm, should in a sense mark the beginning of a divorce between the Poet and the Musician which was a sad thing for English poetry. The "sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse," were never again so closely united as they had been in the Elizabethans and in Milton. Throughout the eighteenth century, though Gray's "Ode on the Progress of Poesy" (*G.T.* 177) is a partial exception, it was Dryden, not Milton, whose rhythm and diction most influenced the poets. So great a critic as Johnson found Milton's rhythm in his lyrical poems harsh, and believed that Dryden had carried English versification to a perfection never reached before. The ears of Johnson and his contemporaries were not delicate enough to appreciate the exquisite harmonies of the Miltonic verse. The difference between the orator and the poet is expressed in Mill's famous saying that "Eloquence is heard, Poetry is overheard." But the music of Dryden's verse, and of most English verse for a century after him, is heard rather than overheard ; in a word, it is rhetorical. Oratory, as well as poetry, uses alliterations and repetitions of sounds and words, personifications and other figures of speech ; but it uses all these effects more obviously, less subtly, than the highest poetry. And so Dryden, Pope, and their successors, all have something of the rhetorician about them.

Yet, to quote Prof. Saintsbury, Dryden's "prosody may be called a somewhat rhetorical prosody, but it is the very highest of its own kind." In this Song we may admire the splendid swing and rush ; it all goes without a halt ; the poet knows exactly what he wants to say, and says it vigorously, carrying us

along with him. The basic rhythm of the Song is iambic, but he gets striking metrical effects by substituting an anapaestic or trochaic movement. Note also the effect of the fivefold rhyme in st. 2, and the triple rhyme at the end.

ARGUMENT.—(St. 1) Creation was begun and carried out through the power of Harmony. (2) The invention of the first musical instrument was hailed as divine, as its power over the passions was recognised. (3, 4, 5, 6) The power of the trumpet, flute, violin, and organ—the climax, St. Cecilia's invention. (7) Music will accompany the dissolution as it accompanied the creation of the world.

1-10. This is the old doctrine of Pythagoras, that order or harmony was the creative and regulative principle of the universe: hence the notion of the music of the spheres (No. 1. 125). Hales compares Ovid's picture of Chaos in his *Metamorphoses*, i. 5-20, and Milton's in *Paradise Lost*, ii. 890-916:—

Where eldest Night
And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold
Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise
Of endless wars, and by confusion stand.
For Hot, Cold, Moist, and Dry, four champions fierce,
Strive here for mastery, and to battle bring
Their embryon atoms.

3. **Nature**, the created universe, but thought of mythologically as a person, as in the lines just quoted from Milton, and as in his Nativity Hymn. Wordsworth's conception of Nature as an active beneficent power is different: she is to him not simply the visible universe created by God, but a manifestation of Godhead, of the "spirit that impels All thinking things, all objects of all thought, And rolls through all things."

4. **jarring**, contending.

5. **heave**, lift up. Cp. *L'Allegro* (60. 145), "That Orpheus' self may heave his head From golden slumber on a bed."

8. The four 'elements,' earth, fire, water and air.

15. **diapason** (Greek, διὰ πασῶν χορδῶν, 'through all strings'), the octave or interval which includes all the tones. Creation reached its climax in Man.

17. **Jubal**, *Genesis* iv. 21: "He was the father of all such as handle the harp and organ."

shell, used by Dryden, Pope and the eighteenth-century poets for lyre, in imitation of the Greek *χέλυσ* and Latin *testudo*. How Hermes made a lyre of a tortoise-shell is told in the Homeric Hymn to Mercury (stanzas 4-9 of Shelley's translation).

28. **mortal alarms**, threats of death.

32. **dying notes**. Cp. Shakespeare, *Twelfth Night*, I. i. 4, "That strain again! it had a dying fall." **discovers**, uncovers, reveals: cp. *dis-* in disrobe, dismantle.

36. **lute**, guitar-like instrument used in fourteenth-seventeenth centuries (*C.O.D.*). Cp. Milton, *The Passion*:

Me softer airs befit, and softer strings
Of *lute*, or viol still, more apt for mournful things.

37. violins superseded the viol in the reign of Charles II.

41. **dame**, Lat. *domina*, mistress.

47. **mend**, improve. The sentiment lacks the humility of Browning's Andrea del Sarto:

Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp
Or what's a Heaven for?

Hales reminds us that Dryden's age, the age of the Restoration, was not reverent nor humble-minded.

48. **the savage race**, wild beasts.

49. **trees**. A similar legend about Amphion is prettily embroidered by Tennyson in his poem of that name.

50. **sequacious** of, desirous to follow.

51. **raised the wonder higher**, produced an even greater marvel. But 'higher' may have a more literal meaning: produced astonishment in Heaven above, not simply among beasts and trees on earth.

53. Cp. *Alexander's Feast*, No. 67. 141, "She drew an angel down."

57. Cp. *Job* xxxviii. 4-7, "Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? . . . when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy?"

60. **This crumbling pageant**. Consciously or unconsciously, Dryden doubtless had Prospero's speech in his mind—Shakespeare, *Tempest*, iv. i. 152-6:

The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve
And, like this insubstantial *pageant* faded,
Leave not a rack behind

63. **untune the sky**, bring back Chaos by destroying the harmony that holds the universe together.

3. *Avenge, O Lord ! thy slaughter'd saints, whose bones*

"No more mighty Sonnet than this 'collect in verse,' as it has been justly named, probably can be found in any language. Readers should observe that it is constructed on the original Italian or Provençal model. This form, in a language such as ours, not affluent in rhyme, presents great difficulties; the rhymes are apt to be forced, or the substance commonplace. But when successfully handled, it has a unity and a beauty of effect which place the strict Sonnet above the less compact and less lyrical systems adopted by Shakespeare, Sidney, Spenser, and other Elizabethan poets" (F. T. P.). See Appendix, "The Miltonic Sonnet." Tennyson's fine sonnet *To Montenegro* ("They rose to where their sovran eagle sails") was doubtless inspired by the recollection of Milton's sonnet, and, without direct imitation, recalls it nobly.

The occasion of the sonnet was a massacre, early in 1655, of the Protestant inhabitants of the Piedmontese valleys by the troops of the Duke of Savoy, who had ordered the people to attend Mass or vacate their homes within 20 days. The Vaudois or Waldensians, as they were called (perhaps from Peter Waldo, one of the founders of their sect), had been Protestants long before the Reformation; they accepted only two sacraments, baptism and the Lord's Supper, and sought to return to the simplicity of the earliest Christians. The massacre sent a thrill of horror through England; Cromwell headed a national subscription for the relief of the sufferers, and put pressure upon France, which put pressure upon the Duke of Savoy; so the surviving Waldensians were restored to their villages. "No English ruler has ever shown a nobler figure than Cromwell in the case of the Vaudois" (Morley).

7. **Piedmontese** : troops of the Duke of Savoy.

10. An allusion to the saying that 'the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church.' It goes back, though not quite in this form, to Tertullian.

12. **triple tyrant** : the Pope, wearer of the tiara or triple crown.

13. **thy way**. "The way" was the earliest name used by the Christians to denote their belief and practice: see *Acts* ix. 2, xix. 9.

14. **Babylonian woe**, the doom pronounced in *Revelation* xvii. and xviii. on Babylon, which the Puritans identified with the Church of Rome.

4. *The forward youth that would appear*

ANDREW MARVELL was born in 1621 at Winestead, near Hull, to which town his father soon afterwards removed, on his appointment

ment as master of Hull Grammar School. Andrew was educated at this school and at Trinity College, Cambridge, and afterwards by a four years' tour on the Continent. In 1650 he went to Nunappleton, Lord Fairfax's Yorkshire seat, as tutor to Fairfax's daughter, Mary, afterwards Duchess of Buckingham. In 1654 he was living with John Oxenbridge, a famous preacher, who had paid two visits to the Bermudas (see No. 62). In 1657 he became Milton's colleague in the Latin Secretaryship to Cromwell. In 1659 he was elected Member of Parliament for Hull, and he retained this post in the Restoration Parliament and till his death in 1678. Goldwin Smith says of his poetry: "He touches at different points Herbert, Cowley, Waller, Dryden, and the group of Lovelace and Suckling. But his most interesting connection is with Milton. Of that intellectual lustre which was produced by the union of classical culture and ancient love of liberty with Puritan enthusiasm, Milton was the central orb, Marvell a satellite, paler yet bright."

Marvell is now chiefly remembered by the five poems contained in this book. The *Horatian Ode* gives a better idea than anything else in English of the characteristics of Horace in his great political Odes—sententious brevity, dignity, charm, *curiosa felicitas*, i.e. perfection of phrase reached by careful study, not by lucky inspiration. The effect is aided in Marvell's Ode by classical constructions and inversions in the Miltonic manner. Condensation was not natural to him: he attains it here by imitation of his model.

"Cromwell returned from Ireland in 1650, and Marvell probably wrote his lines soon after, whilst living at Nunappleton in the Fairfax household. It is hence not surprising that (l. 81-96) he should have been deceived by Cromwell's professed submissiveness to the Parliament which, when it declined to register his decrees, he expelled by armed violence:—one despotism, by natural law, replacing another. The poet's insight has, however, truly prophesied that result in his last two lines. This Ode, beyond doubt one of the finest in our language, and more in Milton's style than has been reached by any other poet, is occasionally obscure from imitation of the condensed Latin syntax" (F.T.P.).

Most striking is the writer's impartiality. His moderation is not the spirit of worldly compromise but the ability to see both sides of a controversy. He admired Cromwell's strength and justice, besides looking with awe upon him as the grand instrument of Fate; but he was not a regicide, and no finer tribute than his was ever paid to Charles.

METRE.—The rhythm has more affinity to Milton than to the smooth regular numbers that Waller brought into fashion. Harshness and abruptness are not avoided, for they befit the theme; but there is a strong and deep music. The octosyllabic couplet followed by a short hexasyllabic couplet in each stanza is happily

devised to give the effect of the Alcaic stanza used by Horace in his great odes: the Alcaic stanza itself can only be written in English by a *tour de force*, as by Tennyson in his lines on Milton. Marvell, unlike Horace, uses rhyme. The metre of Collins in his *Ode to Evening* (G.T. 186) is similar, but not identical, and his ode is rhymeless.

ARGUMENT.—Now is the^c time for war, not for study. So Cromwell sought to fulfil his destiny through war: he began by violently cutting his way through opposing forces among the Parliamentarians; then, like lightning striking through the air, he smote palaces and the King himself. He is no more to be censured than the lightning: just such a natural force, he, a country gentleman, rose by industrious valour till he reshaped a kingdom. He represents Fate, a power stronger than Justice. Strong in war and in statecraft, he brought the King to the scaffold. Charles's death was dignified; yet the 'Bleeding Head' was of happy omen for the State, as at Rome. Cromwell has now tamed Ireland in one year and offers his victory submissively to the Commonwealth. On France, Italy, Scotland, and all tyrant-ridden States, he will impose his power: he must keep the sword in readiness: a power won by force must by force be maintained.

1. **forward**, predicative: 'the youth that wishes to show himself ready and eager.'

3. **in the shadows**, a Latinism for 'in retirement.'

4. **numbers**, a Latinism for 'verses' used by Milton and others.

9. **cease**, a Latinism for 'be idle.'

12. 'Pressed forward the destiny that appointed him an active career'; he did not drift along as in a fatalistic spirit, but eagerly carried out the task assigned him by Fate.

15. **thorough** and *through* are the same word. The O.E. *thurh* became two syllables through the stressing of the *r*. Cp. Shakespeare, *M.N.D.* II. i. 3, "Thorough bush, thorough brier."

17-20. "Such an ambitious soul resents rivalry as much as hostility; to be thwarted by restrictions seems worse than to be openly opposed." In the early part of the Civil War Cromwell was much fretted by the Earl of Manchester's ineffectiveness and dilatoriness.

23. The sense is "He struck at the King's head, undeterred by the crown which might have been expected to protect it from outrage"; but there is an allusion to the wreath of laurel which the first Caesar wore—as his enemies said, to disguise his baldness.

29. **his private gardens**. Except for one short year of Parliamentary life (1628) Cromwell lived in retirement till his forty-first year (1640), first on his paternal estate at Huntingdon, then at St. Ives, and then at Ely; in each place he farmed his own land.

32. **bergamot**, a kind of pear: Fr. *bergamotte* from a Turkish word meaning 'prince's pear.'

33. **the great work of time**, the English monarchy established by the labours of a long succession of kings.

39. **those**: the ancient Rights, which hold (remain unbroken) in the hands of a strong king, break in the grasp of a weak one.

41-4. "The allusion is to the old physical doctrines of the non-existence of a vacuum and the impenetrability of matter" (F.T.P.).

46. **Where his**, etc., where the deepest scar was not inflicted by him. The rhetorical question, "What field . . . ;" in this stanza may be a reminiscence of Horace's *Quis ... campus* in Odes, II. i. 29-30.

47. **Hampton Court**, where Charles I. in 1647 was for a time in the hands of Cromwell and the Army, who were afraid that the Presbyterians in Parliament might make a peace with him that would sacrifice the fruits of victory. The Army negotiated with Charles, but he escaped to Carisbrook Castle in the Isle of Wight and began corresponding with the Scots and Royalists.

52. **case**, cage. "Contemporary pamphleteers and memoir writers often put forward the theory that Cromwell frightened the King into this flight from Hampton Court in order to forward his own ambitious designs. . . . There is no evidence in support of this theory."—C. H. Firth, *Cromwell*, p. 185.

53. **the Royal actor**, protagonist in the struggle of the Civil War in which his own death was the culmination of the tragedy: the scaffold is thought of as a stage (cp. 'scene' in l. 58).

58. **scene**, Lat. *scena*, properly the background of a stage, often used (as here) for the stage itself.

59. **keener eye**. In Latin *acies* is used both for the blade of a sword and for the eye. Perhaps this suggested to Marvell the conceit: "He gazed unflinchingly at the axe with an eye keener than the axe's edge."

64. Cp. Prof. C. H. Firth's account of the execution in his *Cromwell*, p. 229: "Then, as he stood, he said two or three words to himself, with hands and eyes lifted up, and *lying down*, placed his neck on the block. For a moment he lay there praying; his eye shining, said one of those who watched, as brisk and lively as ever he had seen it. Suddenly, he stretched forth his hands, and with one blow the grey-bearded man severed his head from his body."

66. **assured**, etc., "established securely the power which rested on force," or else, as Palgrave understood it, "the power which was fated."

67-72. Livy (I. 55) relates that when the foundations of the Capitol were being dug "a human head with features undecayed" was discovered, and the soothsayers interpreted it as an omen that the Capitol would be "the citadel of empire and head of the world" (*arcem imperii caputque rerum*).

73. Cromwell landed at Dublin, August 13, 1649; he returned to England in May 1650.

85-6. At the summons of the Parliament Cromwell returned to England to take up the post of Commander-in-chief in the war against the Scots. The Kingdom he presented to the Commons was Ireland. rents, tribute. Cp. Chaucer, *Man of Law's tale*, 1044, "Death, that taketh of heigh and logh his rente."

87. what he may, a Latinism, *quod possit*, 'as far as he can. forbears, gives up.

89. spoils, the booty he has won with his sword, Lat. *spolia*.

90. the Public's skirt: a quaint term, as it sounds to our modern ears, and we may wonder whether Marvell was not more the servant than the master of the rhyme; but he may well have had in mind the Biblical phrase, "take hold of the skirt," in the sense of "place oneself under the protection." Cp. *Zechariah* viii. 23, "In those days it shall come to pass that ten men . . . shall take hold of the skirt of him that is a Jew, saying, we will go with you, for we have heard that God is with you."

93-6. The well-trained falcon, having killed her prey, returns at once to her perch, ready to obey the falconer's next command. lure, recall by the attraction of the bunch of feathers within which the falconer keeps a tempting supply of food. The bunch of feathers was known as 'the lure.'

97. presume, confidently venture. For the transitive use compare Milton, *P.L.* ix. 921, "Bold deed thou hast presumed, adventurous Eve."

101-2. He will inspire as much terror in Gaul (France) as did Julius Caesar, and as much in Italy as did Hannibal.

104. climacteric, accented on the penultimate, as elsewhere in English poetry: "shall bring about an important crisis in their history, as the climacteric year brings a crisis in a human life." The old medical notion that certain years are critical in human life finds expression in the Greek *κλιμακτήρ*, 'critical period,' from *κλίμαξ*, 'climax,' properly 'a ladder.'

105-6. Marvell predicts Cromwell's victory in Scotland. parti-colour'd is a play on the word *Pict*, the name of an ancient tribe in North Britain, used by Marvell for the Scots, as he uses the old Latin name *Caledonia* for Scotland. 'Pict' recalls to Marvell the Latin *pictus* which sometimes has the meaning of 'parti-coloured'; and 'parti-coloured' suggests to him 'shiftiness of

mind ' as well as the different coloured stripes of a Scottish tartan plaid.

107. *sad*. The modern meaning is appropriate, but Marvell may have meant 'serious'—as in Shakespeare, *Twelfth Night*, III. iv. 5, "Where is Malvolio? He is sad and civil."

112. *The Caledonian deer*, the Scots, the natural prey of the English troops.

116. *erect*, drawn in readiness.

118. *The spirits*, etc. : the conspirators who plot in darkness.

5. *Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more*

Lycidas was called by Mark Pattison, no mean authority, "the high-water mark of English poesy." It is obvious that anything on so high a level cannot be fully appreciated at a first reading; it is also obvious that anything so good as this must be worth any pains we are willing to spend upon it.

One great element in its charm is its rich deep music, which grows upon us with each re-reading. To read it aloud, and to learn it by heart, are therefore two of the best helps towards its appreciation.

On the other hand, there is no need for the reader to be discouraged if the poem does not immediately appeal to him. Genuine lover of poetry, and great critic as he was, Dr. Johnson wholly failed to realise its beauty. See his strictures in his *Lives of the Poets*.

Edward King, though younger than Milton, had been a fellow-student of his at Christ's College, Cambridge. He had become fellow and tutor of his college. In August 1637, at the age of twenty-five, he was drowned in crossing to Ireland. His Cambridge friends published a volume of commemorative poems, Greek, Latin and English: asked to contribute to this, Milton wrote *Lycidas*, breaking a resolution he had formed to abjure poetry till he had studied more and gained more experience of life.

Why did he choose the pastoral form? It was dear to him as a lover of ancient poetry. Theocritus and Bion in Greek, Virgil in his Latin Eclogues, had clothed themselves and their friends in the garb of shepherds; in English Spenser had done the same thing. Johnson disliked the convention: by his time it had been used so often by inferior poets that it had become very tedious. But genius can always rescue it from tediousness: Shelley's *Adonais* and Arnold's *Thyrsis* are two magnificent pastoral elegies written since Johnson's time. No doubt, to enjoy the modern examples to perfection, the reader should be familiar with the ancient models, at least through the medium of translation. He should also be prepared to accept the pastoral form as a convention: he must not take it too seriously and expect the

shepherds to be realistic, but think of the poet and his friends as the realities and their shepherd garb as a pretty disguise. Similarly, we cannot enjoy the design of an old tapestry if we expect it to reproduce a scene from nature with photographic accuracy: its beauty is of a higher kind than the beauty of a photograph, but it is a symbolic beauty, the flowers and the human figures and animals in the tapestry yielding us pleasure as an arrangement of lines and colours expressive of the artist's feeling, not as an exact imitation of something in nature.

Could genuine sorrow be expressed, it may be asked, in so artificial a mould? Assuredly: an artist can best express his emotion, at all events his "emotion recollected in tranquillity," in the terms of his own art; and especially is this true of a reserved nature, like Milton's. The artificiality in *Lycidas* is only on the surface. The poem is filled with deep emotion, though it is true that the two most passionate passages in it are those which express, not Milton's regrets for King, but his own convictions about life (l. 64-84) and about religion (l. 113-131).

METRE.—The ringing rhymes and the varying length of the lines wonderfully respond to the changing moods and themes that follow in rapid succession. So skilfully are the rhymes interlaced that even a careful reader might fail to observe that some lines, including the first, are left without a rhyme at all. That this irregularity of rhyme and metre is not unpolished crudity but masterly manipulation may best be realised by contrasting the effects obtained with the monotony of most long poems in heroic rhymed couplets. On a smaller scale Coleridge's *Kubla Khan* (*G.T.* 316) is a similar triumph of varied metre.

1-5. "Once again I attempt poetry, without waiting for time to ripen my powers." The modest consciousness of immaturity in a poet who might well have been proud of the splendid work he had already produced is one proof of Milton's greatness of mind: compare Keats's self-disparagement in his Preface to *Endymion*. In his *Reason of Church Government* (1641) Milton writes:

"Neither doe I think it shame to covenant with any knowing reader, that for some few years yet I may go on trust with him toward the payment of what I am now indebted, as being a work not to be rays'd from the heat of youth, or the vapours of wine, like that which flows at wast from the pen of some vulgar amorist, or the trencher fury of a riming parasite; nor to be obtain'd by the invocation of Dame Memory and her Siren daughters, but by devout prayer to that eternall Spirit who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out His seraphim with the hallow'd fire of His altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom He pleases. To this must be added industrious and select reading, steddly observation, insight into all seemly and generous arts and affaires; till which in some measure be compast, at mine own peril

and cost, I refuse not to sustain this expectation from as many as are not loath to hazard so much credulity upon the best pledges that I can give them."

laurels, myrtle, and ivy have classical associations with song. 'Apollo's laurel-wreath' (*laurea Apollinaris*. Horace, *Odes*, iv. ii. 9) was the poet's reward. At Greek banquets each guest, as he sang in his turn, held a myrtle-bough. The ivy was sacred to Bacchus and worn by poets in token that they were inspired by him: cp. Virgil, *Eclogue*, vii. 25, *hedera crescentem ornate poetam*, "deck with ivy the rising poet."

2. **brown, dusky**. Cp. *Il Penseroso* (61. 134), 'shadows brown.'

3. **crude, raw, unripe**, Lat. *crudus*—with reference to Milton's genius, not to King's untimely death.

4. **forced, constrained by necessity**. When Milton gives two epithets to a substantive, he often places them one on each side: cp. 'sad-occasion dear' in l. 6.

5. **mellowing year**. Warton pointed out that the leaves of the laurel, myrtle and ivy are not affected by the mellowing year. Milton was thinking less of the symbol than of the thing symbolized—his poetry.

6. **dear**, used of persons and things that excite strong emotion, whether of pleasure or the opposite. So Shakespeare writes 'dearest foe' (*Hamlet*, i. ii. 182), 'dearest groans' (*All's Well*, iv. v. 11), 'dearest spite' (Sonn. 37).

7. **Compels**: the verb is singular, because the 'bitter constraint' and 'sad occasion' are really one and the same thing.

8-11. Observe the pathetic effect of the repetitions.

9. **peer, equal**—Lat. *par*.

10. Cp. Virgil, *Eclogue*, x. 3. *Neget quis carmina Gallo*? "Who would refuse songs to (the memory of) Gallus?"

11. **build, a Latinism, condere carmen**.

13. **welter, roll**. Cp. *Nativity Ode* (l. 124), 'the weltering waves.' **parching**, generally used of the effect of the sun, but used by Milton in *Paradise Lost*, ii. 594, of the shrivelling effect of frost.

14. **melodious tear**. So Spenser had called the songs in which he laments the condition of his times 'The tears of the Muses' (Hales).

15. **the sacred well**, Aganippe on Mount Helicon.

16. **the seat of Jove**, the altar mentioned in the fourth line of Hesiod's *Theogony*.

19. **So, even as I do now**. **gentle, noble**, as in Chaucer. **Muse**, here put for 'poet' as is shown by 'he' in l. 21.

20. **lucky words**, words of good omen. **destined urn**, the tomb appointed me by destiny: 'urn' is a Latinism, properly implying the burning of the body, but *sable shroud* (black coffin) shows that Milton has no such thought. 'Shroud' originally meant 'covering' (as in *Nativity Ode*, No. 1. 218) so that it could be used of the coffin as well as of the garment in which the dead was wrapped. In the song in *Twelfth Night* (II. iv. 61) it is, however, used in the modern sense, and 'my shroud of white' is contrasted with 'my black coffin,' not identified with it.

23-36. "We were fellow-students at Cambridge, and were together at morning, noon and night."

25. **high**, upland. **lawns**, open treeless spaces: the older form was 'laund,' cp. the French *lande*.

26. Milton had doubtless seen the phrase "the eyelids of the morning" in the marginal rendering of *Job* iii. 9 (A.V. of 1611); but, as Masson points out, the picture of morn opening 'her eyes upon the upland fields is Milton's own.

28. "Heard the grey-fly when she . . ."—*i.e.* at noon, the 'sultry' time. The grey-fly is the trumpet-fly, not the chafer which hums at dusk and is mentioned in Collins's *Ode to Evening* (*G.T.* 186)—"where the beetle winds His small but sullen horn."

29. **Battening**, 'feeding,' here used transitively.

30. Milton wrote originally:

"Oft till the ev'n-starre bright
towards heaven's descent had slop'd his burnisht wheel."

It has been objected that the evening-star does not 'rise,' but only appears, and that it is always on 'heaven's descent.' One has to admit the existence of such inaccuracies in Milton: he never got so far away from Nature as Dryden, Pope and their followers, but neither had he anything of Tennyson's careful observation of natural phenomena.

31. **westering**, moving westward.

33. **Tempered**, modulated (Latin, *temperare*). **oaten**, another Latinism: Virgil (*Eclogue*, I. 2) uses *avena*, 'oaten straw,' of a pastoral flute.

34-6. **Satyrs** (Greek) and **Fauns** (Roman), merry rural deities, having human forms but traces of the goat in horns or ears or 'cloven heel.' Here they denote the Cambridge undergraduates, as **Dametas** (a Greek shepherd's name, taken from Theocritus) denotes some Cambridge tutor.

38. **never must return**, for 'must never return,' *i.e.* 'aft fated never to return.' The emphatic 'never' is made still more emphatic by its position.

40. **gadding.** Hales quotes from Bacon's *Essays*: "Envy is a gadding passion, and walketh the streets, and doth not keep home."

41. **echoes.** Cp. Moschus in his (Greek) Epitaph on Bion: "Echo laments silently among the rocks and no longer mimics thy lips"; and Shelley in *Adonais* (st. 15)—

Lost Echo sits amid the voiceless mountains
And feeds her grief with his remembered lay.

45. **canker,** the same as 'cankerworm' in *Joel* i. 4, a passage describing a succession of insect-plagues. Shakespeare has the same simile more than once. Cp. Sonnet 94—

The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
Though to itself it only live and die,
But if that flower with base infection meet,
The basest weed outbraves his dignity;

followed in the next Sonnet by—

—the shame

Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,
Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name.

46. **taint-worm.** Sir T. Browne in his *Vulgar Errors*, Bk. III., mentions a mistaken belief of the country people that 'a kind of spider, called a taint, of a red colour' is 'a deadly poison unto cows and horses' (Masson).

47. **wardrobe.** Milton originally wrote 'buttons.'

52. **the steep,** probably Penmaenmawr, a mountain on the coast of Carnarvon, between Conway and Bangor: there are several stone-circles, generally called Druidical circles, on it. Gray refers to the same mountain in *The Bard* (*G.T.* 159.15)—

On a rock, whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood.

54. **Mona,** the island of Anglesey, the last stronghold of the Druids. It was once covered with woods, the dark groves associated with Druidical worship: hence the epithet 'shaggy.' **high:** Holyhead mountain, in the extreme west of the island, rises direct from the sea to 700 ft.

55. **Deva,** "the sacred Dee," as Tennyson calls it. Chester, on the Dee, was the port from which King had sailed. **wizard,** magical. There was a belief that the Dee, the border-river between England and Wales, often changed its channel: when the water drew nearer to England, the English had the worse in any encounters, and *vice versa*. Spenser calls the Dee 'divine,' and Drayton calls it 'hallowed.'

56. The torrent of the poet's eloquence is abruptly checked by

his sudden realisation of the futility of his imaginings. Observe the effect of the slow spondees in this line.

56. **fondly**, foolishly, vainly.

58. the **Muse**, Calliope. Milton refers to the same story of the death of Orpheus in *P.L.* vii. 32-38—

But drive far off the barbarous dissonance
Of Bacchus and his revellers, the race
Of that wild *roust* that tore the Thracian bard
In Rhodope, where woods and rocks had ears
To rapture, till the savage clamour drowned
Both harp and voice; nor could the Muse defend
Her son.

Read the very beautiful version of the legend of Orpheus in Virgil, *Georgic* iv. 453-527.

63. **Hebrus**, river of Thrace. **Lesbian shore**, across the Aegean Sea to the shore of the island of Lesbos.

64-84. The first great digression in "a higher mood." The great Elizabethan age of literature was over, and the poetry fashionable in 1637 was the light lyrical verse of Cavalier poets.

64. **incessant**. We now always use 'incessant.' There is no clear rule as to when the English prefix *un-* or the Latin prefix *in-* is preferred. Abbott, *S.G.* § 442, cites many words in which Shakespeare's practice differs from the modern—*e.g.* incertain, incivil, impossible, unperfect, unconstant.

66. **meditate**, 'practise,' Lat. *meditari*. Cp. Virgil, *Eclogue* i. 2.

67. **use**, are wont. The present tense is now obsolete in this meaning, though the past tense is still common.

68. **Amaryllis** and **Neæra**, classical names of shepherdesses. Milton is thinking of the love-poetry of Herrick and others: in the "tangles of Neæra's hair" he is not quoting, but anticipating, Col. Lovelace's *To Althea from Prison* (No. 43. 5).

70. **clear**, bright, rising above the mists of earth-bound souls. Cp. the "bright aerial spirits" of the opening lines of *Comus*.

71. The commentators quote Tacitus, *History*, iv. 6, *etiam sapientibus cupido gloriae novissima exuitur*, "the desire of fame is the last (desire) cast off by the wise," and Sir Henry Wotton, who probably had this saying of Tacitus in his mind when he wrote of James I., "I will not deny his appetite for glory, which generous minds do ever latest part from."

75. Milton was too good a classical scholar to confuse the three Fates of mythology (Clotho, Lachesis, Atropos) with the three Furies (Tisiphone, Megara, Allecto). It was Atropos, the third Fate, who cut the thread of life. But Milton feels her to be so ruthless and *blind* (undiscriminating) that he calls her a Fury.

76. "But (she does) not (slit) the praise."

77. Cp. Virgil, *Eclogue* vi. 3. *Cynthius aurem vellit et admonuit*, "The Cynthian (Phoebus Apollo) twitched my ear and admonished me." Apollo was the patron of poets: cp. *Georgics*, iv. 6-7.

79. glistering foil, shining tinfoil.

80. Set off, fully displayed, agreeing with 'foil.'

82. **Jove.** This name for the supreme Deity is natural because Apollo is the speaker. Milton felt no incongruity in the blending of Christian ideas with classical names and imagery. Dr. Johnson reproves him for the mixture. But Milton's mind was as reverent as Johnson's, and in so far as he felt the likeness of his religious feelings to those of the noblest ancients to be more vital than the differences, he was broader-minded than his eighteenth-century critic.

83. lastly, finally and irrevocably.

85-7. The poet feels himself rebuked by the example of the ancient pastoral poets, Theocritus and Virgil, for having attempted, in the digression on Fame, too lofty a theme. **Arethuse**, Arethusa, a fountain in Sicily, where Theocritus lived. The story of the water-nymph Arethusa and her flight under the sea from the river-god Alphæus is told in a pretty lyric of Shelley's ("Arethusa arose"). **Mincius**, now the Mincio, a river in N. Italy, 'honoured' because Virgil was born near it. The river-god is represented 'crowned' with the reeds that grow in his stream or on his banks; they are 'vocal' because shepherds make flutes of them, as Pan does in Mrs. Browning's poem, "A Musical Instrument." mood, 'strain,' as in "the Dorian mood," *P.L.* i. 550.

88. oat, as oaten flute in l. 33.

90. in Neptune's plea, to plead as representing Neptune at the inquest into King's death.

91. felon, adj., guilty and put upon their trial.

93. gust of rugged wings, gust with rugged wings, rugged-winged gust. Some commentators say that 'rugged' and 'ragged,' though of different origin, were confused in Milton's time, and compare 'ragged' in *L'Allegro* (60. 9). Prof. Elton thinks the evidence of confusion insufficient, and prefers to give each word a distinct meaning; so he explains 'rugged' as 'harsh,' 'Ragged' and 'rugged' seem generally distinct in Shakespeare: 'ragged' is several times used of rocks, 'rugged' is an epithet of looks or persons, though once of a bear, and once of a beard.

96. **Hippotadès**: Aeolus, god of the winds, son of Hippôtēs.

97. his dungeon, either (1) the prison in which Aeolus confined the winds, or (2) each particular wind's own cell. was strayed: for the old (and correct) use of the verb 'to be' with intransitive

participles, where we now use the auxiliary 'have,' see Abbott, *S.G.* § 158.

100-1. These two lines were applied with great effect by John Bright, in a speech in the House of Commons, to the Alabama, the privateer that nearly caused a war between England and the Northern States of America during the war between North and South.

the eclipse : the ancient belief that eclipses of the sun and moon portended disaster may be illustrated by the story of Nicias and the Athenian army at the siege of Syracuse, by many passages in the Bible, the Greek and Roman poets, Shakespeare, and by Milton, *P.L.* i. 596-9. **rigged with**, either (1) to the accompaniment of, or (2) with curses instead of sails : the second interpretation is the more forcible.

103. **Camus, reverend sire**. "Father Tiber" is familiar to all students of Latin poetry and to English readers of Macaulay's *Lays of Ancient Rome*. Similarly Milton personifies the river Cam at Cambridge. River-gods in ancient art and poetry were represented as decked with the vegetation that clothed the river-banks : so in Virgil, *Aen.* viii. 34, "shadowy reeds veiled the hair" of the god Tiber when he appeared to Aeneas.

104. **bonnet**, still used in Scotland, though no longer in England, of a man's head-covering.

sedge : here used adjectivally, 'made of sedge.'

105. **figures dim**, said to refer to "certain indistinct or dusky streaks" found on sedge-leaves "when dried, or even when beginning to wither."

106. **sanguine flower**, the hyacinth. Hyacinthus, in the classical legend told by Ovid in *Metamorphoses* x., was a Spartan prince whom Apollo accidentally slew. In grief for his loss Apollo caused a flower to spring up from his blood, with the exclamation of woe AI AI marked upon its petals.

107. **pledge**, a Latinism (*pignus*) for 'child.'

108-131. When this passage was written Archbishop Laud was at the height of his power. He was a genuine reformer, anxious for beauty and dignity and reverence in church services, but in his merciless insistence on outward uniformity he won the hatred of the Puritans with whom Milton was to be conspicuously associated. Milton's attack was doubtless deserved by the baser elements that attached themselves to Laud ; but Laud's party also included so finely spiritual a soul as George Herbert.

Palgrave, in his note, says that *Lycidas* "suffers by the harsh intrusion of the writer's narrow and violent theological politics." But it does not seem true to say that Milton has allowed his politics to spoil his poetry. On the contrary, it is just here that the poem rises to its greatest height of passion. * As Prof. Elton

finely says, "In the rest of *Lycidas*, though the passion is genuinely present, yet it is filtered through many runlets, and we are blinded to the real fullness of the stream: but here it runs in one current, and irresistibly." Mark Pattison (*Milton*, p. 30) compares the "thrill of awe-struck expectation" raised by the opening words with "that excited by the Cassandra of Aeschylus' *Agamemnon*." Ruskin admired the passage greatly, and devoted part of a lecture to its examination (*Sesame and Lilies*, § 20-25).

109. **The Pilot**, St. Peter.

110. **keys**. Cp. *Matthew* xvi. 19, "I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven."

111. **amain**, by main force. For the old use of *a* with the force of a preposition, see Abbott, *S.G.* § 140.

112. **mitred**, wearing the mitre or head-dress of a bishop. Milton accepts the tradition that St. Peter was bishop of Rome. **bespake**, spake, as in No. 1. 76 (see note).

114. **Enow**, said to be an old plural of 'enough.' Morris, *Eng. Accidence*, § 235.

115. Cp. *St. John* x. 12-13: *Paradise Lost*, iv. 192-3—

So clomb this first grand thief into God's fold:
So since into his Church lewd hirelings climb.

Cp. also the concluding couplet of Milton's Sonnet to Cromwell:

Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.

118. **shove**. The homely word effectively expresses Milton's disgust. It was bold to use it, and Milton has not escaped censure, as we have seen, for harshness; but the instinct of the great artist has not failed him here, any more than it fails a great musician when he deliberately introduces a discord.

119. **Blind mouths!** Another bold expression, but completely justified by the effectiveness of the condensation: the intruders are blind, and so greedy that they are all 'mouth.' The Latin *gula* came to be used in the same way of a glutton.

122. **are sped**, have got their (good) fortune. *Sped* is past part. of the verb, *to speed*, still used in "God speed you!" = "God give you success!" Cp. Shakespeare, *M. of V.* ii. ix. 72, "So be gone; you are sped."

123. **list**, choose. Originally an impersonal verb, *him listeth*.

flashy, explained by Dr. Johnson as 'showy without substance.' Others explain it as 'insipid,' quoting Bacon's saying in his essay "Of Studies": "Distilled books are, like common distilled waters, *flashy* things."

124. **scrannel**, thin, feeble: the word is said to survive in the Lancashire dialect. The line is adapted from Virgil, *Eclogue*

iii. 27, *Stridenti miserum stipula disperdere carmen*, "to mangle a wretched tune on a grating straw."

125. Spenser had attacked hiring shepherds in the Church in his *Shepherds Calender*, Eclogue for May:

Thilke same bene shepeheardes for the Devils stedde,
That playen while theire flockes be unfedde.

129. and (with) **nothing said**, an adverbial clause, "without any protest from the English Church." For this use of *and* with the participle, cp. *G.T.* 18. 20, "and no pace perceived," and examples in Abbott, *S.G.* § 95.

130-31. Milton's prophecy of doom is necessarily vague, but not the less impressive from its vagueness. He could not have known in 1637 precisely how the reformation or revolution which he desired would come; could hardly have predicted the action of the two Houses of Parliament after 1640 or the axe that would behead Laud in 1645 (two interpretations that have been found for the "two-handed engine"). Probably he had in his mind the "sharp two-edged sword" of *Revelation* i. 16 and ii. 12. and perhaps also he was anticipating the mighty sword which the Archangel Michael "brandished with huge two-handed sway" in battle with the rebel angels (*Paradise Lost*, vi. 250-253).

132. *Alphēus*, the god of the river of that name in Arcadia, looked upon as a patron of pastoral poetry, both because Arcadia was the Paradise of shepherds, and because of his union with Arethusa, who might be supposed to inspire the Sicilian pastoral verse of Theocritus. See note on l. 85.

135. bells. Cp. blue-bells, and *Tempest*, v. i. 89, "In a cowslip's bell I lie" (Hales).

136-151. Flower-pieces were common in English pastoral poetry, one of the best-known being in Spenser's *Shepherds Calender* for April:

Bring hether the Pincke and purple Cullambine,
With Gelliflowres;
Bring Coronations, and Sops in wine,
Worne of Paramoures:
Strowe me the ground with Daffadoundillies,
And Cowslips, and Kingcups, and loved Lillies:
The pretie Pawnce,
And the Chevisaunce,
Shall match with the fayre flowre Delice.

More familiar to modern readers are the scene in *Hamlet* where Ophelia distributes flowers among the company (Act iv. Sc. v.) and the lovely passage in *Winter's Tale*, iv. iv. 103-127. Ruskin (*Modern Painters*, Vol. 2. Part iii. Sec. 2, Ch. 3) compares the flowers in *Lycidas* with Perdita's in *Winter's Tale*. "In Milton

it happens, I think, generally, and in the case before us most certainly, that the imagination is mixed and broken with fancy, and so the strength of the imagery is part of iron and part of clay." After examining Milton's lines singly, he quotes Perdita's ten lines beginning "O Proserpina" and comments: "Observe how the imagination in these last lines goes into the inmost soul of every flower, after having touched them all at first with that heavenly timidity, the shadow of Proserpine's, and gilded them with celestial gathering, and never stops on their spots or their bodily shape; while Milton sticks in the stains upon them, and puts us off with that unhappy freak of jet in the very flower that, without this bit of paper-staining, would have been the most precious to us of all. 'There is pansies, that's for thoughts.'"

Modern critics have pointed out that, though the country-bred Shakespeare was careful about the seasons of his flowers, Milton and most other pastoral poets were not. "Lycidas' laureate hearse is strewn with three kinds of berries and eleven kinds of flowers; but on Aug. 11, when King was drowned, none of the berries would have appeared, and nine of the eleven flowers would be over" (A. Sidgwick).

136. **use**, are wont (to be). Cp. l. 67.

137. **wanton**, frolicsome, sportive. Cp. No. 60. 27, 'wanton wiles.'

138. **fresh lap**. Cp. Shakespeare, *Richard II.* III. iii. 47, "The fresh green lap of fair King Richard's land." **Swart star**, the dog-star Sirius: it withers flowers, and so is thought of as itself dark (swarthy) in colour. **sparely**, seldom.

139. **quaint**: see note on No. 1. 194. **Enamelled**: see note on No. 62. 14.

141. **purple**, make bright. Milton was thinking of the Lat. *purpureus*, which often means 'bright.'

142. **rathe**, early. A word now obsolete, but revived by Tennyson (*In Memoriam*, CX. "The men of rathe and riper years"). *Rather* is a comparative formed from it.

forsaken. Milton first wrote 'unwedded.' Cp. Shakespeare's "Primroses That die unmarried ere they can behold Bright Phoebus in his strength" (*Winter's Tale*, iv. iv. 122).

144. **freaked**. *Freckle* is a diminutive of *freak*, the substantive. Cp. 'freckled cowslip,' *Henry V.* v. ii. 49 (Hales).

145. **glowing**: an unexpected epithet for so retiring a flower, but some nature-lovers have justified Milton by pointing out that the violet does glow on a woodland path.

146. **well-attired**: Ruskin strongly condemned this epithet, which certainly seems intolerably prosaic to a modern ear. Hales gives two alternative interpretations—(1) well covered with leaves,

(2) fair-flowered, well head-dressed. The head-dresses of Elizabethan ladies, he reminds us, were called 'attiers.'

151. **laureate**, Lat. *laureatus*, crowned with laurels, either because Lycidas was a poet or because he was lamented by poets. **Hearse**, tomb, as in the epitaph on the Countess of Pembroke, "Underneath this sable ~~hearse~~." *Hearse* was used both for tomb and coffin; so that when hearses were first put on wheels, they were called 'locomotive hearses,' as in Dickens's *Christmas Carol*.

152. **so to interpose**, in order to gain a little temporary ease by means of this fancy. The 'false surmise' is the fancy that Lycidas is in his tomb, whereas he is really unburied.

156-162. Milton already knows how to heighten the majesty and enrich the music of his verse by apt choice of geographical names. So in many splendid passages of *Paradise Lost*—e.g., Bk. I. 302-7.

157. **whelming**. Milton at first wrote 'humming,' 'a Shakespearean epithet of 'water' (*Pericles*, III. i. 64).

158. **monstrous**, full of monsters. There is a wonderful picture of "the secrets of the deep" in Clarence's dream in *Richard III.* I. iv.

159. **moist vows**, tearful prayers.

160. **the fable of Bellerus** old, the land of Bellerus, famous in fable. *Bellerium* was the name given by Roman geographers to Land's End, the extreme point of Cornwall; from this Milton apparently coined Bellerus as the name of an old Cornish giant. He had originally written 'Corineus'—the name of a giant mentioned in Spenser's *Faerie Queene* (II. x. 10, 12) as having come into Britain with Brute.

161. **the guarded mount**, St. Michael's Mount. The Archangel himself is "the Vision": there is a legend that some hermits had once seen him sitting on a craggy seat at the top of the rock. The Mount is called 'guarded,' either because (1) the Archangel keeps guard on it, or (2) because there was an old Norman fortress there. Spenser had written in his *Shepherds Calender* (July), "St. Michels Mount who does not know, that wardes the westernne coste?" and Drayton had described it in *Polyolbion* (Song I).

162. **Namancos T.** (i.e. *Turris*, 'tower') and the castle of **Bayona** are marked in Mercator's Atlas, 1623 and 1636, which Milton may well have used, on the coast of Galicia, near Cape Finisterre. Camden says that Land's End is "the only part of our island that looks directly towards Spain." So the Angel is gazing, past France, straight across the sea to Spain.

164. **dolphins**, like those which, in classical legend, saved the life of the Greek lyric poet Arion. The classical stories were all so real to Milton that there would seem to him nothing incon-

gruous or artificial in the introduction of this allusion. On the modern reader it jars a little, like the mermaid in Campbell's *Battle of the Baltic* (G.T. 251).

164. **waft**, convey through air or over water (C.O.D.).

166. **your sorrow**, he whom you sorrow for. So in Latin *amor*, *spes*, *cura*, are used for the person who is the object of love, hope, or anxiety.

167. **watery floor**. Cp. "the floor of heaven," Shakespeare, *M. of V.* v. i. 58.

168. **the day-star**, the sun.

169. **repairs**, makes fresh again—a Latinism.

170. **tricks**, dresses, adorns, sets in order. Cp. *Il Penseroso*, No. 61, 123, "tricked and frowned."

173. Cp. *St. Matthew* xiv. 22.

174. **other**, different from the earthly groves and streams. The understatement is more effective than an admiring epithet would have been.

175. **oozy**. See note on No. 1. 124.

176. **unexpressive**, inexpressible. **Nuptial song**, sung at "the marriage-supper of the Lamb," *Revelation* xix. 9.

179. Cp. in *Paradise Lost*, xi. 80, the description of "the Sons of Light" sitting "in fellowships of joy."

181. A Biblical phrase : cp. *Isaiah* xxv. 8 ; *Revelation* vii. 17.

183. **Genius**, protecting spirit. Cp. No. 1. 186 and No. 61. 154. In thus thinking of the dead Lycidas, Milton is falling again under the influence of classical poetry. Cp. Virgil's deification of Daphnis in *Eclogue* v.

186-193. Milton himself has been the shepherd lamenting his dead friend : but in this brief epilogue he separates himself from the singer and passes judgment on the song.

186. **uncouth** in *Paradise Lost*, as in *L'Allegro* (No. 60. 5), means 'unknown, strange, unfamiliar.' Here it means 'unknowing, unskilled,' and so is nearer to the modern meaning.

187. The line is exquisite as music and equally lovely as a picture. It recalls the lines near the end of the first scene of *Hamlet* :

But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastward hill.

188. **quills, reeds**. **Various**, as representing the different moods of the poem.

189. **Poric**, pastoral : the Greek pastoral poets, Theocritus, Bion and Moschus, wrote in the Doric dialect. Prof. Elton reminds us of Sir H. Wotton's praise of Milton's *Comus* : "I should much

commend the tragical part if the lyrical did not ravish me with a certain Doric delicacy in your songs and odes : whereunto I must plainly confess to have seen yet nothing parallel in our language."

190. *stretched out* (the shadows of) *all the hills*. Cp. the last line of Virgil's first Eclogue, *Maioresque cadunt altis de montibus umbræ*, "and the shadows fall larger from the high hills."

192. *twitched*, plucked at and pulled round him. *blue*, the colour of the dress of shepherds.

193. Milton was to turn away from poetry for many years ; and by this last line he may mean, "But this is no time for lamentation (Cp. *Samson Agonistes*, l. 1708) : I must set myself to other tasks." Yet it need have no such significance, for it recalls a couplet in Phineas Fletcher's *Purple Island* (which Milton knew well) :

Home then, my lambs ; the falling drops eschew ;
To-morrow shall ye feast in pastures new ;

and Theocritus, *Idylls*, i. 145, "Fare ye well, Muses ; I shall sing a sweeter song to you anon."

6. *Mortality, behold and fear*

FRANCIS BEAUMONT (1585-1616) was an Elizabethan dramatist who wrote many plays in conjunction with John Fletcher, with whom he lived. He is nowhere so great as in these lines *On the Tombs in Westminster Abbey*, which anticipate in their theme, and excel in concentrated force, Addison's famous prose Meditation in *The Spectator* (No. 26). We might expect to find this poem in Book I of the *Golden Treasury* ; but in reserving it for this place Palgrave may have been influenced by the fact that it first appeared in the 1653 edition of Beaumont's poems, as well as by its connection in subject with the two poems that follow.

METRE.—The couplet of four accents so common in English verse, but here handled with great power. Nominally the line consists of four iambs ; but the omission of the first short syllable changes the rhythm to trochaic. Thus in the last 3 couplets the first line has a trochaic, the second an iambic effect ; the sentences start with a trochaic swing and slow down impressively into iambic rhythm.

1. *Mortality*, abstract for concrete, 'Mortals.'

4. The reading in the 1653 edition is "these heap of stones"—obviously a misprint. We must choose between (1) Palgrave's reading, "these heaps"—i.e. these tombs, (2) "this heap of stones"—i.e. the Abbey.

5. The relative 'who' must be supplied as subject to 'had realms.' For the omission of the relative cp. "I have a mind

(which) presages me such thrift," Shakespeare, *M. of V.* i. i. 175, and other examples in Abbott, *S.G.*, § 244.

7. 'seal'd, closed in.

8. Cp. *Psalm* cxlvi. 2 (P.B.V.), "O put not your trust in princes, nor in any child of man: for there is no help in them."

13. of birth, of men nobly born.

15-16. This couplet is quoted by Charles Lamb in his essay on *A Quakers' Meeting*.

18. Once dead, dead once for all. For examples in Shakespeare of this use of 'once,' see Abbott, *S.G.*, § 57.

7. *Victorious men of earth, no more*

JAMES SHIRLEY (1596-1667), the last of the "Elizabethan" dramatists, who lived on to see the re-opening of the theatres with the Restoration, wrote many plays, but is now chiefly remembered by these two songs which have something of the awe-inspiring magnificence of Sir W. Raleigh's famous apostrophe to Death (*History of the World*).

METRE.—In this and the slightly different metre of No. 8 the skilful introduction of short lines saves the verse from monotony. In 8, 22, notice the effect of the heavy spondee, 'cold tomb.'

14. quaint, clever, ingenious. It is the epithet of Ariel in *Tempest*, i. ii. 317.

15. will use, chooses to use.

16. shall expresses certainty.

8. *The glories of our blood and state*

1. blood, birth. state, rank, estate.

7-8. Cp. the song in *Cymbeline* (*G.T.* 64), "Golden lads and girls all must, As chimney-sweepers, come to dust."

10. laurels, emblem of the conqueror.

11. nerves, a Latinism, 'sinews.'

19. purple: the colour is regal, but Death's altar gets it from the blood of the victims.

20. victor-victim: the likeness in sound (which is purely accidental, and not due to any etymological connection) emphasises the contrast between the two words.

23-24. The fine confidence of this concluding couplet, as of the closing lines of Milton's *Comus*, may be contrasted with the melancholy reflection of Griffith in Shakespeare, *Henry VIII.* iv. ii. 45-6, "Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues We write in water."

9. *Captain, or Colonel, or Knight in arms*

Not a great poem, but a charming exercise by a classical student in the very manner of a classical poet. Just in this fashion might Horace or Ovid have written, and Milton doubtless found relief at an anxious moment in amusing himself by composing an imaginary petition in their style. Its probable date is Nov. 12, 1642, when the Royalist troops were marching on London and got as near as Brentford. "All that day and the next," says Masson, "there was immense excitement in London in expectation of an assault—chains put up across streets, houses barred, etc." Masson points out that Milton was already known as a vehement pamphleteer on the Parliamentary side and that his house would have been specially liable to attack. The Cambridge manuscript, written by an amanuensis, had as its original heading *On his dore when ye citty expected an assault*, but this was deleted by Milton himself and the heading *When the assault was intended to the city* substituted in Milton's own hand.

METRE.—See Appendix A, "The Miltonic Sonnet."

1. *Colonel*, three syllables. The modern pronunciation is due to a form *coronel*, usual before 1650, formed by dissimilation from Italian *colonnello* (Weekley, *Dict. of Modern English*).

3. To guard a poet's house will be a deed bringing honour on the doer.

5. *charms* is the Lat. *carmina*, which is often used for 'charms, spells, incantations,' but has also the wider meaning of 'songs.' Milton's use of the word here suggests both the wider and the narrower meaning.

9. *the Muses' bower*, Milton's own house in Aldersgate Street.

11. *Pindarus*, generally called Pindar in English, the greatest of Greek lyric poets. He had been dead more than a century when Alexander, the great *Emathian* (Macedonian) conqueror, spared his house in the sack of Thebes in 335 B.C. Alexander's love of Greek poetry was genuine and deep: as a boy he slept with Homer under his pillow.

Observe the effect of the anapæst in the fifth foot (a very unusual position): it expresses the toppling-over of the buildings, whilst the short monosyllables that open the next line seem to give us the stones crashing down and scattering.

13. *Electra*, daughter of Agamemnon and sister of Orestes. She was heroine of tragedies by all the three great Greek tragedians, but Milton meant Euripides by "sad Electra's poet." We may recall Mrs. Browning's praise of him (*Wine of Cyprus*):

Our Euripides the human,
With his droppings of warm tears,
And his touches of things common
Till they rose to touch the sphere's.

"Plutarch (*Life of Lysander*) has a tale that when the Spartan confederacy in 404 B.C. took Athens, a proposal to demolish it was rejected through the effect produced on the commanders by hearing part of a chorus from the *Electra* of Euripides sung at a feast. There is, however, no apparent congruity between the lines quoted (167, 168 Ed. Dindorf) and the result ascribed to them" (F.T.P.). Surely the explanation is that the contrast between Electra's former greatness and her fallen fortunes in the play, by recalling the same contrast between Athens in the past and in the present, touched the Spartans with a sense of the mutability of human things and so awoke their pity.

10. *When I consider how my light is spent*

With the possible exception of the exquisite sonnet "On His Deceased Wife" ("Methought I saw my late espoused saint"), which it must have cost Palgrave a pang to omit, this is the most moving of all Milton's Sonnets. Yet it may be called didactic, as directly inculcating a moral lesson: and didactic poetry is very seldom successful. Why is this an exception to the rule? Because Milton is far more intent on learning the lesson himself than on teaching us. The poem is a human document, a revelation of the struggle in Milton's own soul.

The beauty and exaltation of the moral feeling raise the verse to such a height that we may easily fail to notice the extreme simplicity of the language. Two lines are wholly, several others are nearly, monosyllabic. It is not grandeur of diction that gives this Sonnet its impressiveness.

Milton's blindness came on slowly for ten years, and was complete in 1653, when he was only 45. The sonnet was probably written in 1652 or 1653 (Masson); Milton was Cromwell's Latin Secretary at the time.

3. that one talent. In allusion to the Parable of the Talents, *Matthew* xxv. 14-30. The "one talent" is not his sight—though some have so understood it—but his abilities, of which he speaks modestly.

6. returning. See *Matt.* xxv. 19, "After a long time the lord of those servants cometh, and reckoneth with them."

8. fondly, foolishly. prevent, anticipate, forestall.

13. post, travel with speed. Of this ministry of angels Milton writes in *Paradise Lost*, iv. 677-8, a passage greatly admired by Addison:

Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth

Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep.

Compare also *P.L.* iii. 650-653; and the lovely lines that open Canto 8 of Book II. of Spenser's *Faerie Queene*.

14. *wait*. Mr. Smart reminds us how often in the Bible the word *wait* has the significance here given to it. Cp. "Wait on the Lord; be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart; wait, I say, on the Lord," Psalm xxvii. 14; "Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him," Psalm xxxvii. 7.

11. *How happy is he born and taught*

Sir HENRY WOTTON (1568-1639), a distinguished diplomatist and man of affairs, who became Provost of Eton in 1624, wrote little poetry, but few would dispute the claim of the two pieces chosen by Palgrave (this and No. 26) to their place in a *Golden Treasury*. "Of the apophthegm 'the style is of the man,'" says Prof. J. W. Hales, "it would be difficult to find better illustrations. As in a mirror, they reflect the high refined nature of one who, living in the world, and a master of its ways and courtesies, was yet never of it—was never a worldling."

"A fine example of a peculiar class of Poetry :—that written by thoughtful men who practised this Art but little. Jeremy Taylor, Bishop Berkeley, Dr. Johnson, Lord Macaulay, have left similar specimens" (F.T.P.). To these examples may be added one from a later day—the touching verses which Cecil Spring-Rice, English ambassador to U.S.A. during the Great War, wrote on his last night at Washington and only a few weeks before his death (*Poems of To-Day*, II. No. 24). It is pleasant to know that Wotton's noble lines found appreciative readers at once; they were written about 1614, and Drummond said of Ben Jonson in 1618 or 1619, "Wotton's verses of a happy life he hath by heart."

Compare Campion's poem, "The man of life upright," *G.T.* 79; the Earl of Surrey's paraphrase from Martial, *The Means to attain Happy Life* (Ward's *English Poets*, I. 259); and Horace's *Integer vitae* (*Odes* I. xxii), and *Iustum et tenacem propositi virum* (*Odes* III. iii.).

6. *still*, always.

8. *private breath*, either (1) what men whisper privately, or (2) private favour. The second interpretation is the better, otherwise l. 13 would merely say the same thing over again. *Aura* in Latin is often used of the breath of popular favour.

11. *praise* deliberately given in order to excite jealousy, or (perhaps) given with careful omission of the one thing which the person praised would like to see recognised.

12. *rules of state*, diplomatic maxims. Sir H. Wotton was brought into disfavour with James I. by his famous definition of an ambassador, "An honest man sent to lie abroad for the good of his country."

15. *state*, estate.

16. *ruin*, a Latinism, downfall. Under the Roman Empire the accusers (*delatores*) became a regular profession, encouraged by a law which assigned to a successful accuser one-fourth of the condemned man's confiscated estate. Wotton may have had this notorious Roman evil in his mind, but there were examples in English history.

19. *entertains*, occupies agreeably.

23-24. The old paradox of the stoic philosophers that 'the wise man alone is free, and not only free, but even a king': see Cicero, *Pro Murena*, xxix. 61.

12. *It is not growing like a tree*

"Quality is better than quantity"—what a trite and obvious reflection! Yet because it is a truism that we are always forgetting in practice, the poet who can so inform it with beauty that it comes to us in his verse with all the freshness and force of a revelation, performs for us a splendid service. And that is what Jonson has done in these lines.

By the side of Jonson's "lily of a day" we may set Herrick's blossoms, "fair pledges of a fruitful tree," and his daffodils (Nos. 55 and 56)—though the thought with Jonson is the perfection of the short life, with Herrick the short life of the perfection.

It adds much to the interest of Jonson's lines to know that they are part of an ode "To the Immortal Memory and Friendship of that Noble Pair, Sir Lucius Cary and Sir Henry Morison." Sir Lucius Cary is the beloved Lord Falkland, killed at the first battle of Newbury, 1643, whose character in Clarendon's *History of the Great Rebellion* is one of the beauties of English prose: he was married to a sister of his friend Morison.

3. *year*, for 'years.' According to Morris' *English Accidence*, §81, 'year' once belonged to the class of words like 'sheep' and 'deer' which have the same form for singular and plural. But the singular was regularly used where a fixed quantity or measure was meant: cp. mile, foot, stone, fortnight (=fourteen nights).

9. *just*, a Latinism for 'perfect,' 'complete.'

13. *When God at first made Man*

The author's own title is *The Pulley* (as drawing man to God). This Parable is perhaps the most perfect of the often beautiful but very unequal poems in GEORGE HERBERT'S collection, *The Temple*. But there are three others, *Virtue* ("Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright!"), *Easter* ("I got me flowers"), and *Love* ("Love bade me welcome"), all given in the *Oxford Book of Verse*, which fall very little below it.

3. **Let us.** The 'royal plural' put into the mouth of the Deity may be a reminiscence of *Genesis* i. 26. See note on No. 65. 14.

4. "Let the riches of the macrocosm, the great world, be concentrated in man, the microcosm or world-in-little."

16. **the rest** may be criticised as the only blemish in the poem: 'Rest' has already been used (l. 10) in a different sense, and that is the sense required to contrast with 'restlessness' (l. 17); so that, though there is no real ambiguity, there is a distinct awkwardness.

19. **weariness**: an assonance, not a rhyme. Is it a blemish? Perhaps it is only a sin when it is found out: Tennyson, with all his dislike of slovenliness, permits himself several assonances in *In Memoriam*.

20. **toss.** With what a splendid simplicity the choice of the verb keeps up the notion of restlessness!

14. *Happy those early days, when I*

"These beautiful verses should be compared with Wordsworth's great Ode on *Immortality*: and a copy of Vaughan's very rare little volume (*Silex Scintillans*) appears in the list of Wordsworth's library.—In imaginative intensity Vaughan stands beside his contemporary Marvell" (F.T.P.).

HENRY VAUGHAN (1622-1695) was a student of Plato and of the later Greek philosophers known as Neoplatonists. From this source he derived his belief, or fancy, that the soul, before it is born on earth, has had an existence in heaven—the idea which is the basis of Wordsworth's *Ode on Intimations of Immortality in Childhood*. (See the Introduction to that Ode in *Golden Treasury*, Book iv.) Vaughan was a disciple of George Herbert, but in his highest flights, as in this poem, the pupil outsoars the master. Another lovely poem of his upon *Childhood*, in a similar tone, is given in *S.C.V.* No. 285.

METRE.—The octosyllabics, as in Milton's *L'Allegro*, are handled with the lightness, grace, and never-failing music characteristic of Shakespeare's best work in this kind.

2. **Shined**, for 'shone,' as in *Ezekiel* xliii. 2, A.V., "the earth shined with his glory."

Angel-infancy. So in Wordsworth's *Ode* (*G.T.* 338. 66), "Heaven lies about us in our infancy"; and Hood's "I remember" (*G.T.* 268):—

But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from Heaven
Than when I was a boy.

4. **my second race**, as distinguished from the first or pre-natal life in heaven.

6. **white**, pure.

8. **my first Love**, God Himself.

11-12. These lines come very close to Wordsworth's feeling about Nature as expressed in his Ode.

17. **the black art**, witchcraft. The art of dealing with the spirits of the dead, *necromancy* (Greek, *νεκρός*, 'dead') got the name of 'the black art' through a mistaken etymology; it was supposed to be derived from the Latin *niger*, 'black', and was often called *nigromancy*.

18. **several**, separate.

20. **shoots, sproutings**. That this is Vaughan's meaning seems clear from the opening lines of his poem, *The Morning-Watch* (S.C.V. 300) :—

O joys ! infinite sweetness ! with what flowers
And shoots of glory, my soul breaks and buds !

Otherwise it might be possible to understand it as 'shafts of immortality piercing my mortal dress.'

24. **train of attendant spirits**.

26. **City of palm trees**. The first city taken by the Israelites on their entry into the Promised Land was Jericho, 'the city of palms.' See Stanley, *The Jewish Church*, Lect. X :—"From that scene of their earliest settlement in Palestine (Gilgal), the Israelites looked out over the intervening woods to what was to be the first prize of the conquest. The forest was a vast grove of majestic palms, nearly 3 miles broad, and 8 miles long. It must have recalled to the few survivors of the old generation the magnificent palm-groves of Egypt. . . . Above the topmost trees would be seen the high walls and towers of the city, which from that grove derived its proud name." But Vaughan may also have had in mind the description in *Revelation* vii. 9, of the "great multitude" standing before the throne of God, "clothed with white robes and palms in their hands."

27. **stay, lingering**. So Wordsworth speaks in his Ode of the heavy weight of 'custom'.

31. **this dust, my body**.

15. *Lawrence, of virtuous father virtuous son*

Manner and matter alike recall the Odes of Horace (*e.g.* the Invitation to Virgilius, *Odes*, iv. xii.). The imitation of classical idioms and constructions is carried as far as it can be without doing excessive violence to English: *e.g.*, the inversions in "of virtuous father, virtuous son" and "what may be won from the

hard season gaining"; the Latin poetical idiom, "spare to interpose"; the substitution of the litotes or deliberate understatement, "not unwise," for the superlative, "eminently wise." But in spite of all this imitation there is something of Milton himself in the sonnet—in the love of music and singing and of refined pleasure, and above all in the unexpected austerity of the conclusion.

Phillips (Milton's nephew) in his *Life of Milton* mentions among the "particular friends" who visited Milton most frequently in his house in Petty France, Westminster (1652-1660) "young Lawrence, the son of him that was President of Oliver's Council." Mr. Smart has shown that Milton's friend was Edward, the eldest son of Henry Lawrence; he died in 1657 at the age of twenty-four.

METRE.—The extra syllable in the second foot of l. 8 (the three syllables to be pronounced in the same time as two) gives a touch of lightness and grace peculiarly suited to the sense of this line.

1. **virtuous**, eminent in capacity and character. To Milton the word carried all the associations of the Latin *virtus*, and was fuller of meaning than it is to a modern reader.

2. **mire**, adj. *N.E.D.* gives several examples of this use of the word in the fifteen and sixteenth centuries.

4. **waste**, 'consume to the end': the old meaning of the word, as in "the candle is wasted."

6. **Fāvōnius**, the Roman god of the west-wind of Springtide, identified with the Greek Zephyrus. **re-inspire**, breathe new life into.

8. Cp. *Matthew* vi. 28, "Consider the lilies of the field how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin."

9. **neat**, dainty and graceful.

10. **Attic taste**, simple but elegant. In oratory the Romans contrasted the refined simplicity of Attic (Athenian) taste with the florid ornamentation of Asiatic style.

11. **artful**, skilful, well-trained.

12. **Tuscan**, Italian.

13. **spare to interpose**, refrain from interposing: in imitation of the Latin idiom, *parco* followed by the infinitive. Mr. Smart quotes from Tennyson's *Passing of Arthur*:

But if thou spare to fling Excalibur,
I will arise and slay thee with my hands.

16. *Cyriack, whose grandsire, on the royal bench*

Another Horatian invitation. The conclusion may at first sight seem the opposite of the preceding, but there is no real

contradiction: both sonnets express Milton's love of moderation. Cyriack Skinner, like Lawrence, is mentioned in Phillips's list of Milton's "particular friends." He was a lawyer, who had been a pupil of Milton's in youth, and remained an intimate friend till the close of Milton's life.

1. Cyriack Skinner's mother was a daughter of the famous lawyer Sir Edward Coke, Chief Justice successively of the Common Pleas and the King's Bench (1606-16) and author of *Institutes of the Laws of England*.

2. **Themis**, the Greek goddess of law.

4. **bar**, the barrier or railing before which an accused person stands in a court of justice. **wrench**, distort.

6. **after**, adv., afterwards.

7. Put aside your studies in geometry (Euclid) and physics (Archimedes).

8. "Sweden was then at war with Poland, and France with the Spanish Netherlands" (F.T.P.). The line is a close imitation of Horace, *Odes* ii. xi. 1-4:

Quid bellicosus Cantaber et Scythes,
Hirpine Quincti, cogitet Hadria
Divisus objecto, remittas
Quaerere.

intend: the reading of the first printed edition of the Sonnets, 1673; the Cambridge MS. has *intends*. If *intend* is right, 'Swede' is a collective plural, like 'French'; if *intends*, 'Swede' probably stands for 'the Swedish monarch,' the ambitious Charles X.

11. **mild** may seem a commonplace epithet to a modern reader, but it was a favourite word with Milton, to whom it conveyed the idea of a gracious and benign influence. Cp. "Ye valleys low, where the *mild* whispers use" (*Lycidas*, No. 5. 135), "Bear his *mild* yoke" (No. 10. 11), and many examples in *Paradise Lost*.

With the whole line cp. *Ecclesiastes* iii. 1, "To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven."

17. *Of Neptune's empire let us sing*

There are 8 poems by T. CAMPION (c. 1567-1620) in Book I of the *Golden Treasury*; why this and Nos. 33 and 59 are placed in Book II is not clear. Hymns in praise of mythological deities were a common feature of Elizabethan masques, and this Hymn, as we learn from one of the Elizabethan anthologies, Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody*, 1602, in which it is printed, "was sung by Amphitrite, Thamesia, and other Sea-Nymphs, in Gray's Inn Masque, at the Court, 1594."

METRE.—Rhymed octosyllabics (iambic lines of four feet) with variations, by a poet who was also a musician and wrote his song to be sung. This fact explains the irregularity of rhyme in lines 1 and 4 of each stanza, which is not due to ignorance or want of care, but is a deliberate and successful experiment. By strict rule 'sliding' does not rhyme with 'sing': a true rhyme to 'sliding' would be 'abiding,' because the stressed syllable should rhyme, not the unstressed. But Campion means us to lengthen out the last syllables of 'sliding' and 'sounding' by throwing an extra musical stress upon them: if we do this, the rhyme becomes true.

6. **crystal**, clear, transparent. Cp. *Revelation* xxii. 1, "He shewed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal," and Milton, *P.L.* xii. 197 (the passage of the Red Sea) "As on dry land, between two crystal walls."

11. **Tritons**, here used, as often in the classical poets, to denote attendants upon the sea-gods. They were represented with the upper part of a man's body and a dolphin's tail. Sometimes Triton (singular) is the name of a son of Poseidon (Neptune) and Amphitrite: so in Wordsworth's famous sonnet (*G.T.* 326. 14).

16. **taught to kill**, luring sailors to their destruction.

20. **empery**, sway; a poetical variant of 'empire,' rather nearer to the Lat. *imperium*. It is used by Shakespeare, as in *Henry V.* i. ii. 226, "Ruling in large and ample empery."

18. *Queen and Huntress, chaste and fair*

'How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.'

The very spirit of Lorenzo's words to Jessica in the lovely scene in the *Merchant of Venice* (Act v.), breathes in this delicate and exquisitely musical song. It is from the Masque of *Cynthia's Revels*, 1601.

1. **Queen and Huntress**. Diana, the Roman moon-goddess, was identified with the Greek Artemis who was a virgin and a huntress.

5. **Hesperus**, the Evening-Star, sings this song in the Masque.

9. **Cynthia**: another name for Diana, who was born on Mt. Cynthos, in the island of Delos.

19. *Whoe'er she be*

Except for this lyric, RICHARD CRASHAW (1613 ?-1649) is chiefly known, like Herbert and Vaughan, for his sacred poetry. He is

well represented in the *Oxford Book of English Verse*, and in Mr. Massingham's *Seventeenth Century Verse*. Perhaps he never met "the not impossible She"; at least he never married. Mr. W. Stebbing (*Five Centuries of English Verse*, Vol. I, p. 97) writes of this poem:—

"How we all and always have loved Her! Loved, not a glimpse of her whole heavenly self here and there, but every lineament! . . . No explanation of Her birth is forthcoming. . . . Only, there She is! There her portrait hangs in a frame of gay, most innocently, exquisitely, saucy wit, not unbefitting, yet somehow perplexingly unexpected, as proceeding from the shy scholar, the most spiritual, except one, of singers on the banks of England's Helicon!"

But, in spite of Mr. Stebbing's enthusiasm for "every lineament," it is generally admitted that Crashaw injured his lyric by diffuseness. Palgrave has reduced the 42 stanzas to 21, and re-arranged several stanzas. For a more modern treatment of the same theme, see W. Cory's *Amaturus*, in *Ionica*.

METRE.—A delightful effect is gained by the gradually lengthening lines in each stanza—two accents in the first line, three in the second, four in the third. In the rhymes there is a sort of deliberate carelessness or waywardness: "shoe-tie" as a rhyme to "duty" is a half-grotesque audacity that would have appealed to Browning.

6. Is Destiny thought of as a book or as a tree? Either interpretation is possible.

8. studied, premeditated and so pre-ordained.

12. crystal, clear, transparent: cp. No. 17. 6.

14. Bespeak, entreat beforehand.

15. call'd, summoned to do her honour.

16. her, for her.

17. duty, debt, obligation.

18. tire, attire: cp. Shakespeare, *M.N.D.* III. i. 4, "tiring house" (= dressing-room).

20. Taffata, more often spelt *taffeta*, thin glossy silk, a Persian word, found in Italian and French. tissue, fine woven fabric: see note on *tissued*, No. 1. 146.

21. rampant, reared up aggressively, like the "lion rampant" on a heraldic escutcheon.

24. Can by its unaided power make all she wears acceptable to us.

25-27. Cp. the scene in *Twelfth Night* (I. v.), where Olivia unveils her face to Viola.

O. We will draw the curtain and show you the picture. . . .
Is't not well done ?

V. Excellently done, if God did all.

O. 'Tis in grain, sir : 'twill endure wind and weather.

V. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on.

28. **Sidneian showers** : either in allusion to the conversations in the *Arcadia*, or to Sidney himself as a model of 'gentleness' in spirit and demeanour (F.T.P.).

29. **discourse**, conversation, as in the title of Bacon's thirty-second essay.

33. Cp. Milton, *Comus*, l. 249-252 :—

How sweetly did they float upon the *wings*
Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night,
At every fall smoothing the raven *down*
Of darkness till it smiled !

34. **Soft silken** : these two epithets are joined also in Milton, *On the Death of a Fair Infant*—"Soft silken primrose fading timelessly."

35. The scansion intended is probably : Ópen | suns, shád | y bówers.

37-39. Days full of happiness in themselves, and not merely welcome as a relief from the sorrowful night that has preceded. But *fore* may be the intensive prefix *for* (Morris, Eng. *Accidence*, § 324), in which case **forspent** = wasted.

42. Scan : Of a | cléar mínd | are dáy | all níght.

43-45. Certain of Browning's poems—notably *Rabbi Ben Ezra*, *A Grammarian's Funeral*, *Prospice*, *Epilogue to Asolando*—might be described as an expansion of this beautiful stanza. To some readers it will recall a wood-engraving by the German artist Rethel, *Der Tod als Freund*, described by William Morris in an article which he wrote for the *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine*, 1856 (Oxford edition of Morris, p. 632).

46-48. I wish her such abundance of good things that she may have nothing left to wish for. **worth** means primarily her own good qualities, but it may include everything that in the best sense is worth possessing. It is a favourite word with Shakespeare, especially in his sonnets (e.g. "And yet, to times in hope, my verse shall stand Praising thy worth," *G.T.* 41 ; "The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing," *G.T.* 42).

51. **them**, for themselves.

56. **unclothe**, strip all disguise from, reveal clearly.

57. **cloudy character**, obscure presentation : *character* is used in its original (Greek) sense of handwriting.

60. **determine**, direct as to their destination.

63. You are the inventions of my imagination beforehand ; but as I look back may I feel that she realised them to the life !

20. *Over the mountains*

The author is unknown. The poem is given in Percy's *Reliques* (1765) as an "ancient song" : it appears to be quoted in a play, Brome's *Sparagus Garden*, acted in 1635. It may have been written about that date, or earlier : it has all the charm of the most musical Elizabethan or Caroline verse. The title of "The Great Adventurer" is Palgrave's own ; in Percy's collection it is called "Love will find out the way." There are two more stanzas, which will be found in the *Oxford Book of Verse* and in *S.C.P.* : they are scarcely inferior to the rest, but add little to the total effect.

The poem recalls the imagery of Greek poetry and art—Ērōs (Cupid), the winged boy, naked but armed with bow and arrow, and sometimes with his eyes covered so that he shoots blindly.

METRE.—There are two accents in each line. Otherwise there are no binding rules : the movement is sometimes dactylic, sometimes anapæstic. The splendid swing of these swift tri-syllabic feet enforces the idea of the resistless might of Love.

9. **Where** : another reading here and in lines 11 and 13 is 'when.'

12. **receipt**, reception, admission. So in Shakespeare, *Henry VIII.* II. ii. 139, "The most convenient place that I can think of for such receipt of learning" (= "for the reception of such learning").

14. 'Lest she entangle herself.'

34. **stoop**, as a trained falcon **to your fist**, in response to the motions of your hand.

35. **inveigle**, entice, seduce. Originally it meant 'to blind' : cp. Fr. *aveugle*.

36. As it was believed that only one phoenix existed at a time, somewhere in Arabia, it must have been difficult to find. The phoenix was a great favourite with the Elizabethan and seventeenth century poets.

21. *See with what simplicity*

'Delicate humour, delightfully united to thought, at once simple and subtle. It is full of conceit and paradox, but these are imaginative, not as with most of our seventeenth-century poets, intellectual only' (F.T.P.).

METRE.—The interweaving of the rhymes has a delicately pretty effect. The first six lines of each stanza have four accents: if we imagine a pause of the length of two stresses, as may well be intended, before the short seventh line, this line will have four accents also: the eighth line has an extra foot, which gives the effect that the concluding Alexandrine gives to the Spenserian stanza.

Title. **Prospect** means 'landscape.' Cp. Sir Joshua Reynolds on Claude: "His pictures are a composition of the draughts which he has previously made from various beautiful scenes and prospects."

2. **golden days**, the bright youthful days of "golden lads and girls" (*G.T.* 64).

11-14. Her beauty will attract lovers, but her awe-inspiring chastity will cause them to retire discomfited. **ensigns**, banners.

17. **compound**, come to terms (see dict.): explained by the last 2 lines of the stanza.

22. **but more despise**, 'despise only the more those that yield.'

27. **Reform**, like 'make' (l. 28) and 'procure' (l. 31) is an imperative.

35. Little T. C., after the manner of children, has been plucking flowers without discrimination.

38. **Should**: another reading is 'Do.' **make**, etc.: 'apply to you the example which you have set.'

22. *Ah, Chloris! could I now but sit*

Very happily chosen as a pendant to No. 21. In that the poet looks forward from infancy to girlhood or womanhood; in this he looks backward from girlhood to remembered infancy.

Sir CHARLES SEDLEY (1639-1701) is called by Mr. Edmund Gosse "one of the most graceful and refined of the mob of Restoration noblemen who wrote in prose and verse. For nearly forty years he was recognised as a patron of the art of poetry, and as an amateur of more than usual skill." This song is from his comedy, *The Mulberry Gardens*, 1668. Palgrave's version, however, follows Ramsay's *Tea-table Miscellany* (1733), which has several variations from the original. Whether these variations have any authority cannot now be determined.

1. **could I now but sit**: 'that I now could sit' in the original.

4. 'No pleasure, nor no pain!' in the original.

7. **rising**: 'growing' in the original.

8. **Would**: 'Must' in the original.

11. **takes**: 'took' in the original.

15. **So** : 'Fond' in the original.
 16. 'And in my bosom rest' in the original.
 18. **While** : 'And' in the original.
 19. still, always. **his mother**, Venus.

23. *I cannot change, as others do*

JOHN WILMOT, second Earl of Rochester (1647-1680), is now chiefly remembered by this song and another, "My dear Mistress has a heart" (Ward's *English Poets*, Vol. II), and by his epitaph on Charles II. Mr. Gosse calls him "the last of the cavalier lyrists, and in some respects the best."

5. **Phyllis** and **Amintas** (like **Chloris** in No. 22) are conventional names of pastoral poetry adopted by the court poets. Cp. *L'Allegro*, No. 60. 86.

24. *Gather ye rose-buds while ye may*

One of the most musical settings of the old theme, *Carpe diem*, to be found anywhere in literature.

2. still, always.
 11. **being spent** : 'it (the first age) being spent.'
 15. **but once**, only once, once for all.

25. *Tell me not, Sweet, I am unkind*

Few, if any, cavalier lyrics are more famous than the three by Colonel **LOVELACE** given in this book (Nos. 25, 43, 44). Of the first two Mr. W. Stebbing (*Five Centuries of English Verse*, I. p. 173) says that they "shine like stars in the firmament even of English Poesy"; and Mr. Gosse says that *Going to the Wars* contains "no line or part of a line that could by any possibility be improved."

2. **the nunnery**. The same image had been used a few years earlier by W. Habington in his "To Roses in the Bosom of Castara"—a far inferior poem :

Ye blushing virgins happy are
 In the chaste nunnery of her breasts.

7. **a stronger faith**, than I have shown to you.

10. In spite of Mr. Gosse's testimony, quoted above, one editor of this poem has ventured to propose and carry out an alteration. Mrs. Meynell, for the sake of consistency with lines 3 and 11, altered 'you too shall' into 'thou too shalt.'

26. *You meaner beauties of the night*

See introductory note to No. 11. "Elizabeth of Bohemia" was the daughter of James I. and ancestress of Sophia of Hanover. In 1613 she married Frederick V., Elector Palatine, who for a short time (1619-20) was King of Bohemia, but was expelled from that country by the Catholics. Wotton was present at her wedding, and, like many others, was enthusiastic about her charms. He became her devoted servant. "It is touching," writes Sir A. W. Ward (*Sir H. Wotton: a Biographical Sketch*, p. 85), "to trace his admiring remembrance of her throughout his correspondence, down to the days of his cloistered retirement [as Provost of Eton]; he addresses her as 'Most resplendent Queen, even in the Darkness of Fortune.' . . . 'I cannot,' he exclaims at a rather earlier date, 'but fall into some passionate questions with my own heart. Shall I die without seeing again my Royal Mistress myself?' " These stanzas were probably written during Elizabeth's brief reign in Bohemia: they were printed with music as early as 1624.

4. Wotton probably borrowed this line, consciously or unconsciously, from the Italian Marini, who had a great influence upon the English poets of the period. The identical expression occurs in Crashaw's paraphrase of Marini's *Sospetto d' Herode*:

Look in what pomp the mistress planet moves,
Rev'rently circled by the lesser seven!
Such, and so rich, the flames that from thine eyes
Opprest the common people of the skies.

5. *Moon*. In *Reliquiae Wottonianae*, the collection of Wotton's literary 'remains,' published in 1651, the reading is 'Sun.' 'Moon' is surely preferable, but Wotton may himself have hesitated between the two. Cp. Keats, *Ode to a Nightingale*, *G.T.* 290. 36:—

And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne.
Cluster'd around by all her starry Fays;

and Horace, *Odes* i. xii. 47, *velut inter ignes Luna minores*, 'like the moon among the lesser fires.' A still closer parallel is an epigram by Marcus Argentarius in the Greek Anthology (*Anth. Pal.* v. 110), where the lover says, "Euphrante for me, one against ten; for the one splendour of the moon outshines unnumbered stars."

6. curious, diligent in the practice of your art.

7. dame, mother.

8. passions: *Reliquiae Wottonianae* has 'voices.' understood, expressed.

10. **Philomel**, the nightingale. Cp. *G.T.* 47. 9.
 12. **purple** : the royal colour.
 17. **form** : a Latinism for 'physical perfection.'
 18. Queen by right of her character even before she was chosen for the honour.
 20. **her kind**, the human race. Cp. Wordsworth in *G.T.* 323.
 54. "Housed in a dream, at distance from the Kind."

27. *Daughter to that good Earl, once President*

The delicate feeling and refined compliment of this Sonnet are in themselves a complete refutation of Dr. Johnson's criticism—"Milton was a genius that could cut a Colossus from a rock, but could not carve heads upon cherry-stones."

Lady Margaret Ley was a daughter of James Ley, who, as Lord Chief Justice, presided over the House of Lords when Bacon was charged with corruption, and pronounced sentence upon him. He was created Earl of Marlborough by Charles I. and for a short time was Lord High Treasurer and afterwards Lord President of the Council. He retired from this last post in Dec. 1628, and died in March 1629. In 1641 Lady Margaret married Captain Hobson, "a very accomplished gentleman." The Hobsons came to live in Aldersgate St., London, very near the poet, and became his intimate friends. Lady Margaret died in the prime of life.

3. **fee**, bribery. The contrast with Bacon was perhaps in Milton's mind.

4. **more in himself content**, happier in private life than in a public position.

5. **breaking . . . Broke**. There is a play upon the words. The dissolution or breaking-up of Parliament in 1629 was more than an ordinary breaking-up: it was 'sad' because it meant a breach between Charles and the Parliamentary leaders; Sir John Eliot's imprisonment in the Tower followed immediately.

6. **dishonest**, virtually a Latinism, for it is used in the sense of the Latin *inhonestus*, inglorious, disgraceful.

7. **Chaerōnēā**, in Boeotia, Northern Greece, the scene of Philip's decisive victory over the Athenians and Thebans, which brought the Greek states under the power of Macedon.

8. **old man eloquent**, Isocrates, the Athenian orator. Tradition says that he died in his ninety-ninth year from voluntary starvation after hearing news of the battle. But the story is not found before the reign of Augustus, and a letter of Isocrates addressed to Philip at a date subsequent to the battle appears to be genuine (Jebb, *Attic Orators*, II. 29-31, 257).

That the quarrel between King and Parliament hastened the

Earl of Marlborough's death is only known from this Sonnet. But doubtless Milton had the fact on Lady Margaret's authority.

14. *Margaret*. Mr. Smart quotes three similar endings from Italian sonnets that must have been known to Milton. One is Dante's line: *Come virtù di stella Margherita*. There was probably reminiscence, and it is more likely to have been conscious than unconscious: Milton loved literary parallels, and wrote for readers who loved them. Such borrowings do not lessen the individuality of Milton's genius.

28. *He that loves a rosy cheek*

As it is here given, this is one of the most perfect of cavalier lyrics; the original has a third stanza which forms an anticlimax. Nothing else by THOMAS CAREW, Sewer in Ordinary to Charles I. (1589-1639), is in the *Golden Treasury*; but he wrote one other song of surpassing excellence, "Ask me no more where Jove bestows," and his *Epitaph on the Lady Mary Villers* is deservedly remembered.

3. *star-like*. The comparison of eyes to stars is always meeting us in seventeenth-century verse: cp. Herrick in No. 29. 2, and Carew himself in the song mentioned above:

Ask me no more where those stars light
That downwards fall in dead of night,
For in your eyes they sit, and there
Fixed become as in their sphere.

But Shakespeare had already made finer use of the image. See *Winter's Tale*, v. i. 67, "Stars, stars, And all eyes else dead coals!" and *Romeo and Juliet*, II. ii. 15, "Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven, Having some business, do entreat her eyes, To twinkle in their spheres."

29. *Sweet, be not proud of those two eyes*

2. *starlike*: see the immediately preceding note.

6. *wantons*, plays. Cp. the adj. 'wanton' in No. 60. 27, "wanton wiles."

7. *Whenas*, seeing that. The first use of 'when' and 'where' was interrogative: 'as' was originally added to mark their use as relatives: later, the addition was often dropped, but sometimes retained to give definiteness. The notions of place and time often disappear from 'whereas' and 'whenas,' as from the Lat. *cum* in its causal or concessive uses. But this is not always the case: in another poem of Herrick, No. 36. 1, 'whenas' = 'when.'

10. *your world of beauty*, the world-in-little or microcosm of your perfections.

30. *Love in thy youth, fair Maid, be wise*

“I give this song from Beloe’s *Anecdotes*, where it is said to be taken from Walter Porter’s *Madrigals and Airs*, 1632. I have searched far and wide for the song-book, but have not yet been able to discover a copy.” (A. H. Bullen, *Lyrics from Elizabethan Song-Books*).

5. To bring this line into the metre of the rest of the poem we must imagine a brief pause—the equivalent of a short syllable—at the beginning: it throws special emphasis on ‘Thou.’

31. *Go, lovely Rose*

EDMUND WALLER (1605-1687), like Cowley, enjoyed an immense fame in his life-time, and Waller’s fame lasted for at least a century. If we find it difficult to understand the enthusiasm which the “smoothness” of his verse excited, we may admit that once at least—in this poem—he achieved perfection. The theme is simplicity itself—nothing but “the old woe o’ the world”: and the image of one stanza is familiar to every modern reader from the most often-quoted lines in Gray’s *Elegy*. But truth of feeling and perfection of form have here wrought something of which the power and charm can never pass away.

This was one of a cycle of songs written by Waller in praise of “Sacharissa,” “whom he believed that he had made as famous as Petrarch made his Laura.” “Sacharissa” was Waller’s name for Lady Dorothy Sidney, eldest daughter of the Earl of Leicester, and grand-niece of the great Sir Philip Sidney. She rejected Waller’s suit, and married the Earl of Sunderland in 1639. The idea of “Go, lovely Rose” may have been suggested to Waller by an Epigram of Rufinus in the Greek Anthology, v. 74 (Mackail, *Select Epigrams*, ix. ii.).

2. *wastes* in this line passes from its earlier to its later meaning. She ‘spends to the last’ her *time* (*i.e.*, her prime)—cp. “Help waste a sullen day” in No. 15. 4; but she also ‘consumes utterly, uselessly destroys’ her lover.

4. *resemble*, active, ‘make like, compare.’

7. *graces spied*. Mr. Gosse (*From Shakespeare to Pope*, p. 71) remarks that the syllables “drag painfully on the tongue.” Tennyson, who greatly disliked “hissing s’s” in verse, suggested that Waller must have written “graces eyed”: but Mr. Gosse says that the first edition of 1645 has, by an obvious misprint, “grace spy’d,” and thinks that Waller wrote “grace espy’d.”

9. Cp. Gray’s *Elegy* (*G.T.* 187. 55-6):—

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

12. *retired*, past participle of the verb in its old transitive use = to withdraw (from society or from observation).

17-20. Cp. Malherbe, *Consolation à M. du Perrier*—

Mais elle était du monde, où les plus belles choses
Ont le pire destin ;
Et rose elle a vécu ce que vivent les roses,
L'espace d'un matin.

32. *Drink to me only with thine eyes*

"Unsurpassed in any language for rolling majesty of rhythm and romantic charm of tone" (Saintsbury, *Elizabethan Literature*, p. 313). The poem first appeared in *The Forest*, a collection of lyrics published by Ben Jonson in 1616; it was adapted from the (prose) love-letters of Philostratus the Sophist (about 250 A.D.).

3. *but*, placed out of order by a poetic licence: 'only leave a kiss,' or 'leave only a kiss.' Abbott, *S.G.* § 129, quotes from Shakespeare, *Julius Caesar*, I. i. 48, "And when you saw his chariot but appear" for "merely his chariot."

9. *late*, *lately*. Often so used by Shakespeare and Milton. Cp. "Bare ruin'd choirs where *late* the sweet birds sang" (*G.T.* 38. 4).

3-4. The same thought is found in a Greek epigram of Agathias, sixth century A.D. (Anth. Pal. v. 261): "Taste thou first, and bring it me, and I take it. For if thou wilt touch it with thy lips, it is no longer easy to abstain or to escape the sweet cup-bearer; for the cup ferries across to me the kiss from thee, and tells me of the favour it received."

33. *There is a garden in her face*

Given by Palgrave as 'anonymous'; but it is in Thomas Campion's *Fourth Book of Aires* (circ. 1617). Palgrave's text departs from the original in several places: in l. 2 read 'grow,' in l. 4 'flow,' in l. 11 'nor peer nor prince can,' in l. 16 (for 'approach') 'attempt.' It is a dainty and musical song, like so many of Campion's, and full of pretty fancies, that reach their climax in the comparison of arched eyebrows to 'bended bows.'

2. Cp. another of Campion's songs, *G.T.* 55, "Thou art not fair, for all thy red and white."

3. *paradise* (Greek, from Old Persian) originally meant 'a garden.'

6. *Cherry-Ripe*: the cry of the vendors of cherries. It is applied by Herrick in precisely the same way (*Oxford Book of Verse*, No. 256), "Cherry-ripe, ripe, ripe, I cry."

7. fairly, beautifully.

8. **orient**, bright, shining—from Lat. *oriens*, ‘rising,’ used of the morning sun.

9. **Which**, *i.e.*, the teeth : ‘and when her laughter shows them.’ But **They** in l. 10 = ‘Those cherries.’

34. ‘Get up, get up for shame ! The blooming morn

The longest of Herrick’s lyrical flights in this book ; but the poet’s wing does not flag for an instant, and the last stanza of all well-nigh attains (as No. 56 wholly attains) to the poignant and unforgettable beauty of Catullus’s lines :—

*Soles occidere et redire possunt,
nobis, cum semel occidit brevis lux,
nox est perpetua una dormienda.*

“A masterpiece of humour, grace, and gentle feeling, all, with Herrick’s unfailing art, kept precisely within the peculiar key which he chose—or Nature for him—in his Pastorals” (F.T.P.).

“In England, as we learn from Chaucer and Shakespeare and other writers, it was customary during the Middle Ages for all both high and low—even the Court itself—to go out on the first May morning at an early hour ‘to fetch the flowers fresh.’ Hawthorn branches were also gathered : these were brought home about sunrise, with accompaniments of horn and tabor and all possible signs of joy and merriment. The people then proceeded to decorate the doors and windows of their houses with the spoil. By a natural transition of ideas they gave the hawthorn bloom the name of the ‘May’ ; they called the ceremony ‘the bringing home the May’ : they spoke of the expedition as ‘going-a-Maying’”—Chambers’s *Book of Days*, i.

A charming parallel to *Corinna’s Maying* in French (not an imitation, and with a pathetic ending very different from Herrick’s) is Murger’s “Réveillez-vous, ma mie Annette.”

METRE.—Quite regular. Stanzas of 14 lines, in which lines 1, 2, 7, 8, 13, 14 are iambic lines with 5 accents, whilst lines 3, 4, 5, 6, 9, 10, 11, 12 have only four. The final couplet of the stanza has often a feminine ending—*i.e.*, an extra short syllable. In l. 8 ‘hour’ is dissyllabic. In l. 19 the first two words form two monosyllabic feet, so that this line has its full number of four stresses.

2. **the god unshorn**, the sun-god Apollo, who was represented in ancient art as a beardless youth (Lat. *imberbis*).

4. **Fresh-quilted colours**, a newly-stitched fabric of brilliant colours. Cp. “tissued clouds” in *Nativity Ode*, No. 1. 146.

5. **Slug-a-bed**, Lie-a-bed : used by Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet*, iv. v. 2. *Slug* is an old verb.

10. **matins**, morning prayer (Fr. *matines*).

13. **Whenas**, may mean 'when,' as in No. 36. 1, or 'seeing that' as in No. 29. 7.

22. **Against you come**, until you come. Cp. *Hamlet*, i. i. 158, "Ever 'gainst that season comes." *Against* is properly a preposition, 'against the time that . . .' See Abbott, *S.G.* § 142.

orient pearls, bright pearls (of dew): in No. 33. 8, the same expression was differently applied. But Shakespeare had already used it of the dew, *M.N.D.* iv. 1. 59, "That same dew which sometime on the buds Was wont to swell like round and orient pearls."

24. **dew-locks** : a fine phrase for the mists of early morning; the compound seems to be Herrick's own invention.

25. **Titan**, a name for the sun-god found in Virgil, *Aen.* iv. 119.

26. **Retires**, withdraws. Cp. No. 31. 12.

28. **beads**, in its original meaning of 'prayers' : cp. 'beadsman.' a **Maying** : see note on No. 60. 20.

30. **turns**, turns into, becomes, by being filled with a stream of people.

34. **tabernacle** : with allusion to the Feast of Tabernacles, when the people dwelt under "boughs of goodly trees" (*Leviticus* xxiii. 40; *Nehemiah* viii. 15).

45. **A deal**. Not so colloquial in Herrick's time as it is with us. Shakespeare uses it sometimes in grave contexts: "O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful In the contempt and anger of his lip!" *Twelfth Night*, iii. i. 157. He also frequently uses 'a great deal.'

48. **left to dream**, left off dreaming. Cp. 'spare to interpose,' No. 15. 13.

49. **troth**, a variant of 'truth' used in the expression 'to plight troth' = to pledge one's word in betrothal.

51. **green-gown** : many a girl has been rolled in play on the grass, so that her gown is stained with green. *N.E.D.* quotes Sidney's *Arcadia* and Greene as using the same expression.

54. **Love's firmament** : cp. "starlike eyes" in Nos. 28 and 29.

55. **betraying** (those who trusted in them).

67. **liking**, preference, love in its first stages. Cp. Wordsworth, *Prelude*, Bk. iv. "Slight shocks of young love-liking interspersed."

35. *A sweet disorder in the dress*

An admirable test of a poet's true quality is afforded by his treatment of a light theme: does he exalt it—not by moralising, but—by touching it to finer issues, or at any rate by winning our admiration for skilful and dainty handling, as we admire a figure-skater on the ice? Throughout Herrick attains this latter kind of artistic success; but in such a phrase as “wild civility” he rises beyond this into the first kind of achievement. On either level his aim is obviously quite different from that of the moralist and philosopher Carlyle, who in *Sartor Resartus* founds upon clothes a whole philosophy of human life.

2. **Kindles**, produces. wantonness, sportiveness: cp. No. 29. 6.

4. **distraction**, confusion: four syllables, as in Shakespeare, *Twelfth Night*, v. i. 322, “This savours not much of distraction.”

6. **stomacher**, “front-piece of 15th-17th c. female dress covering breast and pit of stomach, ending downwards in point often lapsing over skirt, and often set with gems or richly embroidered” (*C.O.D.*).

7. **thereby**, near it.

8. **Ribbands**, ribbons. The *d*, which is not in the French *riban* (now *ruban*) was due to a supposed connection with *band*, and modern etymologists are inclined to think the connection was real (Weekley).

9. **winning**, charming.

10. What dignity the epithet here lends to the humble substantive!

12. **wild civility**, oxymoron, ‘artless art.’

36. *Whenas in silks my Julia goes*

1. **Whenas**, when: see note on No. 29. 7.

3. For the converse of this image of the fall of a dress giving the effect of the graceful flow of falling water we may recall Tennyson's picture in *The Lotos-Eaters* of the waterfalls, “slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn.” Herrick's image is the more poetical, for it idealises Julia's dress, whereas “thinnest lawn” does nothing to exalt the beauty of the waterfall.

5. **brave vibration**, the glancing of the light on the silk. For *brave* in the sense of ‘excellent, magnificent, noble, delightful,’ cp. Miranda's words in *Tempest*, v. i. 183, “O brave new world, That has such people in't.”

6. **taketh**: cp. ‘bewitch’ in 35. 13.

37. *My Love in her attire doth shew her wit*

A madrigal from a song-book of 1602, Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody*.

1. wit, wisdom, intelligence.

38. *That which her slender waist confined*

Next to No. 31, the most famous of Waller's poems; it is far inferior to that in feeling, but has always been admired for its classic perfection of phrase. The same idea occurs in a quatrain of Herrick, *Upon Julia's Ribbon*.

5. *extremest sphere*, outermost orbit. Waller had in his mind the old Ptolemaic astronomy which represented the Heavens as revolving round the earth as a fixed centre; the outermost orbit was that of the fixed stars (Plato, *Republic* x.). See note on No. 1. 125.

6. *pale*, enclosure.

39. *E'en like two little bank-dividing brooks*

The first three stanzas of the third poem in Book v. of *Emblems Divine and Moral*, 1635, by FRANCIS QUARLES, a Puritan poet. Though his verse never falls below a respectable level, it is only touched with beauty in occasional lines, and it is quite at its best in the three mystical stanzas which Palgrave has chosen. They are based upon *The Song of Solomon*, mystically interpreted of the love between Christ and the soul of the Christian. See *The Song of Solomon*, ii. 16, "My beloved is mine, and I am his."

METRE—The concluding Alexandrine (verse of 6 iambic feet) gives to each stanza, on a smaller scale, the same rounding-off which is given by the Alexandrine to the nine-lined stanzas of the *Faerie Queene*.

2. *wanton*, playful. Cp. 'wantons with the lovesick air' in No. 29. 6.

5. *conjoin*, as also *coin* (l. 17) rhymes with *wine*.

8. *entire*, completely incorporate with each other.

17. 'Their wealth compared with mine is only a counter compared with true coin.'

18. *but*, 'only the world.' For the order, cp. 32. 3, "Leave a kiss *but* in the cup," for "Leave *but* a kiss."

40. *Bid me to live, and I will live*

In this delightful song of ringing monosyllables Herrick comes nearer than anywhere else to the simply balanced antitheses characteristic of his contemporaries, Sedley (No. 42) and Lovelace (No. 43). Mr. W. Stebbing (*Five Centuries of English Verse*, I. 140) wonders how "the adorer of Perenna, Perilla, Silvia, Corinna, Electra, Lucia, Julia, and the rest, could have conceived the offer of knightly service to Anthea."

1. **Bid** : *to* is inserted after this verb in l. 1, omitted in l. 3. For this freedom of construction, see Abbott, *S.G.* § 349.

2. **Protestant**, one who makes a protestation or declaration of devotion to a lady. In this sense the word is used in French by La Fontaine and Corneille, and doubtless this is Herrick's meaning, though no other English writer seems so to use it.

15. **none**, no eyes.

18. **cypress tree**, an emblem of mourning. So some explain Shakespeare's "In sad cypres let me be laid" (*G.T.* 62. 2), as referring to the cypress boughs strewn in sign of mourning, though more probably 'cypres' there = 'crape.'

22. **The very eyes** : so in Latin *oculus* and *ocellus* are often used as terms of endearment, 'apple of my eye.'

41. *Love not me for comely grace*

From a song-book—John Wilbye's *Second Set of Madrigals*, 1609.

METRE—In the first four lines the rhythm is trochaic ; in the fifth line it changes to iambic, and so remains to the end.

6. **So**, 'so that' : but in l. 9 it rather means 'in this way.'

42. *Not, Celia, that I juster am*

4. **rest**. It is possible that many readers fail to notice that, instead of a rhyme, the same word is repeated here. The word is used in a different sense, so that we are less conscious of the sameness ; and probably Sedley himself, for the same reason, was unaware that he had not found a rhyme-word.

7. **only**, misplaced here and in l. 8 for the sake of emphasis. Cp. 'but' in No. 32. 3, 39. 18.

43. *When Love with unconfined wings*

"The first and fourth stanzas of this exquisite lyric," writes Mr. Gosse (Ward's *English Poets*, II. p. 182), "would do honour

to the most illustrious name, and form one of the treasures of our literature. . . . The romantic circumstances under which Lovelace wrote these lines have given to them a popular charm. The imprisonment under which he was suffering was brought upon him in the unselfish performance of duty. He had been chosen by the whole body of the county of Kent to deliver the Kentish petition ('for the restoring the King to his rights') to the House of Commons; the result was doubtless what he expected, the petition being burned by the Common Hangman and he himself, on the 30th of April, 1642, thrown into the Gatehouse Prison." Lovelace's whole story is romantic. High-born and wealthy and a favourite at Court, he fell upon evil days and a second imprisonment in the Civil War; later, his betrothed, on a report that he had been killed at the siege of Dunkirk, married another man; and Lovelace, after squandering his substance in despair, died in extreme want in London, 1658. His poems (including this, and Nos. 25 and 44) had appeared in 1649, under the title of *Lucasta*.

1. **Love** : Cupid, 'with *unconfined* wings'—i.e., with the wings of a god, that cannot be confined : cp. *L'Allegro* (No. 60. 40), "In unproved pleasures free"—brings Althea to the grated window of the prison.

5. Cp. *Lycidas*, No. 5. 69, "Or with the tangles of Neaera's hair." Is Lovelace speaking literally or metaphorically? In favour of the second interpretation (which I prefer) it is to be said that 'fettered' in the next line is certainly metaphorical and that Althea is on the other side of the grating. The image of 'entanglement' in the hair of the beloved is common in the seventeenth-century. Cp. Marvell :—

I could have fled from one but singly fair :
My disentangled soul itself might save,
Breaking the curled trammels of her hair.

So, too, Herrick :—

It chanced a ringlet of her hair
Caught my poor soul as in a snare.

7. **Gods** : this is the right reading—cp. 'with *unconfined* wings' in l. 1. 'Birds,' the reading of Percy's *Reliques*, has no authority. **wanton**, sport : cp. No. 29. 6.

9. **flowing cups** : cp. Shakespeare, *Henry V.* iv. iii. 55, "Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered."

10. **allaying Thames** : cp. Shakespeare, *Coriolanus*, II. i. 53, "a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tiber in't."

11-12. These two lines are in 'absolute construction,' and with the second line a participle must be supplied (by the figure called Zeugma) from 'crown'd'—either 'crown'd' itself, used in this time in a metaphorical sense, or another participle, such as 'fired.'

17. **committed**, and **enlarged** (l. 23), technical terms for 'imprisoned' and 'released' respectively. Cp. Shakespeare, *Henry V.* II. ii. 40, "Enlarge the man *committed* yesterday, That rail'd against our person." Lovelace humorously applies the terms to birds and winds.

21. **voice**, here used as a verb, as often in current English, though perhaps not in the best modern writers. But it has good authority in prose as well as verse in the 17th century: cp. Bacon, "Rather assume thy right in silence, than *voice* it with claims."

23. **curl**: this expressive word is twice used by Shakespeare of the action of the winds upon the waves—"Who take the ruffian billows by the top, curling their monstrous heads" (2 *Henry IV.* III. i. 23); "Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main" (*Lear* III. i. 6).

28. **That**, the prison. So on a loftier, but not more musical note, Milton sings:—

The mind is its own place, and in itself

Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven (*P.L.* I. 254-5).

44. *If to be absent were to be*

METRE.—The short rhyming lines—of 4, 2, 3, 3, 4 iambic feet respectively—"ring little bells of change from word to word"; and then the stanza gathers strength and dignity as it closes with a full-length line of 5 feet. In iambic verse (as here in l. 6) a trochee is often substituted for an iambus in the first foot; but l. 4 has the unusual rhythm of trochees in the first *two* feet.

10. **blue-god**, Neptune, who is called *caeruleus deus*, 'the sky-blue god,' by Propertius, IV. vii. 62.

13. **betwixt**. If this is the right reading, a verb must be supplied; but Prof. Grierson thinks that Lovelace wrote "be twixt" (two words).

15. **separated**, released from the body.

16. **controls**: the singular verb may be partly justified by regarding 'faith and troth' as one idea. Shakespeare has "faith and troth *bids*" in *Troilus and Cressida*, IV. v. 170, but he has not a few other examples of two singular nouns as subject followed by a verb in the singular (Abbott, *S.G.*, § 336).

24. **earthy**, a Platonic epithet of the body, *γερῶδες*. Cp. Plato, *Phaedo*, 81 c, and Milton, *Comus*, 463 foll.

45. *Why so pale and wan, fond lover?*

SIR JOHN SUCKLING (1609-1642), a courtier who led a highly adventurous life and fought on the Swedish side in the Thirty

Years' War, enjoyed, in his own age, a great and easily won reputation as a poet. This, his most famous song, is from his drama *Aglaura*, which Mr. Gosse calls "a monster of tedious pageantry." Suckling is now remembered for a few lyrics (especially this one and "Out upon it I have loved Three whole days together"), and his *Ballad upon a Wedding*.

METRE.—The rhythm, trochaic in the first two stanzas, changes to iambic in the third.

1. fond, foolish.

11. Quit (Fr. *quitter*), imperative, has a transitive meaning, renounce, abandon, and an intransitive meaning, 'depart from your position.' It is intransitive here, but the earlier transitive meaning seems to be suggested also.

46. *Awake, awake, my Lyre!*

ABRAHAM COWLEY (1618-1667) is the classical example in English literature—even beyond his contemporary Waller—of a poetic reputation that has not lived. He was esteemed by his contemporaries the greatest of English poets, and was buried in Westminster Abbey by the side of Chaucer and Spenser; but already in 1737 Pope asked, "Who now reads Cowley?" and Johnson, although he wrote his life, did not seek to replace him upon his pedestal. His finest poem is the elegy *On the Death of Mr. William Hervey* (No. 53 in this book). The *Supplication* (an extract from Cowley's once celebrated epic, *The Davideis*), though faultless in rhythm and expression, is too artificial to awaken enthusiasm, and the singer's concluding announcement of his determination to die is singularly ineffective as a threat.

METRE.—Iambic rhymed stanzas, each ending with an Alexandrine, which has the same effect as in No. 39. In l. 4 the first foot is monosyllabic, or rather there is a pause, counting as an unaccented syllable, before 'Sounds.'

10. awful, full of awe.

11. numerous, rhythmical: as 'verses' are often called 'numbers' in 17th and 18th cent. literature (cp. Marvell in No. 44).

14. her eye. For the eyes as responsible for the conquests of love, see Nos. 28, 29, 30 in this book, and the song in the *Merchant of Venice*, III. ii. "Tell me where is fancy bred."

47. *Shall I, wasting in despair*

GEORGE WITHER (1588-1667) was a voluminous Puritan writer both in prose and verse, but for most modern readers he only survives in this poem, first printed in his *Fidelia*, 1615, under the title of *The Author's Resolution in a Sonnet*. It may be read in its original form in Ward's *English Poets*, Vol. II: the author

made slight alterations in it afterwards. Its manly vigour and the splendid swing of its rhythm secure its immortality. Wither was a favourite with Charles Lamb, and readers who turn to the selection in Ward's *Poets* or, better still, to the extracts in Mr. Massingham's *S.C.F.*, will probably agree that he has been unjustly neglected.

METRE.—Four trochees, the last (except in lines 11, 12) represented by a single long syllable.

4. **Cause** : this abbreviation for *because* is found in Shakespeare.

9. **be pined** : for this transitive use of the verb, cp. Milton, *P.L.* xii. 77, "where thin air Above the clouds will *pine* his entrails gross"; and Shakespeare, *Richard II.* v. i. 77, "Where shivering cold and sickness *pin*es the clime."

14. **Turtle-dove**, a type of true love. Cp. Shakespeare, *The Phoenix and the Turtle*, "the turtle's loyal breast." The **pelican**, in mediaeval legend, was supposed to feed her young with her own blood : cp. Shakespeare, *Richard II.* ii. i. 126.

19. **well-deservings known**, a Latinism for 'the knowledge that she deserves well.'

28. 'If she finds that her lover is without external aids (of rank and wealth) to his suit.'

33. '(Be she) great or good, or kind and fair'; a summary of the merits enumerated in the first four stanzas, but here given in the reverse order.

48. *Hence, all you vain delights*

"The Passionate Lord's Song" in *The Nice Valour*, a play by Fletcher and an unknown person, printed in 1647. But the play had been written long before this date, for Fletcher died in 1625. The song (which is generally attributed to Fletcher) must have been known to Milton when he wrote *Il Penseroso*; though both the song and *Il Penseroso* owe something to the verses prefixed to Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, 1621.

JOHN FLETCHER (1579-1625) is best known as collaborator with Francis Beaumont in the writing of plays. This book of the *Golden Treasury* contains one lyric by each of the two friends (see No. 6).

METRE.—Irregular. First come seven iambic lines of three accents. The eighth line is a law to itself; but if we treat 'welcome' as standing outside the metre, the rest of the line conforms to the scansion of the nine lines that follow—lines of four accents, sometimes iambic, sometimes with a trochaic effect. The rhythm is very like that of *Il Penseroso*. The last two lines have five accents each. The gradually ascending length, from three to five stresses, suggests increasing gravity and solemnity.

8. **fixéd eyes**. If l. 10 is not to be a mere repetition of this, we may suppose that a fixed upward look is meant, as in *Il Pens.* No. 61. 39, "looks commercing with the skies."

9. **mortifies**, properly 'makes as dead'—often used of the effect of fasting in reducing the body.

14. **fowls** : birds, as in *Claucer*.

16. **a parting groan**, a groan of the departing spirit. Cp. Gray's *Elegy* (*G.T.* 187. 89), "On some fond breast the parting soul relies."

18. **still**, always.

19. **dainty sweet** : such double adjectives, where the first is used as a sort of adverb to qualify the second, are common in Shakespeare—e.g. "childish foolish," "deep contemplative."

49. *O waly waly up the bank*

First published in Allan Ramsay's *Tea Table Miscellany*, 1724, and afterwards in Percy's *Reliques*. Its date of composition and its author are unknown. By printing it in this place Palgrave implied his belief that it belonged to the seventeenth century; but it may well be even older. Of its beauty and pathos there can hardly be two opinions. "There are some poems"—Mr. Massingham writes of it in his *S.C.V.*—"which seem to charm into presence the ghostly spirit of poetry itself."

METRE.—The pathetic effect is wonderfully heightened by the internal rhymes in lines 11 and 33, by the quaintness of the unusual stress on the second syllable of 'wearie' and 'velvet,' and by the occasional substitution of an anapaest for an iambus.

1. **waly** : an exclamation of grief (pronounced 'waw-ly').

2. **brae**, hillside (Scottish).

3. **burn**, brook (Scottish).

4. **wont** : see note on No. 1. 10.

5. **aik**, oak (Scottish).

7. **syne**, the same word as 'since' which originally meant 'later,' 'after' (Abbott, *S.G.* § 62). **brak**, brake.

8. **Sae**, so. **true**, plighted (cp. 'troth'). **lightly**, lightly : here used with 'did' to make a compound verb, 'made light of.'

9. **but** : not exactly adversative, but lending emphasis to the statement which it introduces.

11. **auld**, old. **cauld**, cold.

13. **busk**, prepare, adorn. Cp. the first line of one version of *The Braes of Yarrow*, "Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny, bonny bride."

14. **kame**, comb.

16. loe, love. mair, more.

17. **Arthur-seat**, Arthur's seat, a hill to the E. of Edinburgh. Tennyson's Epilogue to his *Idylls of the King* speaks of

"that gray king, whose name, a ghost,
Streams like a cloud, man-shaped, from mountain peak,
And cleaves to cairn and cromlech still."

19. **sall**, shall. *Saint Anton's Well*, St. Anthony's well, N. of Arthur's seat.

21. **Marti'mas**, Martinmas, St. Martin's day, November 11.

25. **fell**, adj. for adverb, 'cruelly.'

27. **sic**, such.

29. **by**, in its original meaning of 'near.'

32. **cramasie** or **cramoisy**, Fr. *cramoisi*, 'crimson.'

35. **gowd**, gold.

36. **siller**, silver.

50. *Upon my lap my sovereign sits*

"This beautiful example of early simplicity is found in a song-book of 1620" [Martin Pearson's *Private Music*], (F.T.P.). To later editions of the *G.T.* a note was added :—"These stanzas are by Richard Verstegan (died c. 1635), a poet and antiquarian, published in his rare *Odes* (1601) under the title *Our Blessed Ladies Lullaby*, and reprinted by Mr. Orby Shipley in his beautiful *Carmina Mariana* (1893). The four stanzas here given form the opening of a hymn of twenty-four." "My Sovereign" is the infant Saviour, and the singer is the Virgin Mary; but the pride and joy of all happy motherhood are expressed in the words.

16. **But**, save what. See Abbott, *S.G.* § 124.

21. **for**, 'in return for.'

51. *I wish I were where Helen lies*

"Neither author nor date of one of the most poignant laments in the language has been discovered. But it apparently belongs to this period" (Massingham, *S.C.V.*). It is in Herd's Collection of *Scottish Songs* (1769), and in Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* (1802). Wordsworth wrote a ballad on the same theme. *Ellen Irwin*, but though it belongs to his best period (1800), it is not a happy specimen of his Muse.

METRE.—The composers of primitive ballads knew nothing of metrical laws, but they sometimes obeyed them through a perfect musical instinct. In these stanzas the first 3 lines have four iambic feet, the fourth line has three feet. The only irregularity is in lines 2, 26 and 38, where the monosyllable 'Night,' lingered

over, takes the place of an iambus. Observe the grim effect of the repeated lines (14-15, 18-19), and the pathetic ring of the internal rhyme in l. 21.

4. **Kirconnell**, or **Kirk-connell**, in Dumfries. The river (l. 13) is the Kirtle. The names of the lovers are given by tradition as Adam Fleming and Helen Irving or Irwin.

7. **burd**, maiden.

9. **think na but**, do not think but that, be sure that.

11. **meikle**, mickle, much.

17. **lighted down**, dismounted.

33. Cp. No. 49. 40, "And the green grass growing over me."

34. **een**, eyes : cp. *eyn* in No. 1. 223, 'his dusky *eyn*.'

39. **weary of the skies**. See No. 65. 24 and note.

52. *As I was walking all alane*

Another ballad of unknown authorship, given by Scott (like No. 51) in his *Border Minstrelsy*. An English version of the same story is "The Three Ravens," given in Ritson's *Ancient Songs* as from *Melismata*, a song-book of 1611.

1. **all**, altogether : for this intensive use with adjectives, see Abbott, *S.G.* § 28. **alane**, alone.

2. **corbies**, ravens, Lat. *corvus*. **mane**, moan.

3. **tane**, a Scottish contraction of 'the one.'

5. **fail**, turf : so that **dyke** here means 'wall.'

13. **hause-bane**, neck-bone : *hals* is used by Chaucer for 'neck.'

15. **ae**, one.

16. **theek**, thatch.

53. *It was a dismal and a fearful night*

"The poetical and the prosaic, after Cowley's fashion, blend curiously in this deeply-felt elegy" (F.T.P.). The criticism refers to the complete ode of 19 stanzas, from which Palgrave has selected seven. One at least of the omitted stanzas deserves to be reprinted here :—

Say, for you saw us, ye immortal Lights,
How oft unwearied have we spent the nights,
Till the Ledaean stars, so famed for love,
Wondered at us from above.
We spent them not in toys, or lusts, or wine
But search of deep Philosophy,
Wit, Eloquence, and Poetry ;
Arts which I loved, for they, my friend, were thine.

By its subject, the commemoration of a college friend untimely lost, the poem recalls *Lycidas*, Tennyson's *In Memoriam*, and Arnold's *Thyrsis*. These are all among the noblest of English poems; and though Cowley's elegy on Hervey is on a smaller scale, it is worthy to be mentioned in this exalted company.

2. **unwilling light.** Shakespeare (*3 Henry VI.* II. v. 1) speaks of "the morning's war When dying clouds contend with growing light."

3. **sleep, death's image.** Sleep is personified as the brother of Death in Homer's *Iliad*, xiv. 231, "where he met with Sleep the brother of Death"; and often by later poets. See note on *G.T.* 232. 22.

7. **intolerable**: the one long word acquires additional weight from the contrast with the monosyllables that precede and follow. For a similar effect, see Wordsworth's *Affliction of Margaret* :—

* Thou, thou, and all thy mates to keep
An *incommunicable* sleep (*G.T.* 284. 55-6).

9. **peer** in Spenser and Milton often has the meaning of 'companion' (Lat. *par*).

19. **a tree**, under whose shade the two friends had rested. We may recall the elm-tree in Arnold's *Thyrsis*.

26. **Submitted**, submitted itself, humbled itself. **inform**, inspire with life, animate. So Dryden (Translation of Virgil, *Aeneid*, vi.) speaks of sculptors who "inform the breathing brass."

32. One of the most beautiful monosyllabic lines in English poetry: the ten little words, by contrast with 'conspicuous' in the preceding line, exquisitely express the poet's humility.

36. **mortality**, span of mortal life.

37. **discoursed**, conversed.

38. **notions**, thoughts, ideas.

41. **pure spirits**, quintessence. **various wit**, versatile intelligence and quickness of apprehension.

51. **Still**, always: so, too, in l. 55.

54. **laborious**, travelling unweariedly through the day (l. 56).

54. *They are all gone into the world of light*

This, like the preceding, is a poem of friendship; and its position immediately after Cowley's elegy is an instance of the careful skill with which Palgrave grouped the poems of his choice. For here consolation is offered to the mourner: Vaughan's grief at his loss is swallowed up in his vivid realisation of the joys of that eternity into which he believes that his friends have entered.

METRE.—An iambic quatrain of 5, 4, 5, 3 feet. The rhythm helps to give the effect of great calmness and peace.

1. **the world of light.** Cp. *Revelation* xxi. 23-5. "And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it. . . . And the nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it. . . . there shall be no night there." This imagery of light greatly influenced Vaughan's thoughts of the life beyond the grave: see his other poems in this book, Nos. 14 and 66.

8. **remove, departure.** For this substantival use of 'remove,' cp. *King Lear*, II. iv. 4, "The night before there was no purpose in them Of this remove."

10. **trample on,** a difficult expression. Does the poet think of himself as imprisoned in the vault of this life, with the rays of eternity beating down upon the roof? Or are the friends the antecedent to 'whose,' and is it their radiant footsteps which seem to tread the roof of his vault? This interpretation agrees more closely with 'walking' in l. 9, and 'walks' in l. 15.

20. **mark,** 'aim,' and so 'boundary.' Cp. *G.T.* 31. 5. "O no! it is an ever-fixed mark."

25. **brighter,** than our wonted dreams.

55. *Fair pledges of a fruitful tree*

This and No. 56 are two of the loveliest lyrics in the language. Their theme is of the simplest—the swift passing of perfection—and it is expressed in the simplest words. But the theme is never worn-out, because each human being has to realise its truth with a poignant freshness; and the simple words express it perfectly, the very shortness of the lines suggesting the brevity of life, as the wonderful music of the deliciously inwoven rhymes suggests the consummate beauty of that which so soon passes away.

METRE.—Observe the intricate interweaving of the rhymes. In No. 55, the first lines of the three stanzas (1, 7, 13) rhyme with each other; in No. 56 the ninth line of each stanza rhymes with the first.

1. **pledges,** in the two-fold sense of 'children' (Lat. *pignora*) and 'tokens of the fruit that is to come.'

3. **date,** fixed duration.

13. **leaves,** in both senses, 'leaves of a tree' and 'leaves of a book.'

15. **brave,** fine, splendid.

57. *With sweetest milk and sugar first*

The central part of a poem called by Marvell, *The Nymph Complaining for the Death of her Fawn*. "Perhaps no poem in this collection is more delicately fancied, more exquisitely finished. By placing his description of the Fawn in a young girl's mouth, Marvell has, as it were, legitimated that abundance of 'imaginative hyperbole' to which he is always partial: he makes us feel it natural that a maiden's favourite should be whiter than milk, sweeter than sugar—'lilies without, roses within.' The poet's imagination is justified in its seeming extravagance by the intensity and unity with which it invests his picture." (F.T.P.).

The poem was written during Marvell's happy stay at Nun-appleton, Lord Fairfax's Yorkshire seat. Marvell, aged about 30, was tutor to Lord Fairfax's daughter Mary (afterwards Duchess of Buckingham), then in her twelfth year. Probably Mary is the 'nymph' of the poem; the fawn is said to have been given to her by an inconstant lover, 'Sylvio,' and afterwards to have been shot by "wanton troopers riding by." Some of the verses, both because of their simplicity and because of their feeling for Nature, we might easily mistake for Wordsworth's or Blake's, if we did not know the author; but the 'conceit' of the last couplet could only belong to the seventeenth century. The Wordsworth poem that comes nearest is perhaps *The White Doe of Rylstone*; Dr. Grosart's suggested parallel of Blake's *Auguries of Innocence* :—

A robin redbreast in a cage
Puts all heaven in a rage—

refers to the lament for the fawn's death which is not given in Palgrave's extract.

METRE.—It is interesting to compare Marvell's octosyllabics with those of his friend Milton in *L'Allegro*. Milton's harmonies are richer and more varied, but Marvell's are skilfully and easily handled and have great charm.

28. *laid*: the transitive form used for the intransitive; not to be justified or imitated.

58. *How vainly men themselves amaze*

F.T.P. applies to this justly famous garden poem the praise which Charles Lamb gave to the Sea-Dirge in *The Tempest* and to Webster's *Land-Dirge* (*G.T.* 65 and 66):—"Both have that intenseness of feeling which seems to resolve itself into the element which it contemplates." "Marvell here throws himself into the very soul of the Garden with the imaginative intensity of Shelley in his *West Wind*" (F.T.P.). A Latin version in hexameters

will be found in Marvell's works, but it is not nearly as fine as his English poem. Bacon's *Essay Of Gardens* and T. E. Brown's *My Garden* are interesting literary parallels.

1. **amaze**, distract, bewilder. Cp. *Hamlet*, III. iv. 112, "Amazement on thy mother sits."

2. To win military, civic, or academic honours: the *palm* of the victor in race or combat, the *oak-leaves* that formed the crown given at Rome to a citizen who saved the life of another citizen in battle, the *bays* (laurel) that were the reward of poetry and learning.

3. **uncessant**. We now always say *incessant*: in words derived from the Latin there has been a tendency to substitute the Latin prefix *in-* for the older English *un-*, but our forefathers spoke of *unglorious* (Wyclif) and *unpossible* (A.V. of 1611).

5. **narrow-vergéd shade**, the shade of its narrow rim. Shakespeare uses 'verge' of the rim of a crown in *Richard III.* IV. i. 59—

I would to God that the inclusive verge
Of golden metal that must round my brow
Were red-hot steel, to sear me to the brain!

6. Reproaches them by its thrift or parsimony, *i.e.* by its grudging return, with having toiled for so little.

9. **Quiet**. "The true magic of a beautiful word only discloses itself at the touch of the master. *Quiet* is an ordinary enough word, and few are more frequently on our lips. Yet what wonderful effects Wordsworth, Coleridge and Keats extract from it!" (A. G. Gardiner on "Word Magic" in *Leaves in the Wind*). The essayist cites Wordsworth's use in *G.T.* 309. 2. and Keats's in *G.T.* 290. 54, with other examples. We may well add this line of Marvell to his list.

13. **if here below**, if anywhere on earth.

15. An oxymoron: 'civilisation is the merest savagery.' **all but** is probably not in its modern sense of 'almost,' but is used intensively, 'altogether merely.'

16. **To**, compared with.

17. **No white nor red**, the colours praised in lover's rhymes. Cp. No. 33 "There is a garden in her face where roses and white lilies blow," and *G.T.* 55, "Thou art not fair, for all thy red and white."

18. **amorous** must here mean 'exciting love.'

20. As we read in Virgil's *Eclogues* (v. 13-14, x. 53), in Shakespeare's *As you Like It* (III. ii. 9, "Run, run, Orlando; carve on every tree The fair, the chaste and unexpressive she"), and in many other poets.

25. **heat** seems here to combine two senses of the word, (1)

a course in a race, (2) vehemence, agitation : ' when we have run the vehement race of our passions.'

28. **Still**, always.

29-32. An ingenious perversion of the old classical fables about the loves of gods and nymphs.

37. **curious**, exquisite, sought by connoisseurs.

41. **from pleasure less**, withdraws from these lesser pleasures.

43-46. The mind is a microcosm, or little world (so we may try to represent in prose as much of the meaning of this stanza as prose can reproduce), where each object of the macrocosm, the great world outside, is reflected in a corresponding image or idea. But the mind does not confine itself to the passive reflection of external objects. It has a creative power of imagination : as Shelley says, the poet can create from " the yellow bees in the ivy-bloom," " Forms more real than living man " (*G.T.* 324).

47-48. Meanwhile external objects are forgotten and have lost all definite shape : the poet is conscious only of being surrounded by a delicious greenness.

49-56. It is tempting to explain this stanza, as Palgrave seems to have done, by saying that the mind loses itself in an ecstasy of communion with Nature : it has become one with the spirit of the garden. In modern poetry this intimate communion of the poet's soul with Nature is finely expressed by T. E. Brown : see especially his *Epistola ad Dakyns*, and *Lynton Verses*, No. 5. But possibly Marvell does not mean quite the same thing : the garden is now only present to his thoughts as a vague sensation of delight ; his soul has passed into spiritual contemplation, in preparation for the " longer flight " which will carry it away from the world of sense altogether.

54. **whets, trims. claps** : the 1681 edition of Marvell has ' combs.'

56. **the various light**, the changing light through the leaves that flickers on the bird's plumes.

60. Cp. *Genesis* ii. 18, " And the Lord God said, It is not good that the man should be alone ; I will make him an help meet for him."

63-4. The sentiment must not be taken too seriously. A sly humour is characteristic of Marvell, as in his well-known lines *To His Coy Mistress*. Cowley has a similarly ungallant reflection in his poem on *Solitude* :—

O Solitude, first state of Human kind !
Which blest remained, till Man did find
Ev'n his own Helper's company.
As soon as two (alas !) together joined
The Serpent made up three.

65. Linnaeus, the botanist, formed a dial of forty-six flowers opening successively.

67. the milder sun, the genial sun : Marvell imitates a Latin use of the comparative adj. in the sense of 'somewhat mild.' The sun passes in his course (*Zodiac*) over the successively opening and closing flowers of the garden, just as the sun's shadow passes across a dial.

71. such sweet hours, as are passed in a garden.

59. *Jack and Joan, they think no ill*

From the happiness of the man of letters in his garden (No. 58) we pass to the country delights of Elizabethan peasants. Campion's lines give us a charming picture of country life, bathed in the atmosphere of *As You Like It* and *A Winter's Tale* and Spenser's *Shepherds Calender*. Palgrave's choice of a title happily recalls Virgil's praise of the countryman's life—*O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint, Agricolas!* ("Ah, too fortunate the husbandmen, did they know their own felicity!" *Georgics*, II. 458). The poem is from Thomas Campion's *Two Books of Airs* (circ. 1613).

METRE.—Iambic octosyllabic couplets, as in the preceding poem. For the first foot a single stressed syllable is sometimes substituted.

2. still, always.

7. Lash out, spend recklessly.

9. nappy, 'foamy,' 'with a head on'; apparently by transference from *nappy* as applied to cloth, 'covered with nap or down.'

12. crabs, crab-apples, like the roasted crab of *Midsummer Night's Dream*, II. i. 48.

13. Tib, a girl's name. It is coupled with Tom in Shakespeare also (*All's Well*, II. ii. 24).

18. See the introductory note to No. 34 and lines 32-3 in that poem.

19. tutties, nosegays, a word still used in Somerset and Dorset. According to *N.E.D.* it is probably a word of nursery origin.

26. strange, as opposed to 'common.' Some of these "strange delights" are mentioned in another poem by Campion, *G.T.* 59. 7-10.

31. for, in spite of. train, retinue of attendants.

32. Securer, more free from care. Cp. No. 61. 91, "with secure delight."

silly, simple : as in No. 1. 92, "their silly thoughts."

60. *Hence, loathed Melancholy*

L'Allegro (Ital. the Cheerful Man) and *Il Penseroso* (Ital., the Melancholy or Thoughtful Man). "It is a striking proof of Milton's astonishing power, that these, the earliest great Lyrics of the Landscape in our language, should still remain supreme in their style for range, variety, and melodious beauty. The Bright and the Thoughtful aspects of Nature and of Life are their subjects: but each is preceded by a mythological introduction in a mixed Classical and Italian manner" (F. T. P.). Two *Spring Odes* by R. Bridges recall *L'Allegro* pleasantly, without direct imitation; but Milton's flight is loftier and more sustained.

The two poems should be read side by side. They were evidently written together, and parts of the second may have been written first: "Sometime walking, not unseen" (60. 51), must be later than "I walk unseen" (61. 65). They do not represent two different men so much as two different moods. In *L'Allegro* the poet bids Melancholy begone and calls Mirth to his side. He pictures the joys of life in the country—the cheery sight and sounds of the early morning. His eye ranges delightedly over the landscape—over fields, rivers and distant hills, the noble's castle, the peasant's cottage; then the village merry-making on a sunshine holiday till nightfall, continued afterwards with ale and traditional stories. Then from the country his thought passes to the gaieties of the town—tournaments, weddings, masques, the theatre, delightful music. In the contrasted mood he invokes Melancholy or Gravity, imagined as a "pensive Nun, devout and pure." She is to bring with her a troop of allegorical companions—Peace, Quiet, Fast, Leisure, Contemplation, Silence,—but Silence will not exclude the song of the nightingale. In this mood the poet chooses night for his walks, moonlight with the distant sound of the curfew-bell; or else he stays indoors by the dim firelight, or reading by lamplight. His reading will be philosophy (Plato) or noble poetry (Greek tragedy or Chaucer or Spenser). The dawn of his choice in this temper will be wet and stormy. Sunshine seems to him 'flaring': he flies from it to twilight grove, or deep dell, or the dim light of the cathedral, to whose solemn music his spirit is attuned. And in this mood, finally, he can look forward (Mirth does not look beyond the present) to old age—the contented old age of a hermit, spent in gathering wisdom from study.

The poems were written during Milton's six years at his father's house at Horton in Buckinghamshire (1632-38), and probably before *Comus*, which was acted in 1634. But Milton was in no hurry to publish: he waited till 1645. For the connection of *Il Penseroso* with Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, and with Fletcher's song, "Hence, all you vain delights" (No. 48), see the introductory note to No. 48 in this book.

METRE.—The basic or standard metre is the octosyllabic couplet used by French poets, by Gower, Chaucer, Shakespeare and others, but never before Milton with so splendid a music. Both poems open with a prelude in irregular lines, and then settle down to octosyllabics. The verses in this metre that in later poetry come nearest to Milton's in freedom of handling and musical quality are Coleridge's *Christabel* and Keats's *Eve of St. Mark*.

2. **Cerbērus**, the three-headed dog that guarded the entrance to hell in classical mythology. "This amour is Milton's own invention. In Grecian mythology, *Erebus* is the spouse of Night and, by her, father of Aether (Sky) and Hēmērā (Day): the dog Cerberus has no offspring. Not that Milton makes a blunder. He is altering the old story consciously. Here, as elsewhere, he modifies the ancient mythology after his pleasure, with the same independence and right of variation as mark the treatment of it by the old Greek poets. He was one of those poets in spirit, and claimed for himself the same licence. He not only modifies the classical tales; he sometimes mythologizes on his own account: cp. below, lines 18-24" (Hales).

3. **Stygian cave**: Cerberus's cave, according to Virgil (*Aeneid*, vi. 418), faced the landing-place of spirits on the further bank of the river Styx in the nether world. There is a wonderful description of the "horrid shapes" at the entrance to hell in the same book of the *Aeneid*.

5. **uncouth**, unknown, strange—the original meaning of the word, as in *Paradise Lost*, ii. 407, "And through the palpable obscure find out His uncouth way."

6. **brooding**: the Latin *incubare*, 'to brood,' was used in this metaphorical sense—*ponto nox incubat atra*, 'black night broods over the deep' (*Aeneid*, i. 89).

jealous: jealous to guard its 'brood' from intruders, like an angry vulture, or some dusky bird of ill omen (Prof. Elton).

8. **ebon**, black as ebony. **low-browed**, beetle-browed, overhanging.

9. **ragged**: an epithet of 'rocks' in *Isaiah* ii. 21, A.V.

10. **Cimmerian**. See Homer, *Odyssey*, xi. 13, "She (the ship of Odysseus) came to the limits of the world, to the deep-flowing Oceanus. There is the land and city of the Cimmerians, shrouded in mist and cloud, and never does the shining sun look down on them with his rays, neither when he climbs up the starry heavens, nor when again he turns earthward from the firmament, but deadly night is outspread over miserable mortals" (trans. Butcher and Lang).

12. **yclept**, called, past part. of O.E. *clīpien*, to call.

12. *Ἐνφροσύνῃ*, Greek, Mirth. Her "two sister Graces" were Aglaia (Radiance) and Thalia (The Blooming).

13. *at a birth*, at one birth. This use of *a=one* (cp. Fr. *un* and Lat. *unus*) survives in such phrases as "one at a time."

17. *sager*, more wise. Milton gently claims superiority for a myth of his own invention: Mirth is the child of the West Wind and the Dawn.

18. *frölic* (Ger. *fröhlich*), 'joyous,' 'sportive'—"with a touch of mischief like Ariel," Prof. Elton aptly adds.

20. *a-Maying*: *a* is a corruption of the preposition *on* used with the verbal subst., as in "I go a fishing," *John* xxi. 3.

22. Milton may have had in mind *Taming of the Shrew*, II. i. 174, "I'll say she looks as clear As morning roses newly washed with dew."

24. *buxom* seems here to be used vaguely for 'comely,' 'pleasing.' Milton was perhaps echoing its use in *Pericles*, I. i. 23, "A female heir So buxom, blithe, and full of face As heaven had lent her all his grace." Originally the word meant 'pliant,' 'yielding'; and so Milton uses it in *P.L.* II. 842 and V. 270, "the buxom air" (a phrase already used by Spenser). It is said that its use as a complimentary epithet of women was due to the male point of view, which regarded obedience as the most important feminine virtue.

debonair, genial, courteous (O.F. *de bon'aire*, of a good address). This old word was revived by Keats, *G.T.* 292. 7.

27. *Quips*. Lyly in *Alexander and Campaspe* defines a quip as "a short saying of a sharp wit, with a bitter sense in a sweet word." In a famous passage of *As You Like It* Shakespeare's Touchstone places it between the Retort Courteous and the Reply Churlish.

cranks, turns, twists of wit—*e.g.* puns.

wanton, sportive. Cp. 'wantonness' in No. 35. 2.

28. Perhaps a reminiscence of a quatrain in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*:—

With becks and nods he first began
To try the wench's mind;
With becks and nods and smiles again
No answer did he find.

wreathed smiles: "the faces of the personified Smiles are all lined and puckered with laughing" (Hales). Contrast '*wrinkled care*' (l. 31).

29. *Hēbē*, cup-bearer to the Greek gods.

33. *trip* it: for the indefinite 'it' (perhaps = 'trip a tripping') compare Shakespeare's "Foot it featly" (*G.T.* 3. 5), and see Abbott, *S.G.* § 226.

33. **you**, Mirth and her companions. In l. 35 Mirth alone is addressed ('thee').

36. The mountains are the natural home of Liberty. Cp. Wordsworth's sonnet, "Two voices are there" (*G.T.* 254), and Tennyson's "Of old sat Freedom on the heights."

40. **unreproved**, unreprefable—a Latin use of the participial adjective (*invictus*, etc.).

42. **dull**: cp. Shakespeare, *Henry V.* iv. i. 11, "Piercing the night's dull ear."

44. **dappled**: cp. Shakespeare, *Much Ado*, v. iii. 25:—

The gentle day,
Before the wheels of Phoebus, round about
Dapples the drowsy East with spots of grey.

45-46. Milton has often been accused of making the lark come to the poet's window to bid him good-morrow. But though it is possible to take the words in this sense, it is surely more natural to understand 'to come' as parallel in construction to 'to live' and 'to hear' (all three verbs depending on 'admit me'): thus it is the poet who comes to the window and bids good-morrow to the world outside. Besides acquitting Milton of a mistake, this construction agrees better with 'in spite of sorrow' (l. 45), which must apply to the poet, not to the bird, and with 'Oft listening' (l. 53).

47-8. Here the commentators seem really to have caught Milton tripping, 'sweet-briar' and 'eglantine' being the same; unless, as Hales suggests, by the epithet 'twisted' Milton meant to distinguish some special species of sweet-briar. Others think he meant the honeysuckle by 'twisted eglantine.'

50. The picture is of the cock as a warrior putting to final rout the thin mists, last remnants of the beaten army of Night, that linger after the dawn. Milton may well have thought of Shakespeare's line in *Hamlet*, i. i., about "The cock that is the trumpet to the morn"; and Gray in his turn may have had Milton in mind when he wrote in his *Elegy* (*G.T.* 187. 19) of "The cock's shrill clarion." It is also likely that Milton, with his love of Chaucer (cp. *Il Penseroso*, 109), would recall the charming description of Chaunticlere in *Nonne Prestes Tale*.

55. **hoar**, with the early-morning rime upon it still unmelted.

57. **not unseen**, by contrast with 'Il Penseroso' who walks in retired places by night.

59. **the eastern gate**, the eastern horizon regarded as the gate through which the sun issues in the morning. Cp. the lovely expression, "heaven's gate," which Shakespeare seems to have taken from Lyly's play of *Alexander and Campaspe*, and which

Milton, *P.L.* v. 198, took from Shakespeare. See notes on *G.T.* l. 4, 16. 12.

60. *state* : cp. *Il Penseroso*, 37, "Come; but keep thy wonted *state*." Keightley paraphrases by 'stately progress,' but we can hardly define the idea more precisely without lessening the poetry: 'begins to hold his court' would keep more of the imagery which the context suggests.

62. *dight*, decked : used by Chaucer and Spenser.

66. Quoting this passage in *Poets and Puritans*, p. 45, Mr. T. R. Glover says :—"The greater poets do their work by stray touches which call to the reader the same glimpse or sound that has moved them, and it does for him the same work of opening the door and setting free the imagination. I shall never forget what the last line did for me one dull winter day in a London lecture-room. I picked up the book by accident, and my eye fell on "

And the mower whets his scythe—

only that, and I escaped,

As one who, long in populous city pent,
Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,
Forth issuing on a summer's morn, to breathe
Among the pleasant villages and farms.

I saw a tree and the mower under it whetting his scythe, and all the country scene lay open round about."

67. *tells his tale*, probably = counts his flock. Cp. the description of dawn in W. Browne's *Shepherd's Pipe*.

When the shepherds from the fold
All their bleating charges *told*,
And, full careful, search'd if one
Of all the flock was hurt or gone.

For *tell* in the sense of 'count,' cp. *Psalms* xxii. 17, P.B.V. and A.V., "I may tell all my bones"; and for *tale* in the sense of 'number,' cp. *Exodus* v. 8, A.V., "the tale of the bricks."

69. *straight*, straightway. *mine eye* : Prof. Elton notes that the poet sees these things with the eye of his mind : he is imagining scene after scene, not points in a single landscape.

70. *landskip*, landscape. A landscape is simply a land-shape, from A.S. *scapon* = shape.

71. *lawns*, pastures, as in No. 1. 85, "The shepherds on the lawn." We are to think of wild grassy heaths—the French *landes*—not of trim garden lawns. *Russet* seems to suggest autumnal bracken and heather. *fallows* : untilled land overgrown with grass.

73. **Mountains** : Milton was not thinking of the mountains of Wales or the English lake-country, still less of the loftier heights of the Alps, but of those lesser hills of southern England which gain something of the impressiveness of mountains when the clouds rest upon them.

74. **labouring**, travelling, soon to bring forth rain : but, in contrast with 'rest,' the word suggests also the toilsome journey of the heavy clouds.

75. **pied**, variegated. The sense is equally good whether we take it as an epithet of 'meadows' or of 'daisies' ; but probably it agrees with the latter, as Shakespeare in *Love's Labour's Lost*, ii. 903, has 'daisies pied.'

77. The towers and battlements of Windsor Castle can be seen from Horton in Buckinghamshire where this poem was written.

78. **tufted** : cp. *Comus*, l. 225, "this tufted grove."

79. **lies**, dwells—as often in older English.

80. **cynosure**, 'guiding-star,' 'lode-star.' Cynosure (lit. dog's tail) was the Greek name for the constellation of the Lesser Bear, by which Phoenician (Tyrian) sailors steered. Cp. *Comus*, l. 341-2 :—

And thou shalt be our star of Arcady
Or Tyrian Cynosure.

83. **Corydon** and **Thyrsis**, names of shepherds, **Phyllis** and **Thestylis**, names of shepherdesses, in Virgil's *Eclogues*. The poet sees the English peasants with the eyes of a scholar, to whom shepherds recall memories of the pastoral poetry of Theocritus and Virgil. So, too, he dignifies the country-woman's humble room with the name of *bower* (l. 87), properly the lady's apartment in a mediaeval castle. In other words, Milton's peasants are like the peasants in a picture by Watteau—a *fête champêtre* bathed in an atmosphere of poetry.

85. **messes** : cp. *Genesis* xliii. 34, A.V., "He took and sent messes unto them from before him : but Benjamin's mess was five times so much as any of theirs."

89. **lead** (her), invite her.

91. **secure**, in its original sense of 'careless' (Lat. *securus*).

92. **upland**, properly meaning 'highland,' seems to have acquired a secondary meaning of 'country,' the 'towered cities' (l. 117) being thought of as situated on the plain.

94. **rebeck**, three-stringed fiddle—a Persian word which came into English through Italian and French.

97. And (when) young and old come forth ; or, and (to) young and old (who have) come forth. . . .

98. **sunshine** : an epithet of 'holiday' again in *Comus*, l. 959.
—subst. used as adj.

99. **livelong**, long-lasting.

100. Then (we go) to the spicy nut-brown ale—the "gossip's bowl" of Shakespeare, *M.N.D.* II. i. 47, the "spiced wassail-bowl" of Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess*.

102. **Faery Mab**, described by Mercutio in *Romeo and Juliet*, I. iv. 54 :—

O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you.

junkets, sweetmeats, dainties—properly a dish of sweetened curds and whey served on rushes (Lat. *iuncus*).

eat, past tense = ate.

103. **She**, one of the maids ; **he** (l. 104), one of the men.
See the description of "that shrewd and knavish sprite Call'd Robin Goodfellow," in Shakespeare, *M.N.D.* II. i. and the ballad of *Robin Goodfellow* :

When house or hearth doth sluttish lie
I pinch the maids both black and blue,
And from the bed the bedcloths I
Pull off, and lay them nak'd to view.

In olden days Robin had rewarded good servants, but he seems to have discontinued this practice by the seventeenth century, if we may judge from Bishop Corbet's Ballad (*S.C.V.* lii.) :—

Farewell, Rewards and Fairies,
Good housewives now may say,
For now foul sluts in dairies
Do fare as well as they ;
And though they sweep their hearths no less
Than Maids were wont to do,
Yet who of late for cleanliness
Finds sixpence in her shoe ?

104. The construction is rather obscure : we may choose between two explanations :—

(1) He (said that he was) led by Friar's lantern ; (he) tells how. . . .

(2) He, led by Friar's lantern, tells how. . . .

The second is easier grammatically, but runs together two separate stories rather awkwardly.

Friar's lantern, Will o' the wisp, sometimes called Jack o' lantern. According to some commentators, Milton compares Jack o' lantern with Friar Rush, a spirit that haunted houses, not fields.

105. **drudging goblin**, Robin Goodfellow. **sweat**, past tense, sweated.

110. **lubber**, clownish. The fairy in *M.N.D.* II. i. 16, addresses Puck (= Robin Goodfellow) as "Thou lob of spirits." In Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, III. i. "There is a pretty tale of a witch that had a giant to be her son, that was called Lob-lie-by-the-fire" (Hales).

111. **the chimney's length**, the whole width of the great fireplace. The old use of 'chimney' for 'hearth' or 'fire-place' survives in 'chimney-piece.'

112. **his hairy strength**, his strong hairy body—abstract for concrete, a classicism. Cp. "where the might of Gabriel (=the mighty Gabriel) fought," in *P.L.* VI. 355.

113. **crop-full**. The word 'crop' (for 'stomach') suits the half-animal goblin. (Elton.)

114. **matin**. Cp. Herrick in No. 34. 10, "When all the birds have matins said."

117. **then**, after the delights of the country are exhausted. We are not to confine the poet to the description of a single day, and imagine that he sets out for the town after he has seen the country people safely to bed.

120. **weeds**, dress—not confined in the seventeenth century to the dress of a widow. **triumphs**, pageants, as in Bacon's essay *Of Masques and Triumphs*.

121. **store**, abundance. Cp. Spenser, *Prothalamion*, G.T. 74. 33, "With store of vermeil roses."

122. **influence**: originally an astrological word—the 'flowing in' of the power of the stars upon men's lives: so the ladies' eyes are compared to stars shedding their influence on the fates of the combatants. See note on No. 1. 71.

123. "Probably the poet is here drawing from what he had read rather than from anything he had seen or heard. What the tournaments were for *arms* in the old Romance days, that were the Parliaments of Love for *wit*" (Prof. Hales). **wit**, skill of intellect. **both**, wit and arms.

124. **her grace, whom**, the favour of her whom all commend, *i.e.*, of the Queen of the Tournament.

125. **Hymen**, the god of marriage, a common figure in masques—*e.g.*, the last scene of *As You Like It*. In Jonson's wedding masque, *Hymenaei*, Hymen enters "in a saffron-coloured robe," and "in his right hand a torch of pine-tree." This last is what Milton calls his *taper*.

127-8. **pomp, revelry, pageantry**: all these words have a more definite meaning than in modern English. The literal meaning of *pomp* is 'procession' (Gr. *πομπή*), and that is probably the meaning here, though we need not limit the application narrowly. Similarly *revelry* may include a hint of its modern sense, but

mainly represents the court 'revels' which were so popular in the seventeenth century, defined in Minshen's dictionary as "spots of dancing, masking, comedies, tragedies, and such like, used in the king's house, the houses of court or of other great personages." So, too, *pageantry* stands for the pageants in which Queen Elizabeth delighted—allegorical devices represented on a stage, which was often on wheels and could be taken about in a procession, as still in the Lord Mayor's show. *Mask*, or *masque*, a form of entertainment chiefly known to modern readers from Milton's *Comus*, its noblest literary example, and from the specimens introduced by Shakespeare into *As You Like It* and *The Tempest*. Its vogue was so great in the early part of the seventeenth century that Ben Jonson wrote 29 masques. Originally a masked dance, it had developed into an elaborate medley of pageant, dance, song and dialogue.

128. *antique* : quaint and elaborate.

132. *sōck* : comedy, represented by the *soccus*, or slipper, worn by its actors, as the buskin (Greek and Latin, *cothurnus*) or high-heeled boot, indicated tragedy. See *Il Penseroso*, 102.

learned : Dryden says of Ben Jonson (in *An Essay of Dramatic Poesy*)—"He was deeply conversant in the Ancients, both Greek and Latin, and he borrowed boldly from them: there is scarce a poet or historian among the Roman authors of those times whom he has not translated in *Sejanus* and *Catiline*." The two plays mentioned by Dryden are tragedies; the learning is naturally less conspicuous in the comedies, but it distinguishes them from the comedies of other writers.

133-4. This may strike the reader at first as a very inadequate description of Shakespeare. But Milton's purpose is not to give an estimate of Shakespeare, but to describe the pleasures of L'Allegro, whose mood would prefer the comedies or romances of Shakespeare to his tragedies. The lines suggest such an open-air comedy as *As You Like It* or *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, which has already been suggested in l. 130. A contrast is also intended between Jonson's learning and Shakespeare's "easy numbers." Milton's *Epitaph on the Admirable Dramatic Poet, W. Shakespeare*, is a very striking testimony both to Shakespeare's genius and to Milton's sympathetic appreciation of it.

135. *eating cares*. Cp. Horace's *curas edaces* (*Odes* II. xi. 18) and *mordaces sollicitudines* (*Odes* I. xviii. 4).

136. *Lydian airs*. The Greeks distinguished three 'modes' or styles of music, Lydian, Phrygian, Dorian. The martial Dorian 'mode' or 'mood' is mentioned in a famous passage of *Paradise Lost*, I. 550. The Lydian mode was soft and voluptuous, as we see from the reference in *Alexander's Feast*, No. 67. 79 :—

Softly sweet, in Lydian measures
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.

137. L'Allegro desires instrumental music accompanied by singing, and so does Il Penseroso (ll. 161-2), and Milton himself in No. 63. 2-3.

138. the meeting soul, the responsive soul, going out to meet the music.

pierce : Prof. Elten notes that this was pronounced *perse*, retaining traces of its French form, *percer*.

139. bout, turn, twist : one special use of the word is to denote the going and returning of the plough along two adjacent furrows.

141. wanton heed, giddy cunning : the figure of speech called 'oxymoron,' a pointed conjunction of seeming contradictories. What seems wild irregularity is really artistic skill. *Cunning* (the verbal substantive of *can*) has here its earlier and better meaning—dexterity.

143. "In every soul—indeed in all creation—there is harmony, but for the most part it lies imprisoned and bound, so that it cannot be heard. The sweetness of the music described in the text is to be such that it shall set free this prisoner, and make its voice audible. See Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity*, v. 38 : 'Touching musical harmony, whether by instrument or voice, it being but of high and low in sounds a due proportionable disposition, such notwithstanding is the force thereof, and so pleasing effects it hath in that very part of man which is most divine, that some have been hereby induced to think that the soul itself by nature is, or hath in it harmony.' Cp. *Merchant of Venice*, v. i. 61 :—

There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings.
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins ;
Such harmony (*i.e.*, a like harmony) is in immortal souls,
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close us in, we cannot hear it." (Prof. Hales.)

145. heave. In the seventeenth century this word was not felt to be too homely for a lofty context. Cp. Dryden in No. 2. 5, and Milton himself in *P.L.* i. 211 :

—the Arch-fiend lay
Chained on the burning lake, nor ever thence
Had risen or heaved his head . . .

146. golden, delightful.

149. The story of Orpheus and Eurydice is told in Virgil, *Georgics*, Book iv., in one of those episodes in which, as Dr. Mackail has finely said, "the current of the poem spreads into large pools of beauty." Orpheus, the Thracian musician, went down into hell to persuade Pluto to restore his dead wife, Eurydice. Pluto, charmed by the music, yielded so far as to give her per-

mission to follow her husband to the upper world; but he imposed the condition that if Orpheus looked back during the journey, the boon should be recalled. At the moment of reaching the upper air Orpheus looked back too soon, and Eurydice was snatched away from him for ever. But if Orpheus had been the master of such music as this, says Milton, Pluto would have restored Eurydice without conditions.

61. *Hence, vain deluding Joys*

See the Introduction to No. 60.

2. **without father** : absolutely the children of Folly and of no one else. So in Hesiod's *Theogony* the brood born of Night—Fate, Death, Sleep, Dreams, etc.—have no father. (Hales.)

3. **bested** : avail, advantage. Shakespeare uses the simple verb *stead* in this sense.

4. **fixèd** : stable. **toys** : gauds, vanities.

6. **fond** : foolish. **possess**, causal verb : 'give gaudy bodies to foolish fancies.'

7. **As thick** : the commentators quote from Chaucer, *Wife of Bath's Tale*, "As thik as motes in the sonne-beem."

10. **pensioners** : retainers. In Shakespeare's *M.V.D.* II. i. a Fairy says of Queen Titania, "The cowslips tall her pensioners be"; and this is explained as an allusion to Queen Elizabeth's bodyguard of 'pensioners,' composed of the handsomest young nobles about her court. **Morpheus**, god of dreams.

12. **Melancholy**. The meaning which Milton here attaches to the word is best gathered from a careful reading of the whole Ode. Clearly it is something far removed from the 'black bile' which was the original signification of the Greek word, and far removed from the mental depression which we now associate with the term—the "anguish of the soul" which is the subject of Keats's *Ode on Melancholy*. If *Penseroso* is not unhappy, but he loves gravity, reflection, quiet musing, silence or solemn music, stories that touch the deeper chords of the heart, wisdom passing into prophetic insight—things that to the average man seem dull because he has never understood their charm. There is a real part of the true Milton in *L'Allegro*; there is more of him in *Il Penseroso*, which goes deeper. But both poems are a young man's thoughts on life, and we must not look in them for the depth of *Samson Agonistes*, which was written out of the fulness of experience.

14. **hit**, reach, touch. Cp. Shakespeare, *Antony and Cleopatra*, II. ii. 217—"From the barge a strange invisible perfume hits the sense."

16. O'erlaid with black, made dark of hue, *not* clothed with black.

17. esteem, repute, dignity.

18. Prince Memnon, a prince of the Ethiopians, slain by Achilles, was "godlike" and "beautiful" (*Odyssey*, xi. 522), though black. The poet assumes that his sister would have had beauty likewise. *beseem*, befit.

19. starred Ethiop queen. Cassiōpē, wife of Cepheus, king of the Ethiopians, claimed to be more beautiful than the Nereids (*Sea-Nymphs*). In revenge, they sent a sea-monster against Ethiopia, only to be appeased by the sacrifice of Cassiope's daughter. Andrōmēda, the daughter, was rescued by Perseus; and Cassiope was raised to heaven and changed into a constellation, as was Andromeda afterwards.

21. powers, deities, *numina*.

23. Milton invents a genealogy for Melancholy, as he had done for Mirth in *L'Allegro*. Melancholy is the daughter of *Vesta* (Greek *Hestia*), goddess of the domestic hearth, and *Saturn*, the old Italian god whose worship was associated with forests. Perhaps *Vesta* is chosen as a goddess of purity, because her priestesses were the Vestal Virgins.

26. mixture, marriage union.

29. *Ida*, not the mountain of that name in the Troad, to which Oenone, in Tennyson's poem, makes her prayer, but the mountain in Crete, on which Jupiter (*Jove*) was fabled to have been brought up by Nymphs.

30. yet, as yet. It was the Golden Age of Saturn's reign. Keats's *Hyperion* opens with a picture of Saturn after he has been overthrown by Jove.

32. demure, in Spenser and Milton means 'sedate.' The ironical meaning came later, though it is easily suggested by such use as Gratiano makes of it in Shakespeare's *M. of V.* ii. ii. 201, "Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely."

33. All, altogether. darkest grain, dark purple colour. 'Grain' originally meant 'texture,' so 'surface appearance,' and so 'colour.' This is one derivation. According to others, 'grain,' properly meaning 'seed,' was used to denote the *coccus* or insect from which red dyes were obtained, and so came to denote red or purple colour. Cp. "Sky-tinctured grain," in *P.L.* v. 285, and Shelley's "plumes of purple grain" (of the rooks' wings) in *G.T.* 321. 41.

35. sable: here in the sense of 'black,' which came through heraldry. In *Hamlet*, iii. ii. 138, "a suit of sables" (=brown fur), is contrasted with 'black,' but in the same play, ii. ii. 474, we have "He whose sable arms Black as his purpose did the night

resemble," and in *Love's Labour's Lost*, I. i. 233, "sable-coloured melancholy."

36. **stole**, here used for hood or veil, as by Spenser. This use should be distinguished from (1) the long *stola* or tunic worn by Roman ladies, as also by the priests of Isis—see No. I. 220, "The sable-stoléd sorcerers"; (2) the ecclesiastical stole, which is a long scarf.

cypress lawn, crape. It is uncertain whether 'crape' is derived from 'Cipres' (=Cyprus) or through O.F. *crespé* from Lat. *crispus*, 'curled'; but 'cypress' or 'Cyprus' in the sense of 'crape' is common in the Elizabethans, and is sometimes contrasted as the name of a material with 'lawn'—e.g. in *Winter's Tale*, IV. iv. 220, "Lawn as white as driven snow, Cyprus black as e'er was crow." Here, therefore, *lawn* is not used in its special sense, but generally as denoting a fine material.

36. **decent**, comely—the Latin *decens*.

37. **state**, stately carriage. Ben Jonson has almost the same phrase in *Cynthia's Revels*, "Seated in thy silver chair, State in wonted manner keep."

39. **commencing with**, holding intercourse with. Ovid has *sociae commercia linguae* (*Tristia*, v. x. 35) for 'social intercourse.'

41. **still**: better taken as adj. 'motionless' than as adv. = always.

42. Milton has the same idea again in his lines on Shakespeare:

Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble, with too much conceiving.

43. **sad**: here in its older sense of 'serious,' though in l. 57 it seems to have passed, or be passing, into the modern meaning.

leaden, says Masson, "was the Saturnian colour; and Melancholy was the daughter of Saturn. Her eyes had the leaden hue of the blast from her father's star." Gray recalls this passage in his *Hymn to Adversity* (*G.T.* 201):—

Wisdom in sable garb array'd,
Immersed in rapturous thought profound,
And Melancholy, silent maid,
With leaden eye that loves the ground.

44. **as fast**, as steadfastly as before upon the skies.

45. **Quiet**. See note on No. 58. 9.

46. Freed from grossness by slender diet, the thoughts rise more easily to divine things.

49. **retired**, withdrawn from the business of the world. In Marvell's *Thoughts in a Garden* (No. 58), says Prof. Hales, "one seems to see Retired Leisure recreating in its garden."

51-4. "A daring use of the great vision in *Ezekiel* x. of the sapphire throne, the wheels of which were four cherubs, each wheel or cherub full of eyes all over, while in the midst of them, and underneath the throne, was a burning fire. Milton, whether on any hint from previous Biblical commentators, I know not, ventures to *name* one of these cherubs who guide the fiery wheelings of the visionary throne" (Masson). *yon*, adv. *yonder*.

55. **hist along** : either (1) an imperative, 'bring silently along,' or (2) a participle 'hushed,' in which case we must supply 'bring' from l. 51. If it is a participle, we may compare "The winds with wonder whist" in No. l. 64.

56. **'Less** : a contraction for *unless* used by Jonson as well as Milton.

58. **rugged**, wrinkled. The soothing effect of music at night is similarly expressed in *Comus*, ll. 249-252 :—

How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night,
At every fall (=cadence) smoothing the raven down
Of darkness till it smiled !

59. **Cynthia**. Diana, the moon-goddess, was so called from her legendary birthplace, Mount Cynthus in Delos. **her dragon yoke**, her chariot drawn by dragons. Similarly Shakespeare in *M.N.D.* III. ii. 379, has "Night's swift dragons," and in *Cymbeline*, II. ii. 48, "You dragons of the night." In classical poetry Demeter (Ceres) has a chariot drawn by dragons. In giving dragons to the moon Milton was not making a mistake but exercising his right to mythologize after the fashion of the classical poets.

60. **the accustomed oak** : apparently some special oak over which Milton had noticed a beautiful moonlight effect.

61. Prof. Masson notes how often Milton speaks of the night-ingale—in his first Sonnet, in *Comus*, 234-5 and 566-7, in *P.L.* IV. 602-604, 771, and VII. 435-6.

64. **even-song**, vespers, as in No. 56. 8. Cp. "Ere the first cock his matin rings," No. 60. 114.

66. **smooth-shaven green** : a well-kept lawn, as of a college garden—the "short-grass'd green" of Shakespeare, *Tempest*, IV. i. 83.

67. **the wandering moon**. The image is familiar in English poetry. Cp. Sir F. Sidney's sonnet, "With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the skies" (*G.T.* 58), Shakespeare's "Swifter than the wandering moon" (*M.N.D.* IV. i. 103), and Shelley's lines "Art thou pale for weariness . . ." (*G.T.* 312); also Virgil's *errantem lunam* (*Aen.* I. 742).

68. **her highest noon** : the middle of the moonlight hours of

the night, the highest point of her ascension. Cp. the beautiful lines in D. G. Rossetti's *Rose Mary* :—

As the cloud-moon and the water-moon
Shake face to face when the dim stars swoon
In stormy bowers of the night's mid-noon.

70. **wide pathless way.** "Perhaps no one again, till Shelley came, felt the vastness, the pathlessness, of the heaven as Milton did" (J. Bailey, *Milton*, p. 111).

72. Cp. Coleridge in his *Dejection : An Ode* :—

And those thin clouds above, in flakes and bars,
That give away their motion to the stars.

73. **plat** : another form of *plot*, a piece of ground : cp. "grass-plat."

74. **curfew** : the old custom of ringing a bell at 8 or 9 p.m., originally a signal for people to put out their fires (curfew = *couvre-feu*), has even now not died out everywhere in England, and it must still have been common in Milton's time. Cp. "the solemn curfew" in *The Tempest*, v. i. 40.

75. **wide-watered shore.** The phrase naturally suggests the sea. But as this was far away from Horton in Buckinghamshire, where the poem was written, it is generally thought that the Thames, perhaps in time of flood, is meant. Prof. Masson pleads for the more natural interpretation. A poem on Melancholy would be incomplete, he thinks, without some mention of the sea. Elsewhere in Milton 'shore' always means the shore of the sea or of something vast enough to be called a sea. Nor is Milton here trying to give us an accurate representation of a single walk. He is imagining one scene after another, and there is no reason for confining his imagination to the country near Horton.

76. **sullen** : Shakespeare's epithet for the passing bell (*G.T.* 68. 2).

78. **removèd** has a somewhat stronger meaning than 'remote': 'sequestered' is nearer to it.

80. Prof. Elton quotes Spenser, *F.Q.* i. i. 14, "A little glooming light, much like a shade." We may recall Keats's picture in *The Eve of St. Mark*, of Bertha's room at dusk, with the firelight throwing her "giant shadow on ceiling-beam and old oak chair."

83. **bellman** : watchman. **charm** : in its etymological sense of 'chant'—it is the Lat. *carmen*, 'a song,' sometimes 'a spell.' Cp. Herrick's poem, *The Bellman* :—

From noise of scare-fires rest ye free,
From murder, *Benedicite* !

From all mischances that may fright
 Your pleasing slumbers in the night,
 Mercy secure ye all, and keep
 The goblin from ye, while ye sleep.
 Past one o'clock, and almost two ;
 My masters all, good day to you.

86. We see the light in the turret first from the outside before we enter in spirit to look at Il Penseroso among his books.

87. The Bear never sets : so the student reads till daybreak.

88. **thrice-great Hermes** : Thot, a mythical Egyptian king and philosopher, identified by the Greeks with their god Hermes, and called by them Hermes Trismegistus. Books attributed to him are still extant. They were really written early in the Christian era by neo-Platonist opponents of Christianity, who professed to be bringing forward the ancient Egyptian wisdom on which, so they alleged, the philosophy of Plato was founded. **unsphere** : draw down the spirit of Plato from the sphere which it inhabits. See the opening lines of *Comus* :—

Before the starry threshold of Jove's court
 My mansion is, where those immortal shapes
 Of bright aerial spirits live insphered . . .

'Sphere' and its derivatives are favourite words with Milton, and always imply the Ptolemaic system of astronomy.

89. **to unfold** : to expound the Platonic doctrine of immortality, taught in the *Phaedo* especially.

92. " Her dwelling in this out-of-the-way corner of the universe allotted to human bodies." The greatness of the mind imprisoned in a mortal body is brought out by the contrasted mention of the vast regions through which it ranges after death.

93. **And of** : and (tell) of. Though there are 'demons' (Gr. *daimones*) in Plato, the division of them into " Powers of Fire, Air, Water, and Earth beneath " (*P.R.* II. 124) belongs to the later philosophers called neo-Platonists. From them it descended to the Middle Ages, when the spirits of fire, air, water, and earth were called respectively salamanders, sylphs, nymphs, and gnomes : see Pope, *Rape of the Lock*, I. 59-66.

95. **consent**, harmony, connection.

96. **With planet**, astrologically. **with element**, with the appropriate one of the four elements (earth, air, fire, water).

97. Il Penseroso reads tragedy in his study ; L'Allegro would seem to have visited the theatre for comedy.

98. **sceptred pall**, i.e., sceptre and pall (Lat. *palla*, a mantle worn by Roman ladies over the *stola*, but here used for the long robe of tragedy). The heroes of ancient tragedy are kings and

demi-gods, hence the epithet *gorgeous*. Greek tragedy was almost confined to a cycle of heroic legends dealing with the Trojan war, and the fortunes of *Pelops' line* (Agamemnon and his children) and *Thebes* (the home of Oedipus and of Pentheus).

101-2. Probably a reference to Shakespeare's tragedies.

buskined : see note on *L'Allegro*, 132.

104. **Musæus** : a mythical singer, seer, and priest, who occurs especially in Attic legends (Seyffert, *Dict. of Antiquities*). Milton's imagination was specially touched by the legendary bards of Greece. The great passage on his blindness (*P.L.* III. 1-55) recalls

Blind Thamyras and blind Maeonides,
And Tiresias and Phineus, prophets old.

He mentions Orpheus in *L'Allegro* and *Lycidas* as well as here.

109. Chaucer, whose *Squire's Tale* is 'left half-told.'

This noble king, this Tarte Cambinskan
Hadde two sones on Elpheta his wyf,
Of whiche th' eldeste highte Algarsyf,
That other son was cliped Cambalo.
A doghter hadde this worthy king also,
That yongest was, and highte Canacee.

The whole of the unfinished tale should be read. Spenser supplied a continuation in his own manner in *Faerie Queene*, Bk. iv. Cantos ii and iii. Chaucer's fragment ends with unfulfilled promises :—

First wol I telle you of Cambinskan,
That in his tyme many a citee wan ;
And after wol I speke of Algarsyf,
How that he wan Theodora to his wyf,
For whom ful ofte in greet peril he was,
Ne hadde he ben holpen by the stede of bras ;
And after wol I speke of Cambalo,
That fought in listes with the bretheren two
For Canacee, er that he mighte hir winne.
And ther I lefte I wol ageyn biginne.

110. **Cambuscan** : Cambus Khan. Milton's stressing of the second syllable is strange, and is not taken (as will be seen from the two extracts given above) from Chaucer.

113. **virtuous** : possessing virtues or magic powers. Cp. "virtuous plant and healing herb," in *Comus*, 621. The wearer of the **ring** could understand the language of birds and divine the medicinal properties of herbs. The "mirour of glas" would reveal the treachery of foes or false lovers. The **horse**—which excited great wonder—"How that it coude goon, and was of

bras"—could only be moved by one who knew the secret, but such an one could be transported over any distance in one day.

116. **great bards beside.** Primarily Milton means Spenser, whose *Faerie Queene* is admirably described in the succeeding lines, and to whom he pays a noble tribute in *Areopagitica* as "our sage and serious Spenser, whom I dare be thought to hold a better teacher than Scotus or Aquinas." But he probably includes the Italian romantic poets, Boiardo, Ariosto and Tasso, whom he had studied, though he disparages them in *P.L.* ix. 27-41.

118. **turneys, tournaments.**

121. How are we to explain the presence of a decasyllabic line among the octosyllabics? In so careful and sure an artist as Milton it can hardly be accidental. Its effect is similar to that obtained by the insertion of an Alexandrine (12 syllables) in decasyllabic heroic verse. This was introduced by Dryden, as Prof. Saintsbury says, "for relief and variation." Milton's purpose here was similar. Four octosyllabics with the same rhyme (drear, ear, career, appear) would have had rather a jingling effect; the unexpected lengthening of the third line relieves the ear by breaking the monotony.

pale : the epithet attributes to Night herself, or to her journey across the heavens (*career*) the paleness she produces by taking, in Virgil's phrase, "the colour from things" (*rebus nox abstulit atra colorem*, *Aen.* vi. 272).

122. **civil-suited** : in civilian garb.

123. **tricked**, adorned. Cp. *Lycidas*, No. 5. 170, "tricks his beams" (of the sun). **frounced**, curled, an older form of 'founced' from Fr. *froncer*, to wrinkle, plait. Cp. Spenser, *F.Q.* i. iv. 14 :—

Some frounce their curled heare in courtly guise.

124. **the Attic boy** : Cephalus, the lover of Eōs (Dawn) in Greek mythology.

125. **kerchief** : wearing a kerchief or head-cover. *Kerchief* is derived from Fr. *couvrir* and *chef*=caput.

126. With this picture of a stormy dawn we may compare the several dawns exquisitely described in Tennyson's *In Memoriam*, xi ("Calm is the morn without a sound"), lxxii. ("Risest thou thus, dim dawn, again"), xciv. (last four stanzas), xcix., and the "tempestuous morn in early June" of Arnold's *Thyrsis*.

127. **still** : quiet, in contrast with 'rocking' and 'piping' in l. 126.

128. **his** : the neuter possessive. 'Its' was still exceptional in Milton's time : see Abbott, *S.G.* § 228.

130. **minute drops** : drops at intervals. Cp. 'minute-guns.'

134. **Sylvan** : Silvanus, an old Italian god of the woodland. Cp. the lines which Mr. John Bailey thinks "perhaps the loveliest in *the Paradise Lost*" (iv. 705-8) :—

In shadier bower
More sacred and sequestered, though but feigned,
Pan or Sylvanus never slept, nor Nymph
Nor Faunus haunted.

135. **monumental oak**, enduring so long that it may be regarded as a monument or memorial in contrast with the short span of human life. This was the thought that inspired Cowper's *Yardley Oak*, Tennyson's *Talking Oak*, and more than one line in *In Memoriam*. Some commentators have fancied that *monumental* meant 'used for memorials in churches,' and have argued that the melancholy man's thoughts would naturally take this turn!

137. **nymphs** : the oak was the home of the dryads of Greek mythology.

140. **profaner** : less sympathetic with the spirit of the woods.

141. **garish**, literally 'staring,' so 'flaunting' or 'gaudy.' "I loved the garish day," in Card. Newman's hymn, "Lead, kindly Light," is probably a reminiscence of this line.

144. The effect of the humming of bees and of "waters murmuring" in inducing sleep is mentioned more than once by English poets. See the description of the house of Morpheus in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, I. i. 41 :—

And, more to lulle him in his slumber soft,
A trickling streame from high rock tumbling doune,
And ever-drizzling rain upon the loft,
Mixt with a murmuring winde, much like the soun
Of swarming bees, did cast him in a swoune ;

and the invocation of sleep in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Valentinian*, v. ii. :—

Care-charming Sleep, thou easer of all woes,
Brother to Death, sweetly thyself dispose
On this afflicted prince. Fall like a cloud
In gentle showers : give nothing that is loud
Or painful to his slumbers : easy, sweet,
And as a *purling stream*, thou son of Night,
Pass by his troubled senses ; sing his pain
Like hollow murmuring wind, or silver rain.

See also Wordsworth's Sonnet "To Sleep" (*G.T.* 313).

145. **consort**, harmony. *Consort* is derived from Lat. *consors* 'partner,' *consortio*, 'partnership' ; and so is distinct in origin from *concert*, which goes back, through Italian, to one of two

Latin verbs, either *concertare*, 'to contend together,' or *conserere*, 'to join together.' But the two words have constantly been confused, and often, as here and in 63. 27, either word would be appropriate—the more general *consort*, harmony, or the more special, *concert*, musical harmony.

146. Sleep is imagined as an angel, with soft downy wings that scatter dew; against his wings there waves (or flutters to and fro) a scroll, which is really a wreath of mist ('airy stream'), but seems to contain a writing or rather a vivid picture of a strange mysterious dream; the scroll is laid upon the sleeper's eyelids. For the notion of the sleep-god scattering dew, see Virgil, *Aeneid*, v. 854-6, "Lo, the god waves over both temples a bough drenched with dew of Lethe and drugged with the might of Styx," and compare also *Paradise Lost*, v. 285-7 :—

Like Maia's son he stood
And shook his plumes, that heavenly fragrance fill'd
The circuit wide.

Prof. Hales, who quotes these two passages, also recalls the Sprite in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, i. i. 44, carrying on his wings the Dream with which Morpheus provides him :—

And on his little wings the dreame he bore.

152. The ravishing effect of the music is enhanced if we cannot tell whence it comes : "Where should this music be ? i' th' air, or th' earth ?" (Ferdinand in *The Tempest*, i. ii. 385).

154. **Genius**. See note on *Lycidas*, No. 5. 183, "the Genius of the shore."

156. **studious cloister** : Milton is probably thinking of the cloisters of Cambridge colleges; thence his thought passes, it may be, into a college chapel, and thence into a cathedral. **pale**, enclosure.

157. **embowèd**, arched.

158. **massy proof** seems to be practically a compound adjective, 'able to support (the weight of the roof) by their massiveness.' *massy* was once a common adj. both in prose and poetry, but in prose is now superseded by 'massive.' *proof* : used absolutely in the sense of 'able to resist,' 'able to support weight' as in Shakespeare, *Coriolanus*, i. iv. 25, "Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight with hearts more proof than shields."

159. **storied**, figured or painted with stories. Gray imitates this use in his *Elegy*, *G.T.* 187. 41, "storied urn."

dight, adorned. Cp. *L'Allegro*, 62, and *G.T.* 169. 14, "I'll dight me in array."

160. **religious** : mysterious, and so harmonising with thoughts

of the unseen world. So Collins (*G.T.* 186. 32) speaks of the "religious gleams" of evening.

162. It has been noted that *Il Penseroso* is in solitude throughout the poem except in this line.

164. *As*, such as.

166. "No part of the universe was more real to him than heaven, the abode of God and angels and spirits, the original and ultimate home of his beloved music and light. It is noticeable that there is hardly a single poem of his—*L'Allegro* and *Samson* are the only important ones—in which he does not at one point or other make his escape to heaven."—Mr. J. Bailey, *Milton*, p. 99.

170. *spell*, interpret the meaning. So in *Paradise Regained*, iv. 385 :—

Now contrary, if I read aught in heaven,
Or heaven write aught of fate, by what the stars,
Voluminous, or single characters,
In their conjunction met, give me to *spell* . . . ;

and in the *Sonnet to Sir H. Vane*, "The drift of hollow states hard to be *spelled*."

171. *shew* was a true rhyme with *dew* when Milton wrote. In *Comus* 512, *shew* rhymes with *true*. But the modern spelling and pronunciation of *show* are found also : see Marvell in No. 62. 19-20.

172. For the study of the properties of herbs Milton felt a special tenderness, because it was a hobby of his early-lost friend Diodati, whom he commemorated in the *Epitaphium Damonis* and in the lines in *Comus* (619 *et seq.*) which describe "a certain shepherd lad . . . well skilled In every virtuous plant and healing herb."

173. *old*, continued to old age. Note how far from 'melancholy' in the more usual sense of the term is this vision of old age. The spirit is nearer to Browning's *Rabbi Ben Ezra* than to Tennyson's *Locksley Hall Sixty Years After*.

175-6. The quiet iambics of the final couplet contrast with the gayer trochees with which *L'Allegro* concludes.

62. *Where the remote Bermudas ride*

A happy instance of the skilful arrangement of poems in the *Golden Treasury* is the placing of these octosyllabics by Milton's colleague in the Latin secretaryship immediately after Milton's own two great octosyllabic odes. A 'minor' poet (though perhaps Marvell should really be counted as a 'major') could not

be put to a severer test; yet the test is passed triumphantly. There is no anti-climax even after the splendid ending of *Il Penseroso*. The music of the "full-voiced quire" is still ringing in our ears, when we catch the strain of holy and cheerful thanksgiving taken up, less grandly, not less sweetly, by "a small boat that row'd along" the shores of "the remote Bermudas":—

For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

The Bermudas touched the imagination of Englishmen in the seventeenth century. Every one will recall "the still-vex'd Bermoothes" of *The Tempest*, i. ii. 229. The biographers of the poet Waller, Dr. Johnson tells us, "from his poem on the Whales, think it not improbable that he visited the Bermudas." Marvell did not visit the Bermudas, but he lived for some years at Windsor in the house of the Rev. John Oxenbridge, a noted preacher, who had been to the Bermudas twice; and from him, we may suppose, Marvell learnt the episode which inspired the poem. He must have known Milton's two octosyllabic odes, but he does not imitate them. Perhaps we may detect an unconscious echo of some earlier verses, Milton's boyish paraphrase of Psalm 136:—

Let us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for he is kind . . .
The ruddy waves he cleft in twain
Of the Erythraean main. . . .

1. **remote Bermudas.** "These islands were called Bermudas after their discoverer Juan Bermudaz (1522). Oviedo, who was on board Bermudaz's ship, calls Bermuda 'the remotest island in the whole world.' . . . Sixty persons from Virginia settled on the islands, under Henry More, and others came from England to escape the tyranny that led to the Civil War. In 1621 the Bermuda Company of London granted a charter, promising the colonists the right, among other things, of worship" (G. A. Aitken, *Poems of A. Marvell*).

7-8. The true place of this couplet is after l. 9-10, and that is where it is found in Marvell's Poems. The antecedent to 'Where' is 'isle': God **wracks** (wrecks) the whale on the rocks of the island, but helps the exiles to land in safety. Palgrave apparently missed the sense, and transposed the couplets in order to make 'watery maze' the antecedent to 'where.'

12. **prelate**: Archbishop Laud, who insisted on 'uniformity' of worship.

14. **enamels**, adorns with a bright smooth surface of varied colour. In this derived sense the word is used both by Shakespeare and Milton. Cp. *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, ii. iii. 28, "He makes sweet music with the enamell'd stones"; *P.L.* iv. 149.

“with gay enamelled colours”; *Lycidas*, No. 5. 139, “Throw hither all your quaint enamelled eyes.”

13. *in care*: there is doubtless a recollection here of the ravens that fed Elijah by the brook Cherith (*I Kings* xvii. 1-6).

18. It is impossible to say whether this line is more exquisite musically or pictorially. With “a green night” compare the still more famous line in Marvell’s *Thoughts in a Garden*, No. 58. 48, “To a green thought in a green shade.”

19. *close, enclose*.

20. *Ormus*, a town on an island near the mouth of the Persian Gulf, celebrated as a mart for pearls and jewels. Cp. Milton, *P.L.* ii. 2, “Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind.”

23. *apples, pine-apples*. (He) *plants*. Probably only the fame of pine-apples had reached England when Marvell wrote. Evelyn records in his Diary on Aug. 9, 1661: “I first saw the famous Queen Pine brought from Barbadoes and presented to his Majesty (Charles II.); but the first that were ever seen in England were those sent to Cromwell four years since.”

26. *Lebanon*: a mountain in Palestine whose cedars are often extolled by Hebrew psalmists and prophets.

28. *ambergis*: “a wax-like substance found floating in tropical seas, and in intestines of sperm-whale, odoriferous and used in perfumery, formerly in cookery; from Fr. *ambre gris*, gray amber” (*C.O.D.*).

30. *The Gospel’s pearl*: see the Parable of the Pearl of Great Price in *Matthew* xiii. 45-6.

36. *the Mexique bay*: gulf of Mexico.

63. *Blest pair of Sirens, pledges of Heaven’s joy*

Poetry sometimes, as in Shelley’s lyrics, passes into music; clearness of meaning, definiteness of outline, are lost, because the poet is trying to express what is beyond the reach of words. But is there any other poem, one wonders, in all English literature, where the “sphere-born harmonious sisters” are so completely wedded as here?—where words have become one with music, and both have been lifted into the heavenly region, and this without any loss of definiteness or lucidity? Well might Gray say of Milton that he “rode sublime upon the seraph-wings of Extasy” and “passed the flaming bounds of place and time.”

METRE.—In contrast with the smooth decasyllabic couplet of Waller, Dryden and Pope, the stresses and pauses are varied from line to line. “Milton’s verses pass into each other as wave melts into wave on the sea-shore; there is a constant breaking on the beach, but which will break and which will glide

imperceptibly into its successor we cannot guess though we sit watching for an hour" (Bailey, *Milton*, p. 106). Already in this poem—see especially lines 17-24—Milton has mastered the secret of paragraph-structure, instead of structure by lines or couplets, which is so striking a feature of *Paradise Lost*.

1. **Sirens.** Notwithstanding his admiration for Galileo, whose acceptance of the new astronomy provoked the wrath of the Inquisition, Milton always used the old Ptolemaic astronomy for the purposes of poetry. Here, as in *Arcades*, 61-73, he follows Plato's account in the Myth of Er, *Republic*, x. See the note on No. 1. 125-32.

pledges : children. Cp. *Lycidas*, No. 5. 107, "my dearest pledge." Or there may be the double sense which seems to belong to Herrick's use of the word in No. 55. 1.

4. This line goes as far as English can in its imitation of Latin inversion; but there is no obscurity, and the contrast between 'dead' and 'inbreathed sense' (feeling) is made very strong. The 'dead things' may include both instruments and words. **pierce** : the old pronunciation was nearer to the French *percer* : cp. No. 60. 138.

5. **high-raised phantasy** : uplifted imagination.

6. **concent**, harmony, from Lat. *concentus* (*concino*), 'singing together'; so that it is quite different from 'consent,' which is properly 'feeling or thinking together.'

7. **sapphire-colour'd throne** : "And above the firmament . . . was the likeness of a throne, as the appearance of a sapphire stone," *Ezekiel* i. 26 (A.V.). For the song sung before the throne, see *Revelation* v. 9-13.

9. **jubilee**, rejoicing, shout of joy. Cp. Wordsworth's *Ode* (*G.T.* 338. 38), "The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee."

10. **Seraphim** : see notes on No. 1. 112, 114. The old derivation of *Seraphim* was from a Hebrew root meaning 'to burn,' so that the epithet 'burning' is explanatory. There is an adaptation of the idea in Browning, *The Statue and the Bust* :—

Only they see not God, I know,
Nor all that chivalry of his,
The soldier-saints who, row on row,
Burn upward each to his point of bliss.

12. **Cherubic** : see note on No. 1. 112.

13. **wires** : cp. *Paradise Lost*, vii. 596-7 :—

All organs of sweet stop,
All sounds on fret by string or golden wire.

18. **noise** : see note on No. 1. 97.

19. *disproportion'd* : offending against measure, and therefore inharmonious. Aristotle held that virtue was a mean between excess and defect.

20. *nature's chime* : the music of the spheres. Cp. No. 1. 125-132.

22. Cp. Milton's *Arcades*, 71-2, "And the low world in measured motion draw After the heavenly tune. . . ."

23. *diapāson* : see note on No. 2. 15.

24. *state of good*. So in *P.L.* ix. 1137-9, Adam reproaches Eve :—

We had then
Remained still happy, not, as now, despoiled
Of all our good, shamed, naked, miserable !

27. *consort* : see note on *Il. Pens.* No. 61. 145.

28. *morn of light*. The final thought is the brightness of Heaven. By a felicitous arrangement three poems follow on light and darkness, the silent witness of the starry heavens, the vision of Eternity. Then the concluding poem of the book brings us back to the theme of Music, but on the lower levels of earth.

64. *When I survey the bright*

WILLIAM HABINGTON (1605-1654) is now chiefly remembered for this poem, and for one or two of the lyrics which he wrote in honour of the lady whom he called "Castara" and who became his wife.

Though the metre is quite distinct from that of Marvell's *Horatian Ode* (No. 4), the four-lined stanzas with lines of varying length, and the closely-packed sentences, give something of the same Horatian effect.

The title is from the Vulgate version of Psalm xix. 2, "Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge." The poem may be regarded as a paraphrase of that psalm, or at least as a meditation on the applicability of it to human life and history. Habington reads the stars as a "Book of Fate," yet not with the superstitious fancy of an astrologer, but with the wisdom of psalmist and philosopher.

4. The simile is a reminiscence of Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet*, I. v. 48 :—

O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright !
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear.

8. *volumes of the skies*. We may recall W. Drummond's beautiful sonnet, "Of this fair volume which we World do name"

(*G.T.* 80), Wordsworth's lesson from the stars in his *Ode to Duty* (*G.T.* 252. 47), Vaughan's lovely poem, *The Constellation* (*S.C.V.* 294), Matthew Arnold's *Self-Dependence*, and Kant's great saying about the two things that filled him with awe—the starry heavens without, and the moral law within.

9-12. In Psalm xix. 3, R.V. substitutes "There is no speech nor language: their voice cannot be heard" for the renderings of P.B.V. and A.V. But as the next verse proceeds, "Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world," it is clear that the general sense is correctly given in Habington's stanza and in Addison's famous paraphrase:—

What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What though nor real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing, as they shine
'The Hand that made us is divine.'

15. **character**, letter, symbol. Cp. 'character'y' in Keats's sonnet, *G.T.* 243, and in the same sonnet, "When I behold, upon the night's starr'd face, Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance."

23. **proud dangers**: a wonderfully condensed expression for 'the adventurous enterprises that he undertakes in his proud self-confidence.'

25-32. As the hosts of Goths, Huns and Vandals descended from the North upon the Roman Empire. Cp. Milton, *P.L.* i. 351-5:—

A multitude, like which the populous North
Poured never from her frozen loins, to pass
Rhene or the Danaw, when her barbarous sons
Came like a deluge on the South, and spread
Beneath Gibraltar to the Libyan sands.

34. **ruin**, downfall—Lat. *ruina*.

35-6. Cp. Shirley in Nos. 7 and 8 of this book.

65. *Hail thou most sacred venerable thing*

"A lyric of a strange, fanciful, yet solemn beauty:—Cowley's style intensified by the mysticism of Henry More" (F.T.P.).

JOHN NORRIS (1657-1711), was educated at Winchester and Exeter College, Oxford, took Holy Orders, and in course of time was given the living of Bemerton, near Salisbury, which had once been held by a greater poet, George Herbert. Norris was

one of the last of the English Platonists, and in his early days had some correspondence with Henry More.

Light and Darkness were favourite themes with the mystical poets. See Vaughan's beautiful poem, *The Night* (*S.C.V.* 2. 81).

2. **Muse** : poet, as in *Lycidas*, No. 5. 19.

5-8. There may be a reminiscence of the two great Invocations at the beginning of *Paradise Lost*, Books I and III, more especially of Milton's address to Light in Book III :—

May I express thee unblamed ! since God is light
And never but in unapproached light
Dwelt from eternity . . .

9. **monument**, the world. For the thought, compare Traherne (*S.C.V.* 275) :—

That we might in His works delight,
And that the sight
Of those His treasures might enflame
The soul with love to Him, He made the same.

10. **theatre of praise**. This is a favourite thought in the *Psalms* (e.g. cxlviii and cl.). It finds beautiful expression in *The Song of Honour* of a modern poet, Mr. Ralph Hodgson.

11. **the folding circles**, the concentric spheres of the Ptolemaic astronomy. See note on No. 1. 125.

13. **morning Stars**. Cp. *Job* xxxviii. 7, "When the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy."

14. **council held for man**. *Genesis* i. 26, "And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness." The Hebrew word translated 'God' here is the plural *Elohim*, and this may account for the plural, 'Let us make'; but the expression has often been understood to convey the thought of God speaking in a council of angelic beings.

19. **awful**, awe-inspiring.

24. **weary . . . of light**. So Virgil writes of the forsaken Dido (*Aen.* iv. 451), *taedet caeli convexa tueri*, "it wearies her to gaze on the vault of heaven," and Tennyson says of Mariana :—

She could not look on the sweet heaven,
Either at morn or eventide.

66. *I saw Eternity the other night*

These magnificent lines are the first seven of a poem of sixty lines, called by Vaughan *The World*. After the opening, the broad field of vision is narrowed to the world and her 'train'—the world's votaries, the 'doting lover,' the 'darksome statesman'

(likened to a mole working underground), the miser, the epicure, the weaker sort who are slaves to slight trivial wares. The poet wonders at their madness in choosing darkness rather than light, and hears the explanation whispered: "This ring the Bridegroom did for none provide, But for His Bride." The whole poem is noble, though it falls below the lofty exordium.

3. The two epithets in this line are so simple, as well as so perfect, that it may seem unwarrantable to trace them to any literary source. But when we remember how much Vaughan was influenced by Herbert, it is natural to think that here he had at the back of his mind one of Herbert's most famous lines—"Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright."

5. *spheres* : see note on No. 1. 125.

7. *all her train* : the devotees of the World (as opposed to Eternity). Vaughan appended to his poem a quotation from 1 John ii. 16-17 :—"All that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world. And the world passeth away, and the lusts thereof; but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever."

67. 'Twas at the royal feast for Persia won

Dr. Johnson said that Dryden's first *Song for Saint Cecilia's Day* (No. 2) had been "lost in the splendour of the second." This was *Alexander's Feast, or, The Power of Music*, described in its sub-title as "A Song in Honour of St. Cecilia's Day, 1697."

(See Introductory note to No. 2). It is indeed a splendid performance; though perhaps its triumphs belong rather to rhetoric than to poetry.

METRE.—What is said in the introductory note to No. 2 applies here also. By skilful repetitions and variations, by swift changes from iambic to trochaic movement and back again, by variety in the length of the lines and the order of the rhymes, Dryden expresses the power of music to play upon the hearts of men. The lines of six or seven feet, it will be observed, are all strongly divided into two by a caesura, and each might be written (except for the absence of rhyme) as two lines. In its metrical effects the Ode may be compared, not only with No. 2, but with Pope's *Ode for Music on St. Cecilia's Day* and Collins's *Ode The Passions* (G.T. 178).

1. *for Persia won*, a Latinism—"to celebrate the winning of Persia." Alexander's great victories over Darius were at Issus, 333 B.C., and Gaugamela (near Arbela), 331 B.C.

2. *Philip's son* : Alexander the Great, son of Philip II. of Macedon.

7. At a Greek banquet the guests wore wreaths of roses and myrtle-leaves.

9. **Thais** : an Athenian, famous for her wit and beauty. According to Plutarch's *Life of Alexander* she accompanied the conqueror's army in Asia as the mistress of Ptolemy, afterwards king of Egypt. At a banquet at Persepolis she won Alexander's favour by her skilful flattery and proposed the burning of the palace of Xerxes as an act of revenge for the burning of Athens. "Then shall it be said in times to come, that the very women of his train more signally avenged the cause of Greece upon the Persians than all the generals before him could do by sea or land." This speech was received with applause, and the whole company urged Alexander to comply with the proposal. "At last, yielding to their instances, he leapt from his seat, and with a garland on his head, and a flambeau in his hand, led the way."

16. **Timōthēūs**, a musician of Boeotia, who was highly esteemed by Alexander. There was an earlier and greater musician of the same name, who belonged to Miletus.

21. There is probably a reminiscence of Virgil's *Ab Iove principium Musae* ('From Jove is the Muse's beginning') *Ecl.* III. 60; but there the song begins with Jove as creator of the world; here it begins with him as the reputed father of Alexander.

22. **seats** : the plural is a Latinism, *sedes* = abode.

24. **belied**, disguised.

25. **Sublime** : in the original sense of the Lat. *sublimis*, 'lifted up.' Cp. Gray in *G.T.* 177. 95, "Nor second He that rode sublime . . ." **spires** : a Latinism, 'coils.' The legend (found in Plutarch's *Life of Alexander*) was that Jove visited his mother *Olympia* (or, rather, *Olympias*) in the guise of a serpent.

26. **prest** : made his way with determination, as in *Philippians* iii. 14, A.V., "I press toward the mark."

30. **admire**, wonder at.

31. **present deity**. So Augustus is hailed by Horace (*Odes* III. v. 2), as *praesens divus*—i.e. a deity made manifest among men and at hand to aid them. Cp. *Psalm* xlv. 1, A.V., "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble."

37. Homer (*Iliad*, i. 530) and Virgil (*Aen.* x. 115) both speak of the nod of the supreme god as making Olympus to tremble.

38. With this stanza in praise of Bacchus we may compare the lovely passage in Keats's *Endymion* (iv. 195), beginning, "And as I sat, over the light blue hills." Dryden's verse admirably reproduces the spirit of an antique bas-relief, but Keats's lines glow with the magical colours of a canvas of Titian.

43. **honest** : comely—Lat. *honestus*. Virgil attributes to Bacchus a *caput honestum* (*Georg.* ii. 392).

44. **hautboys** : 'a high-pitched wooden wind instrument' (*C.O.D.*): from the French *hautbois*; *oboe* is another form of the word in English.

53. The old soldier in Goldsmith's *Deserted Village* "Shouldered his crutch and shewed how fields were won."

55. **The master** : Timotheus.

57-8. The pronouns are somewhat ambiguous : **he** is Alexander, the first *his* refers to Timotheus, the second to Alexander. *

59. **Muse**, strain—as sometimes in Latin. Elsewhere it is used for 'a poet' (No. 5. 19 and No. 65. 2).

64. **estate** : the same word as 'state'; the form 'estate' comes from O.F., *estat*.

65. **weltering** : cp. *Nativity Ode*, No. 1. 124, and *Lycidas*, No. 5. 13, "welter to the parching wind." If Timotheus really sang of this, he must have been gifted with second sight. For at the time of this feast Darius had not yet been murdered by Bessus, the satrap of Bactria.

68. **exposed**, cast out—Lat. *expositus*. Dryden, may have thought of the deserted Dido's curse upon Aeneas—*sed cadat ante diem mediæque inhumatus harena* ("But let him fall before his day and without burial on a waste of sand")—the line (*Aen.* iv. 620) on which Charles I. opened when he sought the Virgilian *sortes* in the Bodleian Library at Oxford.

71. **alter'd**. Collins has an echo of this in *The Passions*, *G.T.* 178. 69, "But O! how alter'd was its sprightlier tone."

76. **in the next degree**, next in order. The original meaning of *degree* is 'step': cp. Shakespeare, *Julius Caesar*, II. i. 26, "the base degrees by which he did ascend."

77. 'He had only to set in motion a kindred sound.'

79. **Lydian** : see note on *L'Allegro*, No. 60. 136.

89. **The many** : a Graecism, *οἱ πολλοί*.

91. **pain and care** (l. 93), representing *dolor* and *cura*, often used by Latin poets to express the lover's feelings.

96. **opprest** : overwhelmed—Lat. *oppressus*.

102. **horrid** : harsh, rough, grim—Lat. *horridus*.

104. **As** (if) : see note on No. 1. 81.

105. **amazed** : in its older and stronger sense of 'astounded, dazed and bewildered.' Cp. No. 1. 69. "The stars, with deep amaze."

108. The Furies of Greek mythology were represented with snakes instead of hair. **they** in this line is the Furies, but in l. 109 it is the snakes. **rear** = raise up in excitement.

122. **flambeau** : see note on l. 9. *flambeau*, for 'torch,' was

one of the French words that nearly established themselves in English in the latter part of the seventeenth century. Butler satirised the affectation in his *Hudibras* :—

For though to smatter words of Greek
And Latin be the rhetorique
Of pedants counted and rainglorious,
To smatter French is meritorious.

125. Helen's beauty was indirectly the cause of the burning of Troy. Cp. Marlowe, *Dr. Faustus*, v. i :—

Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships,
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium ?

132. **Cecilia** : see the introductory note to No. 2.

133. **the vocal frame** : the speaking structure, *i.e.*, the organ.

134. **enthusiast**. The Greek word denoted the ecstatic condition of a religious devotee : Dryden applies it to St. Cecilia as one lifted up into a state of rapt adoration.

136. **added length** : made sustained notes possible by the wind-reservoir of the organ.

137. **mother-wit** : inborn faculty of invention.

140. **He raised** : see lines 30-37.

141. See No. 2, ll. 53-4.